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PREFACE.

I.

THE rapidity of time supplies the place of distance. When we are separated by many events from the period we undertake to illustrate, we fancy that a lapse of ages has intervened. The years that have flown by since my birth have been full of vicissitudes, of falling nations, of reigns, empires, and republics. Contemporary history has, in fact, ceased to exist; for the days that have just gone by, seem already to have sunk deep into the shadow of the past. The perspective recedes by the grandeur and the multitude of events which interpose between the eye and the memory.

I scarcely exceed the middle age of man, and I have already lived under ten dominations, or ten different governments, in France. Between infancy and maturity I have witnessed ten revolutions: the Constitutional Government of Louis XVI., the first Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration in 1814, the Second Government of the "Hundred Days" by Napoleon, the Second Restoration in 1815, the Reign of Louis Philippe, and the Second Republic:—ten cataracts, by which the spirit of modern liberty and the stationary or obstructive spirit have endeavoured, by turns, to descend or to remount the declivity of revolutions.

II.

My heart has throbbed with these emotions; I have lived in this current of passing events; I have been afflicted or rejoiced at these downfalls, or these successions; I have suffered

from these subversions, and I have been instructed by these spectacles. My existence has vegetated, has made a noise, has been matured, has grown old, and has been renewed in me. I have understood, or have fancied I understood, whither the world was tending on the current of destiny. A recent vicissitude has raised me for a moment to the head of one of these movements, between a government which overthrew itself, and a community which it was necessary to collect together, to save and to re-constitute it on a new basis. The Second Republic was the result. This was for a long period, at least, the only system which could rally and incite the people. Monarchies had crumbled beneath them, one after another, whatever modifications might have been attempted in their principles of vitality. Dynasties waging civil wars for the throne, were nothing more themselves than mediums and causes of internecine conflicts, amongst the people, between their respective partisans. Claims upon the crown had become factions. The nation itself was indivisible; its pretenders were divided. The country alone could reign.

It had further to make, for the defence of the foundations of society, efforts which demand the power and the unanimity of a people. Finally, it had, it still has, to effect—in its laws, in its ideas, and in its relations of class with class, in its established religion, in its public instruction, in its philosophy, and in its manners—energetical reforms which the hand of no monarchy is sufficiently strong and sufficiently devoted to accomplish. Revolutions are made by republics. They arise from the government of the people, operating in their great experience upon themselves. This age has works of too much importance to accomplish, and questions of civilization and religion too complicated to solve, not to continue long republican, or not to return frequently to that form of government. I am therefore a republican, from a knowledge of the

things which must happen, and from devotion to the great work of the age. Without overlooking any of the inconveniences and dangers of democracy, I am of opinion that we should accept them heroically as a task. It is the instrument which wounds and bruises the hand of the statesman; but it is the instrument of great things. We must renounce great things; we must again recline on the indolent couch of habits and prejudices; or we must risk the Republic. This is my profession of faith.

III.

It is with this conviction that I have undertaken to write the history of the two reigns of the Restoration. Let me not, however, be misunderstood; for this conviction will not render me unjust. I shall have rather to divest myself of an excess of impartiality as to the events of my first epoch. Two men are comprised in the historian,—the man of impressions, and the man of judgment. My judgment may be severe; but my impressions are excited, and almost affected, in behalf of the Restoration. Though frequently condemning it, I cannot refuse it my sympathy. "Why so?" murmurs the austere republican. I will tell him. 'Tis because it was the period when feeling and imagination were allowed to mingle most with political science—'tis because succeeding historians have been unjust towards this phase of our fluctuating progress—'tis because they have written a satire rather than a history of the Restoration—'tis because we walk with facility over that which is falling—'tis that, between the enthusiasm of the servile glory of the Empire, and the vulgar utility of the reign of Louis Philippe, they have crushed two princes, two reigns, and two generations of political men, worthy of more consideration—'tis, finally, that my heart feels an interest in that forgotten generation, though my understanding is in favour of the future.

IV.

My infancy, my earliest thoughts, my blood were royalist. In the paternal mansion I had been rocked in my cradle by those domestic narratives of the still reeking dramas of the Revolution. A young and beautiful queen, dragged from her bed, and pursued, half naked, by the daggers of the populace in her own palace, on the 5th and 6th October; her guards slaughtered in defending her, on the threshold of her chamber, by the pikes of assassins; a royal family flying, with their children in their arms, from the Tuileries to the National Assembly, the 10th of August; the towers of the Temple filled with the mysteries of their captivity; the scaffold of a king, of his wife, of his sister; his son brutalized by solitude, the mockery of a brutal artisan; his daughter left alone, to weep the destruction of her race, under the vaults of a prison worse than a sepulchre; then liberated, in the darkness of the night, on condition of perpetual exile; princes hitherto celebrated for their intellect, their grace, and even for their volatility, wandering from court to court, from retreat to retreat, without any one knowing where they concealed their miseries;—there was, in this frightful catastrophe, something to excite the nerves of an infant. The heart, when of noble origin, is always on the side of the unfortunate: the imagination is the veritable plotter of restorations.

V.

And then again, this Restoration coincided with my youth; its rising splendour mingled with and became a portion of my existence. The hour of enthusiasm had struck. It was poetical, like the visions of old—miraculous as a resurrection. The old became young again in the memories of the past; the women wept; the clergy prayed; music resounded on

every side; infants wondered, and rejoiced in hope. The Empire had oppressed the soul of the nation. The mental spring of a whole people rectified itself at the word liberty, which for ten years had been proscribed. The republicans, avenged by the fall of him who had destroyed the Republic, embraced the royalists with a warmth of reconciliation, of which constitutional liberty was to be the pledge. This return appeared to be that of the monarchy modified by exile, and of liberty purified by expiation. It was an epoch of regeneration, pacific, intellectual, and liberal for France. Poetry, literature, and arts forgotten, enslaved, or disciplined under the police of the Empire, seemed to spring from the soil under the feet of the Bourbons. It appeared as if respiration had been restored to the world, after having been suffocated for ten years by tyranny: it breathed freely now for the past, the present, and the future. Never will the century behold a similar epoch. No one ever thought of to-morrow. Inspired by hope, the humiliations and misfortunes of the country were forgotten. The soldiers of Napoleon alone held down their heads as they laid down their arms; for their courtier chiefs had already passed over to the side of the conqueror.

VI.

It is natural that such a spectacle, and the spectacles which followed the first day of this Restoration,—(the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the electoral movements, which at length excited a people so long motionless and mute; the books kept back by the imperial censorship, which issued in hurried numbers, like whole catacombs of thought; the pamphlets, the journals multiplied and free, the narratives of exile and of emigration; the great writers, the publicists, the philosophers, the poets, the Staëls, the Bonalds, the Chateau-

briands, the De Maistres; the great orators who practised themselves in discussion, the Lainés, the De Serres, the Foys; the sight of those princes and of those princesses, before whom France composed its features, to render their country sweet and hospitable in their eyes; the saloons, the theatres, the fêtes, the assemblies of an aristocracy eager to enjoy; enthusiastic women, beautiful, intellectual, and grouping once more around them the illustrious men of Europe, of the war, of the tribune, of literature and of art;)—it is natural, I say, that the impressions of such a period, in the existence of a people, should remain profoundly engraved in the memory of a young man, and predispose, at a later period, the man of maturity to I know not what partiality in his reminiscenses of this fascinating dawn of his opinions.

VII.

Such is, I confess, my tenderness or my weakness of mind towards the Restoration. Its faults and its misfortunes have made no alteration in my first impressions. I have interdicted myself from serving, and still more from liking, the monarchy without antecedents, without prestige, and without right, which succeeded, in 1830, to the government of my sympathies. The uncle was solely unpardonable in replacing the nephew. Nature, at least, is a legitimacy for those who do not recognise legitimacy in a political sense. The Republic from this period might have set aside the throne; no other sovereign than the people could occupy it. The Revolution of July would then have been a progress; but it was only a subversion. It did not replace the throne; it did not crown the nation; it only put off the day of struggle. Although I have never disturbed or insulted the government of Louis Philippe, for fear of disturbing the country itself, I had an instinctive perception of its instability.

It is with governments as with metals: nothing false has strength; truth is the vital principle of everything. Nothing was true in that royalty, but a throne and a people equally defrauded. Sooner or later it must have perished as it arose—in a breath. Neither eminent men, nor ministers, nor orators, nor abilities, nor talents, nor even private virtues were wanting to this reign. What it wanted was respect—that which gives durability to institutions, the youngest as well as the oldest. When it was asked what it was, it could invoke neither God nor the people; it could only say for itself, "I am the negation of Divine right, which prolongs the hereditary reign of princes; and I am the negation of the right of nations to choose their own kings." Between hereditary right, which it had banished, and national election, which it had eluded, what could it do? Manœuvre, negociate, compound, unduly influence, or corrupt. It was a government with two faces, neither of which spoke the truth.

VIII.

Its fall, in leaving the palace vacant, made room for absolute right,—the right national, the right natural, the right of every man coming into this world to have his portion of suffrage, intelligence, and will in the government,—the vote universal. Universal Suffrage is the true name of modern society at present. This principle has made a Republic of France; and it could not do otherwise. In the state of incredulity, of anarchy, and of struggle in which the monarchical principle, personified in three dynasties, was plunged with itself, to give France of 1848 to monarchy, would be to give it up to factions. The country should assume the dictatorship; the dictatorship of a country is republicanism. It has taken the dictatorship, and will preserve it so long as it is worthy of

the name of a nation. For a prince or a dynasty which abdicates is replaced by another dynasty, or by another prince. But a nation worn out, or incapable of liberty, which abdicates,—what can replace it? Nothing but a chasm in history; nothing but shame, servitude, or tyranny. We look upon the map of the world, and say, "A great people occupied that place; but now there is nothing but a great blot upon the dignity of nations."

IX.

After having paid our tribute of sincerity to the age, we ought to pay our tribute of gratitude to the writers who have illumined and placed landmarks for us upon this route of history. We owe much to two amongst them above all: M. Lubis, who has so well divested himself of his prepossessions for the Bourbons, in recounting, with courageous impartiality and with a luminous appreciation, the faults and the misfortunes of his cause; M. de Vaulabelle next, who in our opinion has somewhat too largely drawn his facts from hostile sources; but who has disposed his matter, and written with a consciousness of talent, and an art of grouping events which assigns him a distinguished rank amongst historians. We ourselves have written from another point of view, because we were farther removed than they from the impression of the drama; but without them we could not have written. M. Lubis has recorded the feeling of the Restoration; M. de Vaulabelle also the feeling, and often the opposition, of liberalism. Without the spirit of bigotry or of opposition, we shall endeavour to write the truth.

THE

HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION

OF

MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

BOOK FIRST.

Retrospective view of Napoleon's reign—Napoleon in 1813—His return to Paris—The Allied Armies on the Rhine—Convocation of the State Council, the 11th of November—A Conscription of 300,000 men decreed—Military condition of France—Opening of the Legislative Assembly—The Emperor's speech—Proposals from Frankfort—Projected Congress at Manheim—Choice of Commissioners by the Senate and the Legislative Assembly to examine and report upon this negociation—Hostile choice of the Legislative Assembly—M. Lainé—M. Raynouard—Address of M. de Fontanes—Cambaceres—M. Lainé's Protest—Napoleon's indignation—Savary—Suppression of the Address of the Legislative Assembly—Its Dissolution—Grand reception of the 1st of January, 1814—The Emperor's speech to the Legislative Assembly—Reconstitution of the National Guard of Paris—Presentation of Marie-Louise and her son to the officers of the National Guard—Allocution of Napoleon—Marie-Louise—Departure of Napoleon for the Army, 23rd January—Schwartzenburg and Blucher pass the Rhine, 31st December—Lassitude of France—Arrival of Napoleon at Chalons, 25th January.

I.

The reign of Napoleon was drawing to a crisis. It may be defined in few words. The old world renovated by a new man, plastering up, so to speak, decrepit ages with modern glory. His genius was posthumous. The first of soldiers, not of statesmen, he was clear-sighted as to the past, but blind to the future. If this judgment is thought too harsh, its justice may be proved by a retrospective glance.

Men should be judged not by their fortune, but by their deeds. Napoleon held in his grasp the largest share of power ever confided by Providence to a mortal hand for the purpose of creating civilization and nationality. What has he left behind him? Nothing but a conquered country, and an immortal name. He was the sophist of the counter-revolution.

The world called for a renovator,—Napoleon Bonaparte became its conqueror. France looked for the spirit of reformation, and he imposed upon her despotism and discipline. To liberty of conscience (the great aspiration of his age), he replied by a papal coronation—a simonial treaty with Rome—the Concordat.

Impiety lurked beneath the official pomp of public worship. Instead of seeking to revive true faith by liberty of conscience, Napoleon, at a distance of ten centuries, enacted a parody upon Charlemagne, without having the faith of the neophyte, or the heroic sincerity of this Constantine of Gaul and Germany. To the desire for equality of rights, Napoleon replied by creating a military aristocracy and a feudality of the sword; to the desire for liberty of thought, he replied by the censorship and the monopoly of the public press; to the desire for freedom of discussion, he replied by silent tribunes surrounded by a mute assembly, whose only remaining privilege was to listen to and applaud the official organs of the imperial will.

Thus human intellect languished, literature was degraded, the arts were enslaved, and the public mind withered beneath a despotic rule. Victory alone could retard the explosion of national independence,—of human intelligence. The day she ceased to gild this universal yoke, it would appear in its true light,—glory for one only, humiliation for all, a reproach upon the dignity of the nation, an appeal to continental insurrection.

Victory at length forsook him.

The smothered genius of the Revolution burst forth in the spirit of popular independence. The remorseful feelings of insulted nations, the pride of humiliated sovereigns, recoiled against the vanquished conqueror of the world, and tracked his steps through each succeeding defeat far beyond the Rhine,

wresting from his grasp, not only Spain, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, and Savoy, but even France herself—France, so long the means of his glory, now fated to be the battle-field of the last struggle of her hero.

II.

During the last years of his domination, Napoleon had yielded to the temptations of fortune. His intelligence and activity diminished in proportion as his empire extended. Separated from his fellow men by the servile court he had gathered around him, and always clothed in the drapery of empire, as if apprehensive of confessing to himself that the upstart of genius, circumvented by etiquette and adulation—the Emperor,—in short, had disparaged the man. His Spanish campaign had resembled those of Darius, or of Louis XIV., looking on at a distance, commanding by signs, doing nothing but by his lieutenants. His Russian campaign had embraced the world without the power of restraining it. He had conducted it with effeminacy, pursued it with blindness, finished it recklessly, and atoned for it with insensibility. There was not an officer of his army who would not have better conducted, or better managed, the retreat of 700,000 men,—worthy of another Xenophon. He came post from the Beresina to the Tuileries without casting a single look behind him. He seemed to have given up everything to fortune, from the day she refused him the universe, like the gamester who had played against the continent, and thrown up the game on losing the first important cast. His diplomacy had been no less blind and undecided than his campaign. In venturing his legions, under the menace of a Russian winter, as far as Moscow, he had calculated at once upon war and peace;—on war, to force a peace from the Emperor Alexander, and on peace, to rescue his army from the dangers into which his temerity had plunged it. Accustomed to the enervated people of the East and South, whom he had easily subdued, he was astonished at finding a nation resolved to set their dwellings in a blaze rather than own subjection to a foreign master. He

never dreamt of resistance; he scarcely would believe in climate. In the Kremlin he sacrificed the time which autumn allowed him for his retreat. His generals said to him—"Remain here with the *élite* of your troops during this long winter, or lose no time in falling back on a line of operations in communication with your empire and your reinforcements;" but he had not the wisdom to choose either the bold cantonment, or the prudent retreat. Deceived by the illusions of peace, with which he persisted in lulling himself, he did not retreat till actually driven by the first snows. He was then flanked by the Russians, harassed by the Cossacks, weakened by hunger, and separated from his disaffected auxiliaries; thus every night leaving fragments of his dying army upon the road. Germany, a witness of this flight, slipt through his fingers. His allies being vanquished enemies, his defeat restored to them their patriotism. He had been sufficiently fascinated by his own prestige to induce him to believe in the fidelity of these allies in the midst of his misfortunes; but he had scarcely taken shelter in the Tuileries before the feeble nucleus of his army, left by him under the command of Murat, had vanished; and Murat himself had thrown up his command, that he might go to Naples, and meditate his defection to save his throne.

III.

Napoleon's courage rather than his genius seemed to have revived in the German campaign of 1813. Dresden and Leipsic were victories and reverses worthy of his name. Peace was still in his hands; but a humiliating peace could not satisfy a man whose fame, as an invincible general, was his title to the respect of Europe, and to the absolute throne of France. He had reckoned again on impossibilities. He had neglected to recall from Spain and Italy his old legions, who were inured to war, being afraid of appearing to give up one single thought of universal monarchy. To fall back and concentrate his forces was to avow himself defeated, and to confess that he felt his weakness. This, however, he did not feel; or, at least, he did not wish to confess as much to France. He had incessantly

feasted the nation with miracles, and he promised to treat it with new ones; nay, he promised them to himself. He had been so deified by his flatterers, that he finished by believing in his own divinity: hence the rupture of all serious negociations with the continent, the scattering of his armies from Madrid to Amsterdam, and the weakness and inexperience of his troops in France at the moment the allied armies crossed the Rhine.

IV.

Then indeed he relinquished the demi-god, and once more became a man. The shame of having brought the armies of Europe upon the soil of his country, as the only result of so many victories, purchased with the blood of France,—the mortification of reigning over an empire, every inhabitant of which might call him to account for his violated hearth,—the respect due to his military name,—the inveterate expectation of prodigies,—the suffering patriotism of this great people, who in accusing their sovereign recognised in him their general also,—the devotion of his old lieutenants and of his young troops, proud of combating under the orders and under the eye of the genius of war,—the dissipated illusions which allowed him to see distinctly both his peril and his resources,—the field of battle on the soil of France, so well studied, every city, every village, and every furrow of which reminded him that he fought for the national hearth,—in fine, his wife, his child, the throne, to leave, or to lose them,—the despair of nature and of ambition in his breast—restored to him all that he had lost in the whirlwind of prosperity. He forgot his ten years of universal power and pride,—he flung away his sceptre and his mantle of ceremony, and resumed his uniform and his sword. He again became a soldier, to reconquer the empire, or to fall in the midst of his undiminished glory. This was the day for testing his genius; the others had been only those of his fortune. The most prejudiced historian must hail him as great in this final effort to retain the fortune that was eluding his grasp. He shook off ten years of his age. His soul, benumbed by the throne,

triumphed over the enfeeblement of his body. The Bonaparte of Marengo was no longer seen; but in him revived another Napoleon.

V.

The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, youthful wives, complaisant mistresses, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labour and festive pleasure, the habit of constant riding which made him corpulent,—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast while crossing his arms like Frederick II.—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself,—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him

the nickname of *Father Thoughtful.** He assumed the *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle field,—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this period the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon.

VI.

Two years previously, his return to Paris, formerly so triumphant, was sudden, gloomy, and nocturnal. He arrived without attendants, as if he wished to surprise or outstrip a revolution. He had thus entered the capital vanquished but not beaten down, on the night of November 9th, 1813. His armies had vanished, while those of the allies were on the Rhine. The latter seemed to stop, undecided, and as if astonished at their victories, without knowing whether they dared venture to cross the river. France was really no longer guarded except by the shadow of her buried legions, by the Rhine, by her fortified places, and by the mountains of the Vosges. But the police of the empire was so implacable, and the silence of public opinion so strictly enforced, that the mass of the population was altogether ignorant of the truth, even of the ordinary facts; and the overwhelming rush of all Europe upon us was unrevealed in the intimacy of private intercourse, except in an under tone, by vague and broken expressions. Spies and informers had become acknowledged ministers of despotism. Even the features seemed fearful of betraying the secrets of the heart. To announce a defeat of the Emperor would have been high treason against his fortune. There was a lurking recollection of the terrible '93 in the government of Napoleon, who had lived, and grown up, and been intimate with the men

* Pere la Pensée.

of that period. The summary justice, the dungeons, the state prisons, the courts-martial, even the bloodshed of that period, were not modes of governing so repugnant to his ministers as no longer to be apprehended. This was evinced a few weeks afterwards in the capital city of the province of Champagne.

VII.

Napoleon devoted the following day to his wife, to his son, to his family, and to his confidential friends. He resolved to forestal public complaints by audacity, and to quell the rising opposition by additional exactions and persecution of public opinion. To avoid accusation he placed himself in the situation of accuser. On the 11th of November he convoked his Council of State at the Tuileries. This Council was composed of able professional men, well acquainted with business, rigid to subordinates, and pliant to their master. The majority were men of talent and intelligence, whose characters were not inured to resistance. Several were men of the Convention; some of the Reign of Terror, and a few of them regicides. But these were too decidedly sold to the Empire, and they had too often repudiated liberty ever to fall back on revolution. Napoleon held them by their apostacy; he showed them to the people as ensigns of democracy and pledges of revolution; but he himself looked on them without fear, as instruments of domination incapable thenceforward of any other task than of rendering servitude popular. How great soever was their habit of smiling on their master, and felicitating every conjuncture with a common-place affectation of joy, the ministers and councillors of State had not, on the present occasion, time to compose their features. Their looks and their silence betrayed their embarrassment. They did not yet know if Napoleon wished for condolence or encouragement. They were beginning also mentally to accuse that ill fortune which by its adverse obstinacy seriously compromised their own positions. They were melancholy and undecided. Napoleon had learned their sentiments from his minister of police, and had resolved to astonish them by the amplitude of his confessions, and to overstep their fears by the exaggeration



of his disasters. Europe in arms, treading on his footsteps, did not indeed allow of any further dissimulation. He affected to repose in them unlimited confidence, and to complain against men and destiny. He exerted himself to inspire with terror the souls of his courtiers who were linked to his fate, that this very terror should instil a desperate courage into the counsels he required of them.

VIII.

Napoleon began by addressing, in rude terms, severe and unexpected reproaches against some of his inferior ministers, as a sacrifice to untoward events, and in order that the thunder which fell upon them should re-assure and inspirit the others. He required the impost to be doubled; but being irritated by a slight murmur;—"Taxation," he boldly continued, "has no limits. It must progress in proportion to the danger of the country. Its proper scale is the necessity of the government. The law which says otherwise is a wicked law." The Council was silent, and acceded.

He proposed levying a new Conscription of 300,000 men, already exempt from service, and returned to their families four years before. A gloomy silence revealed the astonishment of the Council at this new decimation of the youth of France. One alone, more servile than his colleagues, acceded to the proposition, on the plea of salvation to the Empire. Napoleon, to whom everything short of enthusiasm appeared to be resistance, changed colour, and contracted his brows. He wished to be not merely obeyed, but applauded. Another approver was at length found, who ventured so far as to reproach the Emperor for talking of *invaded frontiers*, as if even the admission of a reverse was an outrage on the inviolability of his star. The certainty of invasion appeared to him more degrading to acknowledge than to submit to. France even conquered should still believe that its master was invincible.

Napoleon, prepared for the obsequiousness of his courtiers, affected to repel this servility with disdain. "Why should we endeavour," he exclaimed, "to conceal the truth? All must

be told. Has not Wellington invaded the south? Do not the Russians menace the north? the Austrians and the Germans my provinces on the east?" Then with an accent resembling that of the *Marseillaise* of 1792, the enthusiasm of which he would gladly awaken, he continued:—"Wellington is in France! Oh what shame! and the country has not risen to expel him!" As if he had left anything in France to rise but the soil itself. "All my allies have abandoned me," he continued in broken accents, and casting his eyes reproachfully towards heaven. "The Germans have betrayed me! they even wished to cut off my retreat. Therefore have they been massacred!—No! no peace, till I have burnt their capital. A triumvirate is formed in the north—the same that dismembered Poland—(as if he himself had not secured the fragments of that dismembered Poland, and of Venice subdued by Austria!) No truce till this triumvirate is broken up! I want 300,000 men. I shall form a camp of 100,000 men at Bordeaux, one at Lyons, and one at Metz. I shall thus have a million of men! but I must have men full grown, and not children who encumber my hospitals, and die on my route."

"Yes, Sire," said a councillor; "ancient France must remain intact." Napoleon was indignant at being so little understood, and at seeing the humility of his Council limit itself to this small portion of the Empire. "And Holland!" he exclaimed, striking with his clenched fist the arm of the chair—"If I must give up Holland, I would rather give it back to the sea. Councillors of State, we require a new impulse! Every one must march! You are fathers of families; you are the chiefs of the nation; 't is you that must put it in motion——"

No enthusiasm, however, evinced itself in their manner. Napoleon looked at them, and continued, as if he had heard the word which beset his imagination, though as yet unpronounced. "You speak of peace, I think; I only hear this word *peace!* when every one should cry out for war!"

His Council decreed, without remark, the 300,000 men. Napoleon dismissed them with the watchword "Enthusiasm," but despondency was its only answer. He occupied himself,

with his usual feverish activity, in collecting around the weak skeletons of corps which he had left upon the Rhine, in Belgium and in Holland, the remains of veteran troops which he had at hand, detachments of his guard, and the new levies in garrison in the interior. But, with the exception of his old bands, reduced to about 80,000 men, his wishes were rendered fruitless by the exhaustion and the apathy of the empire. He issued orders to no effect; he called for chimerical contingents. He counted his men on his plans and his encampments, yet he had nothing but ciphers in his wide domains. His nights thus occupied produced nothing for the day. He displayed as much activity in his councils, in his capital, and in his palace, as at the period when he kept the whole world in motion from his cabinet; but he now only gave motion to himself. Military France had expired on the battle fields of Germany, of Spain, and of Russia; nothing but its general remained. He continued to speak of legions which no longer existed. His palace was become a palace of dreams. He was there alone with the spectre of his old universal power and his unconquerable will. He marched, but nothing followed him.

IX.

In his communications to his Senate, Napoleon was fully as imperative as in the days of his victories. Certain beforehand of the servility of those men, worn out by revolution and grown old in adulation, he merely intimated his wishes, which they hastened to convert into a *Senatus Consultum*. He convoked the Legislative Assembly at Paris for the 19th December; but he feared that these silent representatives of the Departments, imbued with the general disaffection, might raise an importunate voice through the medium of their President. He foresaw that they might choose a man of independence for their President, and he therefore deprived them of their right to choose one. M. Molé was the Minister of Justice—a young man of illustrious name, precocious talent, and with opinions adapted to the time. Pushing his zeal for monarchy even to the extreme of despotism, venturing much to please

and everything to serve, he took upon himself the task of justifying, before the public, this caprice of his master. He spoke of the aspect of the Emperor, who might be astonished at the presence of an unknown President. He alleged the danger of a new man being ignorant of or infringing the consecrated etiquette of the palace. The Empire, in its decline, attached itself, like the Byzantine empire, to the lowest puerilities of the throne; nor was it certain whether despotism or the nation debased itself the most in similar effrontery. They played off institutions of ten years' standing with the ridiculous pride of monarchies grown old, and fallen into second childhood. Human dignity laughed at its own degradation.

X.

The Legislative Assembly commenced its session, but the nation expected little from this shadow of a representation. The Constitution condemned it to be mute. To give silent votes on projects of law presented by the government, and to sanction its orders, was all the power entrusted to this Assembly. Napoleon himself had taken care to define it as a *Legislative Council*, not a national representation. It would be a criminal pretension, he said, to think of representing the nation in the presence of the Emperor. The nation, however, looked for more from the Legislative Assembly than from the Senate. If a murmur could be expected to escape against such a system of constraint, it was from thence. The members at least brought with them to Paris a lively impression of the sufferings and humiliation of the country. Napoleon discovered and watched for this murmur. Until now he had been overwhelmed with perpetual felicitations; but this time he demanded more,—he demanded passive obedience and supreme devotion. While enforcing these, he might also produce a cry of anguish; but he had arranged everything with his creatures to stifle the cry.

He nominated as President of the Legislative Assembly an eminent lawyer, Regnier, Duke of Massa, who had been moulded to his hand by favours and dignities. He appeared

with all military pomp at the opening of the session. He read a speech, the words of which were calculated to be understood in a double sense; by the people as pledges of peace, and by the constituted bodies as a summons to an energetical concurrence in the war. At the conclusion he affected an abjuration of ambition and a spirit of paternal feeling, calculated to inspire hopes of his forbearance in negociating. The wisdom of mature manhood, and the lassitude of the war-worn soldier, might be recognised in his accents: they even displayed a degree of melancholy which recalled that of his youth, and softened the asperity of adverse opinions.

"I had conceived," said he, "and executed great designs for the prosperity and happiness of the world!" Here he paused, as if to give time for thought, to meditate in silence on his reverses, and to measure the greatness of his fall. He then continued with a grave tone:—"A monarch and a father, I feel how much peace can add to the stability of the throne and the security of families. Negociations have been entered into with the allied powers. I have acceded to the preliminary bases they presented. I therefore entertained hopes that before the opening of this session the Congress of Manheim would have assembled. But new delays, which cannot be attributed to France, have deferred the moment so strongly required by the voice of the world. My ministers will acquaint you with my wishes on this subject. The documents connected with the negociations will be laid before you.'

He departed; but his words had been received with profound incredulity, concealed under a feigned confidence. It was well known that the negociations were nothing but a curtain, behind which he and Europe veiled their preparations for a final war. Once in revolt against him, Europe could not again sit down obedient to his hand. Once stript in the eyes of France of the spell of his conquests, she would no longer submit to his government. Crowned by victory, defeat deprived him of the sovereignty. This he knew; and he only presented France with the hope of peace to furnish himself with the means of war. He could only reconquer his throne on new fields of battle; and once a victor he could not stop in

his career Every peace was a forfeiture to a soldier who had possessed the continent. It was not peace,—it was a second universal power that he meditated. Two or three fortunate battles would suffice to give it him. Could not fortune again do what she had already done?

The negociations were not serious, either at the Tuileries, or at the general quarters of the Allies. On both sides they made dupes,—the Allies, of Europe; and Napoleon, of France.

XI.

At the moment when the armies of the allied powers had reached the Rhine, without daring as yet to cross it, Prince Metternich, the all-powerful minister of Austria, recollected that the Empress Marie-Louise was the daughter of his Emperor. The Rhine once crossed, the dethronement of Napoleon would be one of the consequences of victory. But in dethroning Napoleon, the throne of Marie-Louise might also crumble with it. This was dangerous to the policy of Austria, which would thus lose the close alliance of France, the benefits of a Regency, and the patronage of an infant Emperor of the French. It would still further be a family disgrace, and a laceration of the heart for the Emperor Francis. Prince Metternich (long accustomed to the court of Napoleon, where by turns he had been slighted and caressed by the princesses of the imperial blood), did not participate in the antipathies of the old dynasties against this court of military upstarts. He dreaded, moreover, the despair of a man of genius, placed, by a refusal to accommodate existing differences, between the throne and death. Finally, he was a diplomatist, and he liked to have the disposal of destiny. He accordingly made an overture to M. de Saint Aignau, one of the best accredited ministers of Napoleon in Germany. Stopped at Weimar, M. de Saint Aignau was brought to the Austrian quarter-general, whence he was invited by M. de Metternich to Frankfort. There he dictated a note to him, intimating to Napoleon on what terms Europe would again treat with him. The ministers of the other powers gave in their adhesion to

the principles of this negociation. M. de Metternich was sincere, because he was interested: the others feigned to believe in the possibility of such a peace. But they were too enlightened either to hope or to fear it. The soul of Napoleon, though conquered, could not contain itself within the limits which it was pretended to lay down for him.

These limits were those of ancient France. Napoleon was called upon to renounce all sovereignty in Germany beyond the Rhine, in Spain, in Italy, and in Holland. On this basis he would be treated with; but military operations would not be suspended during the negociations.

XII.

It was to this note that Napoleon had referred, in naming Manheim as the place of meeting of the Congress. This assent to a general assembly of the European powers upon the soil of ancient France,—too narrow a limit even for the Empire—sufficiently intimated that this Congress was a mere illusion, with which Napoleon wished to amuse his subjects; for scarcely six months had elapsed since he had refused at Dresden one half of the continent. To keep up the deception, however, he adhered a few days after to the bases laid down in the note of the allied powers. The letters and the answers crossed one another so slowly as to indicate on both sides an apprehension of being too strictly united. The Congress of Manheim never took place. Time and events had kept their onward march. It was these letters, mutually exchanged to fix upon a centre of negociation, which Napoleon called the documents connected with the treaty. He had them sent to the Senate and the Legislative Assembly at the same time. These two bodies appointed committees to report upon the documents, and to express the opinions of the Senators and the Deputies on the state of affairs. The ministers, the councillors, and the courtiers exerted themselves to procure votes for men to be depended upon,—that is to say, for those whose minds were enervated, and whose consciences were corrupt.

XIII.

The Senate appointed without deliberation those of its members whose diplomatic antecedents and eminent merit seemed to designate them as best calculated for this study of European politics. These were Monsieur de Talleyrand, a man with two faces, one of which never betrayed the other, capable of conveying a secret meaning to Europe in an ambiguous declaration to Napoleon. He began to foresee the fall, and was looking out for new ground without losing his footing on the old. Monsieur de Fontane an elegant but *mediocre* poet,—an ostentatious orator, skilful in dressing up the rude wishes of his master in courtly phraseology,—Cicero in ordinary to the new Cæsar, but Cicero after his prostration to good fortune. He did not love liberty, which he confounded with revolutionary licence. Persecuted by it in 1793 he had sought shelter under the sabre of the Emperor; and from this asylum he dared do everything against liberty. He had made a dignity of flattery; but his flattery was supple, never base. In other respects he was of an upright spirit, and of a literary mind, —one in whose breast the business of a flatterer had extinguished independence, but not honesty. General Beurnonville an old soldier of the Republican wars,—a sort of Dumouriez without his treason. Reminiscences of liberty were mingled in his mind with the passive obedience of military discipline. Monsieur de Saint Marsan a nobleman of Turin,—a Frenchman by service, an Italian in intellect,—one of those men whom Napoleon had nationalized for their merit, who was compromised in his fortunes, and who had no country to receive him after the Empire. Barbé Marbois closed the list,—a bold and independent old man, formerly transported on the 18th Fructidor, delivered from proscription by the Consulate, and who adorned the Senate by the probity of his character and the fame of his misfortunes. One might expect from a committee so chosen a just mixture of freedom of opinion and deference of will, expressed in great propriety of language. The Senate could flatter no more; it had not yet dared to advise.

XIV.

The choice of the Legislative Assembly indicated a different spirit. Opinion, still in subjection, not daring to express itself in words, evinced itself at least by the ballot. This ballot for the first time struck off all the notoriously servile names. The habitual flatterers trembled with indignation at being excluded, and went full of complaints to Cambaceres and to the Duke of Rovigo, the minions of the Emperor. M. Lainé, Raynouard, Gallois, Maine de Biran and Flaugergues were chosen by an immense majority. These names, which would have been a pledge of wisdom and strength in the eyes of a temperate government, appeared like a menace against the court of the Emperor. They were independent, and therefore the champions of revolt.

M. Lainé was deputy from Bordeaux. Worthy by his eloquence of the forum, made illustrious by Vergniaud, he had the same greatness of soul as the Girondist orator; but he had neither his indolence nor his weakness. Born in the *Landes*, leading a rural life, living in a stoical mediocrity, in the midst of his fields, and far from the baseness of courts, absorbed in the contemplation of great events, elevated by the spectacle of nature to the adoration of the type divine, deeply read in history, steeped in the precepts of the Stoics, and in the contempt of Tacitus for the vices of his time,—M. Lainé had all his pride without any of his bitterness. He was the orator and the philosopher of antiquity, transplanted, with the mild spirit of the Christian, into the midst of modern events. His courage was never the boiling of angry passions, but the intrepidity of duty. Nature had made this man, and kept him in reserve, to strike the first blow at despotism. He did not belong to the party of the Bourbons; he was a Republican by nature and inclination. Reason alone called him at a later period to the service of kings. To induce him to condescend to approach the court it was essential that his conscience should convince him that his country existed in the throne. This was he culminating member of the committee: I do not flatter

his tomb,—I venerate it; for it encloses a great vestige of humanity.

XV.

M. Raynouard was deputy from Toulouse. His name was made illustrious rather late in life by the celebrated tragedy of "The Templars." He was an austere and studious poet, but somewhat rude. His verses displayed the rigidity of his character: his character had the *naïveté*, the simplicity, and the elevation of his talent. He made no distinction between genius and virtue. With a rugged aspect, but little formed to please, incapable of flattery, he nourished against the despotism of Napoleon the hidden but bitter hatred which arises from respect for the dignity of a nation. Despotism appeared to him less an oppression than an insult to human nature. Esteemed by his colleagues, he spoke with a masculine liberty, but he wrote with a savage rudeness of expression.

The other three members of the committee were men of a calm and philosophical opposition, as became an opposition without a tribune, without orators, and without journals.

XVI.

M. de Fontanes, at once confidant of the Emperor and reporter of the Senate, satisfied the throne and the public opinion, by one of those phrases in which the public found the word peace, and the Emperor found ample authority for war. "Peace," said the Senate, "is what France and humanity require. If the enemy persists in refusing it, then, indeed, we shall fight for our country amidst the tombs of our fathers and the cradles of our children!" When such words are only ratified by a defection two months after they were uttered, they are preserved in the history of nations, not as oaths but as perjuries of eloquence.

The Legislative Assembly was slower in its proceedings. Dissatisfaction was desirous of finding vent; but there was hazard in effecting it. It broke out at length, however, in spite of the menaces of Monsieur de' Regnier, Duke de Massa, and the caresses of Cambaceres. A silent member of the Conven-

tion during the Reign of Terror, Cambaceres had left in an ambiguity, favourable to his character, his vote on the trial of Louis XVI. After the Convention he had devoted himself to Bonaparte with that presentiment of weakness which seeks for support. Bonaparte esteemed his capacity, and feared nothing from his courage. No one knew better than Cambaceres how to conform himself to second-class duties; he thus removed all jealousy from first-rate actors. Napoleon had elevated him as high as he possibly could, without fearing his too near approach. Subordination of character, on the part of Cambaceres, played the game of flattery. There was something of the Alcibiades grown old in this prince of a new date. He was Arch-chancellor of the Empire, a sort of civil-viceroy, whom the sovereign left at Paris during his distant campaigns, to represent him at the head of the Council of State, and to be answerable to him for France. Cambaceres affected some ridiculous peculiarities by way of pledges to the Emperor of his lacking ambition. A man, thus making himself a butt to the railleries of the court and the laughter of the people, might be useful, but could never be dangerous. Cambaceres accepted, and even seemed to look for this ridicule. He walked every evening in the old court costume, accompanied by two grotesque chamberlains, with head bare, periwigged and powdered, like our grandfathers in the galleries of the Palais Royal. Women of the town, children, and strangers followed this group with their gaze and hootings. He sought for the celebrity of Apicius; he exacted etiquette, obeisances, and titles from the oldest aristocracies around him. He was the superannuated genius of ceremonial in a monarchy of upstarts. He was an essay on the costumes of the Empire. But under these futilities of the courtier, Cambaceres concealed an honest heart, a humane disposition, profound science, and a firm spirit of government. He was laughed at, but he was esteemed. Such was the Arch-chancellor

XVII.

He did not attempt, in the secret discussions of the Legislative Assembly, to deny the apathy of the nation, but to deaden

the expression of it in the Address. The spectre of the revolution had driven him back even to degradation, and to adoration of despotism. He dreaded every thing that bore a resemblance to sincerity, for fear of giving birth to liberty. He conjured the deputies to think in silence. He admitted the general desire for peace, but he contested with the committee the right of raising their voices, even to give expression to the sufferings of the people.

XVIII.

The attitude of M. Lainé, which was modest and reflective, resembled his character. His quiet and restrained gesture, as he placed his hands on his breast, seemed to attest the honest convictions of his mind. His head, which was slightly bowed, had nothing of the defiance of the tribune. His voice possessed the gravity and the nervous sensibility of his thoughts. He was indignant at the submission required of the representatives of a people by order of its master. "No," he exclaimed, in sorrowful accents; "no, the legislative body, so long depressed, must be elevated; the cry of the people for peace must be heard; their groaning under oppression must at length break forth!" With the exception of about fifty deputies, riveted to despotism by its dignities, or trembling with cowardice under the anger of the Emperor, all hearts echoed the sentiments of M. Lainé. He was commissioned to draw up the Report, which was adopted. It was, in guarded language, a revival of the constitution,—a timid insurrection of hearts against the excess of servitude,—the right of complaint, the last right of a nation, claimed, at least, by its representatives,—a faint recollection of the Assembly of the *Jeu de Paume* at Versailles, but under the sceptre of an armed master and in a palace surrounded by Pretorian Guards.

M. Lainé ventured to say, in the name of the Legislative Body,—"Amidst the disasters of war, a ray of hope is felt on hearing kings and nations alike manifest a desire for peace. The declarations of the great powers agree in fact, gentlemen, with the universal wish of Europe for peace; and also with

the wish so generally expressed to us by our respective constituencies, of which the legislative body is the natural organ.

"What then can retard the blessings of this peace? We have, as the first guarantee of the Emperor's pacific designs, adversity—that unerring counsellor of kings. The means proposed to us for repulsing the enemy and obtaining peace will be effectual, if the French people are convinced that their blood will be no longer shed, except to defend their country and its guardian laws.

"But the words 'Peace and Country' would resound in vain, if we had no guarantee for those institutions which create the one and maintain the other.

"Your committee think it indispensable, that while the government is proposing the promptest measures for the safety of the state, the Emperor should be supplicated to maintain the full and unquestionable execution of the laws which guarantee to the people of France the rights of liberty, of safety, of property; and to the nation the free exercise of its political rights and privileges. This guarantee appears to your committee to be the most effectual means of inspiring the French people with the necessary energy for their own defence.

"We are anxious to connect the throne with the nation, so as to ensure their united efforts against anarchy, arbitrary power, and the enemies of the country.

"If the first wish of the Emperor on this pressing occasion has been to call around the throne the Deputies of the nation, does it not also become our paramount duty to acquaint the monarch with the truth, and the universal wish of the people for peace?"

This expression of *Deputies of the nation* was a revolution in itself. The 18th Brumaire re-appeared, and avenged itself in a single phrase.

XIX.

This was the first time that Napoleon had encountered a single soul in revolt against his sovereign will, since the day he had beaten down all beneath his sceptre. It would have been better, doubtless, that this reproach, embodied in a

national cry, should have been uttered during the days of his oppression, rather than at the moment when he was verging towards his fall, and when France itself fell with him. But M. Lainé had not been guilty of any courtier-like adulation. His soul had been long indignant at the civil degradation of his country. He had the right of expressing his sentiments at all times; and he did so as a free man, and not as a tribune of the people. Moreover, nations that have experienced but little generosity are not disposed to be generous themselves, when they assert their rights against the declining power of their oppressors. They avail themselves of the weakness of their tyrants to exercise their own tyranny. Possibly this is not magnanimity, but it is destiny.

XX.

Napoleon felt that he was no longer Napoleon, if the independant voice of this orator of the legislative body was not instantly stifled by the thunder of his own. He uttered a cry of fury either real or affected. He filled his palace, his council, his conversation with the repetition of the insult he had suffered. He exerted himself to raise the official indignation of his court and of the nation to the level of his own resentment. He signified to his ministers and his creatures the propriety of imitating and diffusing the ebullitions of his anger. The public voice, in its sycophancy, uttered one continuous cry against the insolence of M. Lainé. The minister of police was Savary, Duke of Rovigo,—an old companion in arms of the Emperor, whose merit lay in a blind personal devotion to the interests and even the caprices of his master. This unlimited devotion to Napoleon had been evinced by services, such as are fatal even to friendship itself. The name of the Duke de Rovigo was affixed to the midnight trial of the Duke d'Enghien. Condemned like an assassin, this young prince fell in the ditch of Vincennes under the balls of a military tribunal, assembled by order of Napoleon. He had been abducted from a foreign country by an outrage on the law of nations. His imprisonment resembled an act

of treachery, and his death a heinous crime. His blood cried, and will continue to cry, from age to age, against his murderer. Although Savary had done nothing but obey an order, still there are acts of obedience which are called, justly or unjustly, a participation in crime. This justice or injustice of public opinion is the responsibility incurred by the instruments of tyranny; and the service of a tyrant would be but too agreeable, if every act became justifiable from its being executed by authority. This, however, is not the case. The responsibility ascends and descends from the head to the members; and nothing is forgotten, either in the concoction of the crime or in its execution. Every drop of blood that is shed re-appears either on the name or on the hand, or even on the fame;—the meanest executioner is accountable as well as the first and greatest.

XXI.

Savary summoned the members of the commission to his hotel. So insolent an order from the minister of police to the representatives of a national assembly, bore some resemblance to a mittimus; and on receiving it the members of the commission deliberated whether they should obey it or not. Some of them, apprehending that a *coup d'etat* was contemplated against their persons, suggested an address to the nation, to convoke an immediate meeting of the Legislative Assembly, and to place themselves under the safeguard of the threatened representation. But this advice appeared too violent, and the proposed resolutions too devoid of the moral force necessary to sustain them. M. Lainé and his colleagues preferred meeting all the danger of the crisis in their own persons.

They accordingly repaired to the hotel of the minister. His countenance bore the reflection of that of Napoleon; and his voice was a premeditated echo of his master's. He began by menaces, as if to test the courage of the Deputies. "The discontented," he said to M. Lainé, "take your name as a signal for revolt. My police find this name mixed up with

all sorts of plots. No one can be considered guiltless of mischief which may arise from such language as yours."

While speaking thus, the minion of the Emperor gradually elevated his voice to a menacing pitch.

"My conscience," replied M. Lainé, "speaks even more forcibly than you do."

These words seemed to damp the energy of the minister. He lowered his tone, and assumed a soothing accent, after having tried in vain to bully and overawe.

"You are honourable men," said Savary, "and I should be proud of having you for my personal friends. But the Emperor is hesitating between resolutions of an extreme tendency. You have irritated him. You have parodied the insurrection of the Constituent Assembly. He cannot allow you to deliberate during his absence; for he is going to the army, and you would dethrone him. He does not like to run this danger. 'They wish for the Bourbons,' said the Emperor to me; 'but first of all we shall have more battles of Ivry!'"

Savary then turning again towards M. Lainé, "what is the object you have in view?" he asked with a look which solicited confidence while exacting a confession.

"I am desirous," replied M. Lainé, "of saving my country, or at least of breathing gloriously for the nation the last sigh of liberty."

"We are desirous," added his colleagues, "that the Emperor should extend his hand to raise a prostrate nation."

Even this humility, in the answer of M. Lainé's colleagues, representatives of the Assembly, did not appear to be a sufficient retractation of their audacity. The minister prohibite their meeting, or even seeing one another again.

XXII.

The Emperor received the Senate. M. de Fontanes, in the Address drawn up by him, mingled with the customary flattery a few words of truth, in the exact proportion which the Emperor might have the magnanimity to tolerate. "Let us rally," said the orator, "round the diadem on

which the splendour of fifty victories shines through a passing cloud."

He spoke also of peace; of power which consolidates itself in fixing its limits; of the art of conserving the happinesss of a nation, but above all of flying to arms.

"We must talk no longer," replied Napoleon, of recovering the conquests that we have made. The liberation of our soil and the blessings of peace,—this is our rallying cry. Our provinces are invaded. I call on the French to rescue France."

After these words he ordered the address of the Legislative Assembly to be suppressed, and adjourned that body to a future period. Savary had given expression to his thoughts: he did not wish to leave a deliberative assembly behind him. The eloquence of M. Lainé alone had appeared to him an echo of 1789. He knew that giving a voice to a nation was imparting to it the breath of liberty. The following day he gave vent to the full tide of anger which had been accumulating in his breast since the meeting of the Legislative Assembly.

It was the 1st of January, 1814—the day when court ceremonial brings to the foot of the throne the deliberative bodies and high dignitaries of the country, mingled with the courtiers of the palace. The members of the Legislative Assembly, summoned the evening before, approached to pass before the Emperor. He stopped them with a motion of his hand; for he wished that his resentment at their temerity should resound through France and throughout all Europe. He affected a paroxysm of ill-restrained anger. The studied irregularity of his words, his abrupt gestures, and thundering voice gave to this speech the appearance of an impromptu explosion, rather than of a well considered harangue. This, however, it was; for he had meditated and prepared it for a whole week. It was the address of the tyrant on a first assault, who was desirous of crushing, by an unexpected onslaught, the independence which had begun to manifest itself.

XXIII.

"Deputies of the Legislative Assembly!" he exclaimed, concentrating upon them the terrors of his threatening brow,

"you might have done much good, and you have done a great deal of evil."

"Nine-tenths of you are worthy men, but the rest are factious.

'I called you to my aid, and you have said and done everything to assist the enemy. Instead of uniting, you have sown dissension amongst us.

"Your committee has been led away by men devoted to England. M. Lainé, your reporter, is a wicked man. His report has been drawn up with a degree of cunning, and with intentions which you little suspect. Two battles lost in the province of Champagne would have done less mischief.

"In your report you have mingled the most cutting irony with the most bitter reproaches, You tell me that adversity has given me salutary lessons. How could you reproach me for my misfortunes? I have borne them with honour, for I have received from nature a firm and lofty spirit; and had I not this pride of soul I never should have raised myself to the greatest throne on earth.

"I was, however, in want of consolation, and I expected it from you. You have tried to cover me with mud; but I am one of those men who may be killed, though not dishonoured.

"Is it by such reproaches you would increase the splendour of the throne? But what is the throne itself? Four pieces of wood garnished with a piece of velvet! All depends upon him who occupies it. The throne is inherent in the nation. Are you ignorant that I above all represent that nation? You attack it in attacking me. Four times have I been chosen by the nation! Four times have I had the votes of five millions of citizens! I have a title, but you have none. You are only the Deputies of the departments of the Empire.

"Is this the moment to meet me with remonstrances, when 200,000 Cossacks have crossed our frontiers? Is this a moment to discuss the liberty and safety of individuals, when political liberty and national independence are at stake? Your ideologists demand guarantees against arbitrary power, at a moment when France only asks them against the enemy!

"Are you not satisfied with the Constitution? Four

months ago you should have asked for another, or waited two years after the peace.

"You speak of abuses and of vexations. I know they exist as well as you do. They arise from circumstances and the misfortunes of the times. Why speak of our domestic squabbles before Europe in arms? Family jars should be kept secret.* You wish to imitate the Constituent Assembly, and begin a revolution; but I shall not imitate the king who was then upon the throne. I would give up that throne; for I would rather make sovereigns of the people than be myself a regal slave."

XXIV.

This speech was devoid of national respect, as well of individual justice. "*I have a title, and you have not,*" in the mouth of a soldier who had purloined all his titles from the French people sword in hand, was the most insolent derision ever uttered from the throne to the representatives of a nation. But if such insults were contemptible in the mouth of a conqueror, intoxicated with victory and power, they borrowed, on this occasion at least, a certain grandeur of courage from the difficulties against which he was struggling. He stood up boldly against misfortune; he gave his ultimatum to adversity. This was no degradation to his former fame, but a repetition of defiance to destiny, and contempt for public opinion. It was an additional crime against the sovereignty and the dignity of the people; but the crime was, at least, a courageous one. His courtiers alone thought it sublime; but general opinion branded it as senseless and brutal. He anticipated from it a great effect on the imagination of the multitude; but it only produced great astonishment, great scandal, and an excitement of wounded dignity throughout the country. He humbled the nation at a moment when his interest required that he should elevate it. Nations sometimes imbibe devotion from misfortune, but never from humiliation. This speech, passing from mouth to mouth in all parts of the Empire, made people believe in that inspired madness which precedes the fall of men doomed to destruction. He wished to

* "Il faut laver son linge sale en famille."—*Sic in orig.*

spread terror through the souls of his enemies; but he inspired them only with irritation and disdain.

XXV.

After having astonished he was desirous of conciliating. On the 22nd of January, the evening before his departure for the army, he convoked, at the palace, the chiefs of the National Guard of Paris. The paucity of troops, and the necessity, for some days at least, of covering the capital, which his manœuvres might lay open to an attack, had constrained him to re-organize this civic militia, which the name of La Fayette and the recollections of '89 made particularly obnoxious to his suspicions. To arm the National Guard was, in his eyes, to revive the revolution. But, unable to advance the claim of right he found it least dangerous to appeal to the arms of the citizens. Moreover, he reserved to himself the chief command of this army of the domestic hearth; and in his absence he entrusted that command to Marshal Moncey. The Marshal was incapable of failing in a duty to him as easily manageable as his trustworthy sword. The National Guard felt honoured and proud of obeying an old soldier who had participated in the glory but never in the wrongs of tyranny.

Napoleon made a theatrical presentation of the Empress Marie-Louise and her son to the officers of the National Guard. This spectacle was intended not only for Paris but Vienna. He wished to remind the Emperor of Austria, his father-in-law, that the blows directed against him by the allied armies would also reach his own daughter. He presented to him his grandson in the arms of his mother and above the heads of the National Guards. This scene was a silent negociation, through which he hoped to find a response in the heart of Francis II.

Marie-Louise was little known to the Parisians, and but little beloved in France. Borne away from Vienna as a trophy of victory, conquered more than courted, succeeding, in the hero's couch, the still living Empress Josephine, whose Creole graces, apparent goodness, and light-hearted disposition, made her, even with these very defects, more

popular with so light and superficial a people; a stranger in the midst of France, speaking its language with timidity, studying its manners with embarrassment, Marie-Louise lived in seclusion, like a captive amidst the official circle with which the Emperor surrounded her. That court of beautiful women, newly titled, anxious to repress every attraction except that of their own rank and high favour, allowed nothing to be known of the new Empress, except the simplicity and the awkwardness natural to one who was almost a child, and which was calculated to render her unpopular in her own court. That court was the haughty slanderer of the young Empress. Marie-Louise took refuge in court ceremony, —in solitude and in silence against the malevolence that acted as a spy on her every word and action. Intimidated by the fame, by the grandeur, and by the impetuous tenderness of the ravisher, whom she dared not to contemplate as a husband, it is unknown whether her timidity permitted her to love him with unrestrained affection. Napoleon loved her with feelings of superiority and pride. She was the blazon of his affiliation with great dynasties; she was the mother of his son, and the establishment of his ambition. But though he exalted no favourites, less from virtue than constitutional disdain, he was known to have had passing predilections for some of the beautiful women by whom he was surrounded. Jealousy therefore, though she dared not accuse her rivals, might have chilled the heart of Marie-Louise. The public were unjust enough to require from her the most passionate and devoted love, when her nature could only inspire her with duty and respect for a soldier who had merely recognized in her a hostage for Germany and a pledge of posterity.

This constraint obscured her natural charms, clouded her features, intimidated her mind, and depressed her heart. She was only regarded as a foreign ornament attached to the columns of the throne. Even history, written in ignorance of the truth, and influenced by the resentment of Napoleon's courtiers, has slandered this princess. Those who have known her will award her, not the stoical and theatrical glory which people required of her, but her natural qualities. She was a

charming daughter of the Tyrol, with blue eyes and fair hair. Her complexion varied with the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys; her figure light and graceful, its attitude yielding and languid, like those German maidens who seem to look for the support of some manly heart. Her dreamy glance, full of internal visions, was veiled by the silken fringes of her eyes. Her lips were somewhat pouting,—her bosom full of sighs and fruitful affection; her arms were of due length, fair and admirably moulded, and fell with graceful languor on her robe, as if weary of the burthen of her destiny. Her neck habitually inclined towards her shoulder. She appeared of northern melancholy transplanted into the tumult of a Gallic camp. The pretended insipidity of silence concealed thoughts delicately feminine, and the mysteries of sentiment, which wafted her in imagination far from that court to her magnificent but rude place of exile. The moment she returned to her private apartments, or to the solitude of her gardens, she again became essentially German. She cultivated the arts of poetry, painting, and music. In these accomplishments education had rendered her perfect, as if to console her, when far from her native land, for the absence and the sorrows to which she would one day be exposed. In these acquirements she excelled; but they were confined to herself alone. She read and repeated from memory the poetry of her native bards. By nature she was simple, but pleasing, and absorbed within herself; externally silent but full of internal feelings; formed for domestic love in an obscure destiny; but, dazzled on a throne, she felt herself exposed to the gaze of the world as the conquest of pride, not the love of a hero. She could dissemble nothing, either during her grandeur, or after the reverses of her lord; and this was her crime. The theatrical world, into which she had been thrown, looked for the picture of conjugal passion in a captive of victory. She was too unsophisticated to affect love, when she only felt obedience, timidity, and resignation. Nature will pity, though history may accuse her.

This is a true portraiture of Marie-Louise. I wrote it in her presence ten years afterwards. She had developed, at that

period, during her liberty and her widowhood, all the hidden graces of her youth. They wished her to play a part;—the actress was wanting, but the woman remained. History should award her—what the partial verdict of Napoleon's courtiers has refused—pity, tenderness, and grace.

XXVI.

Such was the Empress presented by Napoleon to the National Guard at Paris, his son, the King of Rome, in her arms. This spectacle was the mute eloquence which affected the hearts of the Parisians. They were received with cries, tears, and arms raised to heaven. Nature claimed her empire, and so did pride. The armed citizens of the capital were proud of this daughter of the Cæsars, confided, as if in pledge, to the city of the revolution. This mother and her child, covered by the swords of all, seemed for an instant to form the domestic hearth of each. When the heart has its part to play, which is so rare in the crises of empires, it breaks forth, and conquers all for the moment. At this affecting scene the national opposition was allayed. France thought itself Napoleonized for a day, because its heart had beat for a woman and a child. Napoleon, taking his son from his mother's breast, embraced him, raised him in his arms, placed him, with tears in his eyes, in the arms of the officers nearest to him, and advancing into the midst of the immense circle, which the chiefs of the city formed around the principal hall of the palace, he spoke to them in that voice, by turns manly and tender, which seemed like the soldier giving way to the feelings of the husband and the sire. Talma, the great impersonator of the living statues of history, had been with him the evening before; but nature, at this moment, was a teacher of attitudes more sovereign and infallible than Talma. Napoleon had nothing to learn from the stage but the folds of the costume which he had the ridiculous weakness to drape for the eyes of his audience. His destiny draped it enough; his heart spoke better than the part he had to play. He was natural, heroic, familiar. He concealed none of the chances

of war,—none of the dangers which every moment threatened the capital. He explained how this danger would be only apparent,—how he would return with his forces, augmented by his garrisons being relieved from blockade,—to crush the enemy between Paris and his army. "Be but united," said he "and resist the attempts that will be made to detach you from me. I leave you the Empress and the King of Rome,—my wife! my son! I go in tranquil confidence, entrusting them to your love. What I have dearest in the world I place in your hands."

XXVII.

Paris resounded with this farewell. It excited it for a moment, as it had done the palace. The following day it was known that Napoleon had left during the night for Chalons. It was also known that he never appeared with the army but on the eve of a battle. But no more miracles were expected. The campaigns of Russia, of Spain, and of Dresden had chilled the ardour of hope. Yet the noise of the first shock was listened for attentively. The last campaign was about to open. We shall not recount it in its details, but in its results—it alone merits an historian. Napoleon emerged from it greater than he had ever been, even at the zenith of his power. It is not his glory as a general—but his fall as a sovereign—that we trace in this recital. We shall only enter upon details of the former, so far as may be necessary to show how this heroic fall opened the way for the Restoration.

XXVIII.

A million of men, armed by the resentment of Europe, collected together by the genius of the Coalition, and encouraged by the reverses of him who had been so long thought invincible, entered, army after army, upon the soil of France. The circle of action, still free for the Emperor, was contracting its limits every twenty-four hours. Wellington had descended from the Pyrenees on the south, with the English army, inured to war, and bringing as auxiliaries the best troops of Spain and

Portugal. The armies of Marshal Soult, and of Marshal Suchet, retired rapidly upon France, to defend their native soil against this invasion of two long provoked nations. Bubna and Bellegarde, two Austrian generals, at the head of a hundred thousand men, held Prince Eugene, Napoleon's Viceroy, in check in the Milanese territory, and crossed the Alps to debouch on Lyons by the gorges of Savoy. Bernadotte, the modern Coriolanus, without having to revenge upon his country the wrongs of his prototype, had sold himself to the Coalition, at the price of the crown of Sweden. Against Belgium and the Rhine he conducted, beneath our flag, 120,000 men, consisting of all the second-rate nations of the North. Prince Schwartzenburg, generalissimo of the Coalition, and Blucher, the Prussian general, crossed the Rhine on the night of the 31st of December, and directed about 200,000 men, of all nations, to the foot of the Vosges,—our last rampart. Four columns, of 400,000 combatants, penetrated Germany by four roads, to recruit, with inexaustible reinforcements, the van of the armies already entered upon the soil of France. The sovereigns themselves (the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the King of Sweden) marched with their troops; as if to declare to the world that they had for the future exchanged their capitals for the camp; and that they were not going to make a campaign, but a unanimous and final crusade against the oppressor of the continent.

To these masses paid by England, recruited by patriotism, and whom even defeats had taught to conquer, Napoleon could only place in opposition the exhausted and broken up remains of his once splendid armies

XXIX

France, in spite of the appeals made to its patriotism by the Emperor and by the Senate, did not arise. It was drained of its legions: it wished for peace and liberty. It feared that in rising it would rise for the Emperor, and not for the country. It was resolved to furnish no more blood to gratify his ambition. The long despotism it had groaned under, his

deprived it of all respect even for its own soil; and throughout the country was heard this impious word of discouragement, pushed even to indifference for personal consequences—"Tyrant for Tyrant!" The Prefects decreed new levies; the gendarmes conducted the conscripts, frequently in chains, on the roads to the depôts: but scarcely were they liberated, when they took the road back again to their cabins and their villages. The most warlike provinces, Burgundy, Autun, and Britanny, concealed bands of deserters in their woods,—the last hopes of their families, who persisted in a life of wandering wretchedness, rather than rejoin their regiments.

XXX.

Moreover, Napoleon, during the seventy days which the slowness and timidity of the allies had left him to resolve on something great, had taken no resolution. He was seen to display, in the palace of the Tuileries, the indecision and uncertainty of Moscow. He lost the precious time in deliberating with himself and with others, in contending with the senate and the legislative assembly, and in pouring forth interminable effusions of eloquence with his confidants. He had become, for some years past, prodigiously loquacious,—a sign of decreasing volition and action with men who have been long indebted to fortune. He lost more time in convincing than in conquering. The more he felt that public opinion was deserting him, the more he sought to restrain it, by exciting admiration in confidential communications to the first comer, or by articles dictated for the *Moniteur*. He himself constituted his own public opinion. No one but himself spoke freely in France. His internal life was one continued monologue; it might be said that he was killing time. He seemed to expect—either from his negociations, which were not even commenced, or from his *star*, which he felt was not yet extinct—I know not what prodigy that was to restore to him what he had lost. He had the predestination of men and of things about to fall,—the immobility of the man against the progress of time.

XXXI.

An invincible resource remained to him at the beginning of December. He had but to look with a firm eye on his position, and instead of continuing scattered and dispersed over the remains of his conquests, to fall back on, and concentrate himself in, the heart of France. He had in Spain the armies of Soult and Suchet, forming together 80,000 men, inured to conflict, disciplined in war, and commanded by generals who sprang, like himself, from the school of the Republican wars. He had in Italy the army of the King of Naples, and 30,000 men, comprising several excellent French regiments and superior officers equally devoted to their country as well as to Murat;—50,000 men, French and Milanese troops, were fighting and manœuvring ineffectually for his kingdom of Italy, on the other side of the Alps. Holland and Belgium, fruitlessly occupied and painfully retained, absorbed 40,000 men, under his best generals of the second class. Finally, he had left, without foresight, more than 120,000 men, shut up beyond his reach in Mayence, and in all the strong places beyond the Rhine, like land-marks lost upon the road, which he might never again behold. Thus there were in all 320,000 soldiers, ready formed, inured to war, disciplined, armed, and furnished with artillery and horses, which, united with the 80,000 men in the interior, would have formed, under his hand, and in the heart of France, an army of 400,000 combatants. He had had ninety days of a season favourable for the marching and provisioning of troops, to recall to his side these remnants of his forces. He could have stationed them in the fertile provinces and on the rivers which surround the capital, flank them with his fortified places, connect them by his great cities and the recruiting depôts of his regiments, encourage them by his presence, animate them by his valour, and impel them by his genius;—400,000 men could be thus concentrated, thus disposed, thus excited,—merely attacked on remote points of their circumference, themselves always close to the centre which would have

supported from its nucleus every radius of the circle, and would have been always in number equal, and often superior, to the attacking columns of the Allies. Every partial victory of the enemy's generals would have been a sterile triumph; for none of them would have dared to follow it up to the heart of such a mass, to break and engulf themselves against the walls of Paris. The least defeat, on the contrary, would have allowed Napoleon to launch a hundred thousand men against the flanks or the rear of the retreating enemy. Time and distance, which weaken an invading army, would have inured to war, recruited, and strengthened that of France. Decisive victory, with important consequences, or certain peace, with great concessions for the country, would have been the result of such a resolution. It would have been the '92 of France, disciplined, inured to war, and invincible,—the patriotism of the nation under a single head,—its bayonets in a single hand. What might not have been done by a desperate army,—the *élite* of our armies of ten years,—commanded by a hero, and inspired by the soil, and by the hearth of every citizen beneath its feet? In taking such a part Napoleon would have been as wonderful in his concentration as in his conquests. It would have been Frederick the Great, aggrandized by the immensity of the enemy's troops, and by the force of destiny. Napoleon overlooked this resolution. It required, to carry it out, not a greater genius but a greater soul than his. He must have sacrificed his pride to his real glory, renounced himself to save his country, sacrificed his family crowns and the conquered provinces, to render Paris invincible. He wanted this heroism. He disputed with destiny; but she obeys only those who outstrip her in the race. He fed his soul with illusions; he threw away the time to his own disadvantage. He was timid in taking extreme measures, under circumstances which called for the utmost efforts of mind and genius. The throne had lessened the man: he was beneath the part which destiny gave him to play. The statesman failed, but the soldier remained; in him it replaced the general.

XXXII.

Seventy thousand troops constituted the only army with which Napoleon had to manœuvre, and combat a million of men in the heart of France. Victory itself could do nothing for so small a number: it could only waste them less rapidly than defeat. Did he depend on impossibilities; or was he only desirous of illustrating his last struggle? No one knows what was passing in that soul, maddened for so many years by illusions. The most likely solution is, that he calculated on some brilliant but passing success, which might have served as a pretext for the Emperor of Austria to negociate with him. He never thought that a father would dishonour his son-in-law, or that kings would dethrone the conqueror of the revolution. But, at all events, he did not doubt that, even if conquered and deprived of the throne, the empire would be transmitted to his son.

He arrived at Châlons on the 25th of January, ruminating on thoughts like the above. Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur! à bas les droits réunis!*" met him everywhere on the road. The people, excited and discontented at the same time, evinced, in the same breath, their enthusiasm for the warrior and their weariness of tyranny

BOOK SECOND.

Campaign of 1814—Plan of Napoleon—March of the Emperor on St. Dizier, to meet the Allies—Napoleon falls back on Brienne—Combat of Brienne—Junction of Blucher and Schwartzenburg—Battle of La Rothierre—Combat of Marmont at Rosnay—Napoleon goes to Troyes—His residence and hesitation at Troyes—Congress of Chatillon—Caulaincourt—Ultimatum of the Allied Sovereigns on the 8th of January—Correspondence of the Emperor and Joseph—Blucher falls back on Châlons, and marches on Paris—Napoleon marches to Champ Aubert to stop Blucher—Combat of Champ Aubert—Battle of Montmirail—Battle of Vauchamp—Napoleon withdraws from Caulaincourt the authority to sign a Peace—Schwartzenburg threatens Paris, and advances by the valley of the Seine—Napoleon flies to meet him—Battle of Montereau—Napoleon re-enters Troyes the 23d January—Royalist manifestation—Execution of the Chevalier Gouault.

I.

Our generals, left without sufficient force on the banks of the Rhine, had, at first, tried to close, at least, the passes of the Vosges and of Alsace,—those avenues to our plains. Turned and compromised, they had fallen back slowly to the reverse side of those mountains which look down on France. They were closely followed by 400,000 men, Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, daily augmented by fresh columns from the Rhine. These 400,000 men formed two armies, the one under the orders of Schwartzenburg, the other under the command of Blucher. After having overrun the basin of the Rhine, Alsace, Franche-Compté, the valleys of the Vosges, and Lorraine, they directed their steps slowly towards each other, to re-unite, like the armies of Attila, at Troyes, the capital of Champagne. The Emperor, in imitation of himself, as it often happens with exhausted genius, had resolved to throw himself boldly between these two armies, give battle separately to each of his enemies with his handful of desperate combatants, and to remove them from each other as much as possible,—the one to the left towards

his strong places in the north, the other to the right towards Lyons, and to profit against each of these armies, thus thrown into the interior, by the chances of victory, the panics of defeat, and the enthusiasm of the national insurrections round the footsteps of the strangers. This plan, though inferior to that of concentration, to which nations as well as individuals are prompted by a defensive struggle, might be understood, if the Emperor had an army equal in number to one half or one quarter of either of the armies marching upon him. But on the day he arrived at Châlons the allies numbered already 400,000 soldiers in France;—500,000 more were descending in rear of this advance guard from the Alps, from the Pyrenees, from the Vosges, and from the Jura. A campaign thus projected was, therefore, nothing but a kind of heroic adventure. He was about to squander the remaining blood of his brave companions, in order to render his fall illustrious, and annihilate a nation.

Napoleon had made Châlons the pivot of all that remained to him of his guard, and of his new levies

II.

The heads of columns of the Russian and Prussian armies, commanded by Blucher, were approaching St. Dizier. The advance guard of the Austrian army, under Schwartzenburg, was arriving at Langres. The Emperor only occupied with the French army the space between these two cities, with the plains of Paris in his rear. The old troops and his young soldiers received him with an enthusiasm to which the misfortunes of their general seemed to add what the heart confers on glory,—the despairing tenderness of devotion. Their acclamations braved adversity, and bade defiance to death. Napoleon profited by that burst of enthusiasm which his presence always created in his camp. He threw himself with this handful of men before the Prussian army, to cut it off from the road to Langres, and arrive before it on the banks of the Marne, which it had to cross on its way to Troyes. It was too late. One half of the Prussian army had already passed the Marne, and was advancing in force towards the capital of Champagne. The

other half was about to cross the river, when Napoleon arrived there. He had now to choose at a single glance between the two chances offered him by fortune: either to cut in two the army of Blucher, and separate its fragments to the right and left; or else to throw himself by forced marches in front of the first column of that army which was advancing before him to Troyes,—to attack it, break it, enter Troyes before Schwartzenburg, and thus place himself as an impregnable barrier at the point of junction assigned for the two armies. The necessity of preceding the Emperors at Troyes decided him promptly to the latter course. The timidity of their march—the indecision of their first columns in venturing into the heart of France—might afford him an opportunity of conquering. A victory, even incomplete, over the *corps d'armée*, with which were the allied sovereigns, might strike them with astonishment, and induce them to open negociations. The general and the statesman both urged him to fly to the solution of his destiny. This was Troyes.

III

The rigours of the season seemed to increase the fatigues of the campaign. A long continuance of cold rains had cut up the roads. A mantle of snow and hoar frost covered and concealed the beaten tracks and quagmires, where the feet of the soldiers, and of the horses, and the wheels of the cannons frequently stuck in the mud. The army was fortunately in light marching order; for, united in feeling with the inhabitants, they found bread and forage everywhere. The humblest cabins gave up their little stores, with cordial hospitality, to warm and nourish these last defenders of the soil of France. Very few stragglers remained upon the road; enthusiasm rallied all; and hurried them forward after the Emperor. The magic spell of his numerous victories seemed to have lodged itself in the mind of his guard, and of the battalions of reserve. This guard looked upon itself as jointly responsible with the Emperor, and bound in honour to devote itself, even to the last man, for the deliverance of the native soil. The shame of having permitted the

enemy to touch it, and the ardent desire of expelling them, weighed heavily on the rough visages of these brave Pretorians. They marched, with downcast eyes and knitted brows, in a silence more sinister and warlike than their soldierly gaiety of other days. They felt that it was no longer victory alone but the vengeance of their country that marched invisible before them. Moreover, the great majority of these soldiers,—hardened by the sands of Egypt, by the sun of Spain, by the snows of Poland and Russia,—were veterans inured to marches, and undismayed by the cannon's roar,—true animated machines of war, who seemed no longer to participate in the weakness and the wants of humanity. Confidence in themselves, contempt of superior numbers, and indifference under fire, multiplied them in their own eyes.

'Twas in the midst of a column of these troops that Napoleon marched, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, never entering his carriage, and only retiring on the halt into the first mechanic's or peasant's cottage that opened at his name, to spread out his maps, trace his route, dictate orders to his officers, or snatch a moment's sleep by the fire of the bivouac or the cottage hearth.

IV

Napoleon accordingly recalled his advance-guard, which had already passed St. Dizier, and directed his columns on Brienne. Blucher having timely notice of the approach of the French army, had placed the first half of the Russian and Prussian army in this town and castle. Napoleon thus, in the last period of his military career, found himself, like a stag at bay, exactly at his starting point. It was at the school of Brienne, that he had received his first lesson in the art of war. His obscure infancy re-appeared to him at the decline of his power and of his glory. An abyss of events lay between these two points of his life. It seemed as if he was going to fight in the presence of his youthful reminiscences. This thought, say his confidants, renewed his faith in the smiles of fortune; he recognised his battle field by the

traces of his early footsteps engraved in his memory; he did not hesitate a moment to attack 60,000 men with one third of his forces. The Russian generals, Saken and Alsafief, were charged with the defence of the town, and the Prussians, under Blucher himself, with defending the surrounding hills and the formidable position of the castle. Napoleon ordered an immediate assault, without giving his troops time to repose, to dry themselves, or even to take refreshment; they were as impatient for the fight as he was himself. This was the first great collision on the soil of France, and the conflict was terrible. Napoleon put his good fortune to the test, and it responded in the energies of his soldiers. Brienne and the castle were carried by the irresistible impetuosity of the guard. Numbers disappeared before intrepidity. Blucher fought, as usual, like a common soldier, to lead on or to restrain his battalions. Twice surrounded by charges of French troops, he was separated from his squadrons, and fought hand to hand, not for victory but life. Twice freeing himself with his sabre from the hands of our dragoons, he escaped only by the chances of the *mêlée* and by the vigour of his horse. Before this short wintry day had yielded to the cover of night and of the snow, the bodies of 10,000 slain had strewed the shelving heights of Brienne. Blucher, in despair of breaking that rampart of bayonets, fell back in silence, and proceeded by the right bank of the Aube, to effect his junction with the army of Schwartzenburg, in the neighbourhood of Bar and of Troyes.

Napoleon himself only owed his salvation to the night. He was returning slowly after the action to his quarters, at some distance from the re-conquered city, and was somewhat in advance of his staff, which left him respectfully to the indulgence of his own thoughts. The French and Russian regiments were still mingled here and there, as it happens after battles continued till night overtakes the combatants. A squadron of Russian cavalry, straying down the slope of the hill to regain the retreating army, heard the horses of the Emperor's escort approaching, and charged them in the dark. Napoleon, for a moment surrounded, was recognised, and assailed by two Russian dragoons. General Corbineau threw himself between

the Emperor and one of the Cossacks; and the aide-de-camp Gourgaud shot down the other with his pistol. The escort immediately charged and saved all. Napoleon resumed the way to his bivouac, meditating on the sterility of a victory which cost him five or six thousand killed and wounded, and which only produced a slight alteration of route on the army of the enemy.

V.

Blucher and Schwartzenburg effected their junction the following day at Bar-sur-Aube. They then returned, to the number of 150,000 men, to attack Napoleon while weakened by his first victory. He waited for them at the village of Rothierre, three leagues from Brienne, where he could only bring 40,000 men into position. Despairing of conquest, and consuming fruitlessly both time and blood, Napoleon maintained, without advantage, this field of battle by the heroism of his soldiers. There, as elsewhere, he seemed to expect impossibilities, instead of falling back, like Turenne or Frederick, under his numerical inferiority, and contracting the space around him. The habit of superiority possessed by his troops over those of the enemy deceived even himself. He fought with a remnant of his army, as he had formerly fought with 500,000 men. He still possessed the genius of combat; but he had no longer that of circumstances. Six thousand Frenchmen again laid down their lives in the furrows of La Rothierre. Twelve thousand lives in three days were cut off from an army of 70,000 fighting men! Napoleon seemed only to implore the night to conceal, for the first time, the grief and humiliation of a retreat. During the battle he had ordered bridges to be thrown across the Aube; and leaving Marshal Marmont with a rear-guard of ,000 men, he availed himself of the obscurity to pass the river, and to take once more, as if by chance, the road to Troyes.

VI

We say by chance; for the occupation of Troyes, proper enough before the junction of Blucher and Schwartzenburg,

was now of no consequence, since that junction had been effected, in spite of him, after the battles of Brienne and La Rothierre. He continued a route without object; he was wandering about France; it was no longer a march. Marmont followed him, closely pursued by the Prussian cavalry, and found himself headed at Rosnay by 20,000 Bavarians. Here he drew up, and, heroically imitating the Emperor at Brienne, he charged with a few battalions the *corps d'armée* which opposed his passage. He opened a road for himself at the point of the bayonet, and arrived with his division at Arcis-sur-Aube, at the same hour that the Emperor was entering Troyes.

VII.

Napoleon had scarcely arrived at Troyes, when he regretted having stopped there. He could neither defend himself in that place, nor make use of it as the base of an aggressive operation. The vain satisfaction of entering a city of his empire, and remaining there three days, cost him 12,000 men, the exhaustion of the remainder, and his removal twenty-five leagues farther from his capital, which was now exposed by his operations to the extreme frontier of Champagne. The Paris road was open to the two united armies of Blucher and Schwartzenburg, if, crushing the feeble force of the Emperor, they had continued their march, not to shun but to pursue him.

VIII.

Sinister intelligence of reverse after reverse reached him from all parts of the empire, during the three days that he remained in a state of indecision at Troyes. General Maison, his confidential lieutenant in Belgium, expelled by an insurrection which sprang up under his feet, retired into the Department du Nord, with scarce sufficient strength to defend it. Marshal Soult, the coolest and most consummate of his generals, was falling back, step by step, upon Toulouse, from the direction of Bordeaux, which had been marked out for

him on retiring from Spain. Paris was dissatisfied at not having yet heard the report of any one of those victories to which she had been accustomed on the opening of a campaign. The departments which were invaded or threatened did not rise spontaneously at the noise of the enemy's tread. The volunteers of 1792 no longer crowded the roads, to the inspiring strains of the *Marseillaise*. Despotism did not produce the miracles of freedom. France was unmoved. People began to discuss, in an under tone, the nature of the government which should succeed the Empire, and some even ventured to recollect the Bourbons, who for twenty years had been forgotten. This long oblivion was favourable to their cause. Old recollections possess a spell which may appear pregnant with indefinite hopes in the eyes of the people: the past has its illusions as well as the future The rising generation was no longer disgusted with those memoirs of the old kings related to them by their fathers. The minister of police, Savary, had rudely told his master the truth. The Empire began to tremble beneath his feet. There was still time to make up for the disproportion of his force to the enormous armies which hemmed him in, by forming round his capital a belt of 200,000 men, drawn from all the extremities to the centre. He would and he would not—he was guided one hour by reason, an hour after by the faintest glimmer of his star; a little by necessity, a little by illusion; yet always in a state of indecision. His lengthened residence at Troyes was only a prolongation and a symptom of this want of decision.

IX.

M. de Caulaincourt (his confidential negociator after M. de Talleyrand had incurred his suspicions) had left Paris some days before the departure of Napoleon for the army As the confidant of the Emperor, his name was stained with the involuntary but terrible complicity in the abduction of the Duke d'Enghien. He was one of the instruments made use of by Napoleon to lead the victim to immolation. This accusation weighed heavy upon Caulaincourt. His favour

with the Emperor, his dignities, his title of Duke of Vicenza, his long familiarity with the Emperor of Russia, at whose court he had resided as ambassador, were insufficient to dispel this cloud from his brow. He had been deceived; he declared himself to be innocent. He was credited; but he would not pardon himself for having obeyed an order which approximated to a crime. For the excess of his devotion to the Emperor he found no refuge but in his conscience before God and men. Such a negociator must have been passionately desirous of peace; for peace would definitively set aside the Bourbons. The names of Caulaincourt and of Condé could never exist together in France: their return was his exile; for this he had been chosen by Napoleon. He knew that an ambassador so compromised with the Restoration could never intrigue on its behalf. An evident complicity guaranteed a fidelity beyond all suspicion.

Caulaincourt having arrived at the advanced posts of the allied army was detained there for some weeks. The Rhine was crossed; the columns were advancing; the generals were manœuvring; the provinces were falling one after another into the hands of the Coalition. The foreign cabinets were desirous of giving scope to their victories. It would always be time enough to open a congress, when events had become more manifest. At length M. de Metternich, the Ulysses of this council of kings, made them consent to open a pretended congress even in the heart of France. The allies made choice of the little town of Chatillon, on the confines of Burgundy and Champagne, at the confluence of the routes of all those armies which now disputed the soil of France. Chatillon was rendered neutral, in order that the seat of negociation should not be troubled by the vicissitudes of war.

On the 27th of January, Caulaincourt, who was still detained at Nancy, received an invitation from Prince Metternich to repair to Chatillon. He there found Count Razumoski, negociator from the Emperor Alexander; Count de Stadion,

from Austria; Baron de Humboldt, from Prussia; and Lord Castlereagh, from England. The conferences opened on the 4th of February, without much hope on either side. It was rather an official conversation between the representatives of the allied powers and of Napoleon, than a negociation which had a truce for its basis, and peace for its object. It was evident that the real plenipotentiary, invisible in such a congress, was the fortune of war. Military events, the real basis of the conference, were changing every hour. How then could the discussions have a commencement and a solution?

The Emperor Napoleon himself, notwithstanding the confidence reposed in his negociator, had taken care not to invest him with full powers, or a decided *ultimatum*. At the commencement he had ordered M. de Caulaincourt to consent only to the *natural limits;* and in these natural limits he comprised the departments* on the left bank of the Rhine, Belgium, Antwerp, Ostend, and Savoy. Some days after he sent him the formal authority to consent even to the dismemberment of these conquests of the revolution. "Agree to all," wrote Napoleon, "to save the capital, and to avoid a final battle, which would swallow up the last forces of the kingdom."

XI

Couriers, bearing the reciprocal resolutions of Napoleon and the allies, were exchanged every hour between Chatillon and the French general quarters. On the eve or on the termination of each combat, Napoleon received a despatch, and dictated an answer. He fought and treated at the same time. On receiving, on the 8th, the ultimatum of the allied powers, which required the Emperor to divest France of all the adjacent provinces under his sovereignty, he had just fought, and been defeated. He shut himself up for hours together, to conceal the humiliation of this ultimatum, and the anxiety of his irresolution, from his confidants. At last he permitted the entrance of Berthier and Maret;—his two companions in the field and the cabinet; and holding Caulaincourt's letter in his hand,—"What!" said he to them, "do they require that I

should sign such a treaty as this, and that I should trample on the oath I have taken to detach nothing from the soil of the empire? Unheard of reverses may force from me a promise to renounce my own conquests; but that I should also abandon the conquests made before me!—that, as a reward for so many efforts, so much blood, and such brilliant victories, I should leave France smaller than I found it!—Never!—What shall I be in the eyes of the French people, when I shall have signed their humiliation? What shall I reply to the republicans of the Senate, when they demand from me their barrier of the Rhine? Heaven preserve me from such affronts? Reply, if you will:—tell Caulaincourt that I reject this treaty. I prefer running the last hazard of battle."

At these words he threw himself on his bed, and passed whole hours without sleep, listening to Maret, who advised him to be resigned to necessity. Maret having at length obtained authority to reply, at least in evasive terms, and to compound with the enemy, he retired, drew up the despatch, gave it to the courier, and returned to the Emperor's chamber, to inform him that he had been obeyed, and that the courier was already on his way to Chatillon.

XII

But the Emperor, tormented by want of sleep, and seeking pleasanter dreams from his maps than from his couch, had quitted his camp-bed. He was extended on the floor of his chamber, half-dressed; his hands and his eyes fixed upon his maps, which were lying before him, measuring the dis tances with the points of a compass. Maret entered the room silently, for fear of disturbing the Emperor; but Napoleon, raising his head at the noise of his minister's steps:—"Ah, there you are," said he, with a smiling and animated countenance. "This is a fine time for concessions and protocols! I am this moment beating Blucher in my mind's eye. He advances on Paris by the route of Montmirail. I march; I beat him to-morrow; I beat him after to-morrow. If this

infallible movement has the success I expect from it, fate is on the turn, and we shall speak another language."

Thus his thoughts, at all times as variable and as undecided as his fortune, gave to his resolutions the vicissitudes of events, and even the fugitive reflections of his dreams. His correspondence with his brother Joseph, the King of Spain, whom he had left at Paris at the head of affairs, as guardian of the Empress, and superintendant of his ministers, presents but the alternatives of discouragement and hope, which followed the bent of his destiny, rising and falling with his elevation or his final abasement; but the sad reality may therein be distinguished, even amidst Napoleon's cries of victory, and the adulations of his brother.

XIII

"My brother," (wrote the Emperor, on the 8th of February,) "the Emperor Alexander seems to have made some false dispositions. I could defeat him; but I sacrifice everything to the necessity of covering Paris. However, from the part I play we shall not be reduced to this extremity."

"Sire!" replied Joseph, "let us not hide from ourselves that the consternation of the people of Paris might produce fatal results to the Empress and the princesses. The men attached to your government think that the departure of the Empress from Paris might give a capital to the Bourbons. I see alarm on every countenance."

"My brother," wrote Napoleon, "prepare Paris for every extremity; carry away the ministers; leave nothing precious at the château of Fontainebleau."

Two days after:—"My brother, the situation of Paris is not what the alarmists believe. Those around you are losing their senses; the moment is difficult without doubt, nevertheless since I left you I have had nothing but victories. The bad spirit of Talleyrand, and of the men who wish to paralyse the nation, has prevented me from rousing it to arms,—and behold the result! Let us be confident and bold."

"Sire!" replied Joseph, who knew more of public opinion

in Paris than they did at the camp, "I shall save the treasure. The waggons are all ready, awaiting the hour of peril in the court of the *Carrousel*. We think of bringing away the pictures and the statues from the Museum. The prayers at St. Genevieve will not raise the courage of the people: their spirits are cast down. The religious fatalism, with which the people are inspired by this recourse to miracles, would only increase the indifference and careless egotism of the masses. We shall obtain nothing from the Catholics, until you have restored liberty and Rome to the Pope. I have passed the day in raising the hopes of men, who have less firmness than the Empress."

Four days later, Napoleon, having decided at length, but too late, on falling back to cover France, wrote to Joseph:—

"Transmit this letter to the Empress Josephine, that she may write to Eugene to come to me, and to form a junction with the army of Augereau, which covers Lyons.'

A week after, this was counter-ordered.

"Sire!" again replies Joseph, "all our resources at Paris consist of six thousand muskets. Is it with this that we can levy and equip an army of forty thousand men? Circumstances are more powerful than men!"

The first cry of necessity being acknowledged, he continues:—"Yield to events! Preserve what may yet be preserved; Save your life, precious to millions of men. There is no dishonour in yielding to numbers, and accepting peace. There would be dishonour in abandoning the throne, because you would thus abandon a crowd of men who have devoted themselves to you. Make peace at any price."

"My brother," replied Napoleon, "Prince Schwartzenburg comes at length to give me signs of life He demands a suspension of arms. The cowards! at the first shock these wretches fall on their knees. No!—no armistice until the soil is purged of them. Everything is changed with the allies. Alexander asks to treat. A battle has decided between us. The enemy is beaten. I shall make a peace more worthy still than the peace on the basis of Frankfort."

"Sign, Sire." said Joseph,—"sign on the soil of France,

now invaded, what you would have signed with equal honour on the other side of the Rhine. The enemy only asks you for a truce, to gain time to rally in greater masses against you."

"I had no occasion for your sermons," said the Emperor to him, "to be disposed to peace, if it was possible. The Emperors had marked out their lodging at Fontainebleau: they are now flying towards Champagne"

"Sire, the conditions offered to me, as well as to you, are rather a capitulation than a peace. Now that they fly, their ideas ought to be changed. Your bulletin of to day has been badly received by public opinion. Some phrases have been interpreted as subterfuges to elude peace."

Exalted by success, Napoleon replies:—"My brother, I am entering Troyes. I am besieged with flags of truce begging for a cessation of hostilities. I shall be this evening at Chatillon sur Seine. The minister of the Home Department, M. de Montalivet, is pusillanimous. He has a foolish idea of men. Neither he, nor the minister of police, Savary, knows what France is."

"Sire," writes Joseph, "M. de Montalivet is extremely zealous in your service. He devotes himself to furnishing you with the forces you demand."

"My brother," writes Napoleon, "assemble the ministers, the great dignitaries, the presidents of the Council of State. Read to them the conditions that are offered me, (to circumscribe France within her ancient limits). It is not advice that I want; it is the feeling I wish to know."

"Sire, I have held the Council. Their advice is, to accept anything rather than expose Paris. They consider that this occupation of Paris would be the end of your dynasty, and the commencement of great misfortunes. Peace, whatever it may be! It is necessary now. It may terminate some day when France shall have time to breathe. Enter into a truce then with a mental reservation, since the wickedness of your enemies will not grant you a just peace. You will remain to France, and France will remain to you. You will be recognised by England. You will a second time save the country by peace, after having saved and rendered it illustrious so many times

by war. France will return you in blessings what superficial minds will think you have lost in glory.

"Yesterday the public funds fell to 51 francs,—one half of their nominal value. Macdonald is outflanked. The enemy's skirmishers advance to within a few miles of Paris. Bordeaux is fermenting like a furnace of civil war. Soult is assailed by immense forces. You are still a victor. Sign a peace. You will blot Louis XII. and Henry IV. from the memory of the French; you will become the father of the people."

Napoleon (in reply),—"My brother, I have examined the position of the enemy; it is too strong. I shall fall back. Marmont has acted like a young subaltern. The young guard is melting like snow. My dragoon guards are also decimated; my old guard maintains itself. Order redoubts to be thrown up on Montmartre."

Such was the correspondence maintained between the Emperor and his brother, during the marches and countermarches of this short campaign. We there read the internal colloquies of his soul with his thoughts,—the alternate struggle between his illusions and his resolutions. His heart was expanded or compressed with the events of each day. He still relied on France, which did not, however, rise at his call. He had no plan but that of the previous night, which was abandoned by that of the following morn. His mind was a chaos,—his thoughts were fluctuating. Salvation no longer existed for him, except from a great plan, rationally adopted, and pursued with unity of purpose and constancy of operation. He adopted all, and abandoned all. These half measures could, therefore, give him only imperfect results. The enemy's numbers increased—space was contracting—time was flying—France was becoming weary. It was a campaign of chance. No heroism could correct such a perpetual vicissitude of ideas. The great timidity of the allies caused, however, brilliant triumphs to the armies of Napoleon.

XIV.

Blucher, overcome but not beaten at La Rothierre, instead of falling upon the little army of the Emperor with all his

attainable and reunited forces, fell back upon Châlons to pick up his rear-guard. From thence he marched rapidly on Paris by the valley of the Marne. The Prince of Schwartzenburg advanced in mass from Troyes, to effect the same object by the valley of the Seine. Napoleon was between these two routes, and between these two armies, at six leagues from each, closing against Schwartzenburg the road from Troyes to Paris.

On hearing from Macdonald of Blucher's having invaded the plains of Paris, Napoleon resolved to attack him again, defeat him, and return in time to fight Schwartzenburg in the vicinity of Troyes. He proceeded by forced marches to Champ Aubert, took the Russian army of 120,000 men in flank, broke it, killed 5,000 men, traversed it in every direction, and scattered its fragments; throwing some back again upon Châlons; the others under the command of Generals York and Saken being already advanced into the plain of Meaux, and within sight of the spires of Paris. The victory was brilliant, but unproductive. The following day the Russian and Prussian columns of York and Saken, returning from Meaux at the noise of the cannon, to the number of 60,000 men, came into collision with the harassed army of Napoleon, on the hills of Montmirail. The French had only 25,000 combatants left; but they were the *élite* of France,—men tried in the battles of ten campaigns, emboldened by the victory they had just won, and thinking they now played the last stake for their country. The terrible battle on the slope of the hills, and in the gorges, which Napoleon had to penetrate in order to meet the Prussians, continued from day-break till night-fall. The most brilliant winter sun shone upon the hills, which were void of foliage. It flashed upon the arms and the cannon, and delineated to the eye the two armies and their movements. The one immense, tranquil, confident in the support in their rear of new and inexhaustible battalions; the other scarcely perceptible, worn out, covered with mud from the double marches they had made for the last fortnight, and from their bivouacs and battles; feeling their native soil beneath their feet, contracting and melting away every evening; having nothing in perspective, even after a victory, but another

fruitless battle field; nothing behind them but another army to fight on the morrow; and yet they were burning with ardour for the fray. It might be said that the elevated site of the village of Marchais, advancing into the plain, garnished with batteries, and covered with Russian and Prussian battalions, was the Thermopylæ of France. The Emperor Napoleon on foot, by the side of a little wood, ploughed by the enemy's bullets, directed from thence the attack of his troops. This village and the scattered farm-houses in the hollows of the surrounding hills, were taken and retaken several times by the French and by the Prussians. Numerous spectators, from Montmirail and the neighbouring villages, contemplated, as from the benches of an amphitheatre, this unequal struggle between the North and the South, in which the genius of war, after ravaging the world, was now desolating their native soil. Their countenances were full of emotion and terror, and their arms idly inactive. None now remained but old men and children, and a population harassed with ten years of insatiable recruiting. They wept for their country,—they felt for their great captain and his decimated battalions; but they joined them not. Weariness and long suffering had produced indifference

XV.

Towards the close of the day, the French, to prevent the Russians and Prussians from seeking shelter in the embattled hamlets at the foot of the promontories of Montmirail, set fire to some farm houses. The smoke of this conflagration and that of the battle field, floated a long time over the two armies, like clouds in the sun, and rendered the fortune of the day uncertain. But at length Napoleon, supported on his right by Marmont, came off victor in all the gorges and on all the heights of this sanguinary field. The 60,000 Russians and Prussians of Saken and York fled again in disorder towards Meaux; seeking at hazard the course of the Marne, to cross it, and take shelter behind that river. Had there been an army of reserve under the walls of Paris, they would have been utterly destroyed; and Napoleon, falling imme-

diately upon Blucher, shorn of one half his battalions, would have crushed him under the Vosges. But he could only conquer; he could neither profit by a victory, nor pursue a vanquished enemy.

XVI.

This however he did, and it proved his ruin. He forgot, or feigned forgetfulness, that Blucher was advancing on his right, with a fresh army augmented to 100,000 men, by the junction of generals Kleist and Langeron, who had been recalled from the blockade of Mayence to take their positions in the line. He forgot also that Schwartzenburg, with another army of 200,000 combatants, was in his rear, on the road from Troyes to Paris. He had already advanced in pursuit of York and Saken; but the third day after his victory, Blucher debouched at Montmirail with all his army by the Châlons road, and pushed his columns as far as Vauchamp, a village where Napoleon, undecided in his plans, appeared to await him. A second battle, more unequal, but fully as terrible, and still more triumphant for Napoleon, took place between this fresh army of Blucher's, and the broken but unconquerable fragments of the Emperor. The genius of their chief and the intrepidity of their own souls immortalized a second time the plains of Montmirail. Blucher defeated, and driven back on all points, but impelled by that physical courage which substitutes the arm for the head, and uselessly transforms the general into the hero, vainly exposed his own person in the front and rear of his broken columns. Twice surrounded by the French, fighting hand to hand, thrown from his horse, remounted by his hussars, and liberated by his lieutenants, he dyed with his blood this immense battle field. His savage impetuosity was disconcerted by the *coup d'œil* and superior coolness of Napoleon. This second and superior Russian army, crossing Montmirail under the shells and bullets of the French, dispersed like the first amidst the shades of night, disappeared on the road to Châlons, by which they had arrived Thus with his left the Emperor had scattered York and Saken on the unknown banks of the Marne; and with his

right had driven back Blucher, Kleist, and Langeron, upon the ravaged plains of Châlons. Paris had now breathing time. Napoleon had room for his operations, and time to concert his measures. He received a new impulse, but he also resumed his pride. He forgot at Montmirail that five victories in ten days did not constitute a campaign, and that his blows only fell around himself. The wave, though at a distance, always returned to engulf him Napoleon was a victor, but the country was lost.

XVII.

At this glimpse of good fortune he hastened to revoke the authority he had given to Caulaincourt to sign a peace on the basis of a frontier reduced to the limits of 1789. "I have conquered; your attitude must remain the same for peace," (he thus wrote from the field of battle to his plenipotentiary;) "but sign nothing without my order, because I alone know my position." It was evident that he reserved all negociation for his sword, and that the congress was nothing but a side conversation during the marches and battles of the great drama. The cannon alone negociated.

XVIII.

While he thus indulged in the pleasures of a fleeting hope, within the contracted horizon of Montmirail, giving rest to his troops, and disposing of his killed and wounded, the army of the Emperors, without one obstacle before them, were crossing the Seine, in columns innumerable, at Nogent sur Seine, and at Montereau; thus threatening Paris by its widest valleys, and by the plains to the east and south. The capital, for a moment re-assured on the side of Meaux, began to look with terror towards Melun and Fontainebleau. They had nothing to defend them on the Seine but two of Napoleon's veterans, Marshal Victor and Marshal Oudinot,—gallant chiefs, but reduced to a handful of men, who could only dispute the roads and the bridges, for honour more than for safety. They fell back

slowly but despairingly on Paris, which did not send them a single soldier to replace those which every evening they left upon the roads or the field of battle. Their retreat, converging to the plains which surround the capital, must have brought them sooner or later in sight of the Emperor, as to a last halting place, where they might fall together

XIX

Napoleon—tranquil for a day, thanks to the astonishment with which he had struck York, Saken, Blucher, Kleist, Langeron, the Prussians and the Russians—now fell back, with an army somewhat recruited by the reinforcements of Marmont and Mortier. He borrowed, to treble the rapidity of his march, the horses and carriages of the country he traversed. His artillery, his guard, his infantry were posted forward; his cavalry made double stages. He outran time; he devoured distance. A day aud night march of thirty hours enabled him to cross the country from the Marne to the Seine, between Montmirail and Montereau. On the noise of his approach, increased by the fame of his last victories over the Russians, the Austrian general Bianchi, who had pushed forward with 300,000 men to the gates of Fontainebleau, fell back to Fossard. The village of Fossard, united with Montereau by a short causeway resembling the street of a suburb, is the point where the roads from Paris to Fontainebleau, and from Paris to Troyes, cross each other. One of these roads passes through Montereau, where it crosses the Seine and Yonne, at their confluence, over bridges rendered famous in the civil wars of France. Napoleon ordered Marshal Victor, whom he found within reach of his orders, to seize on these bridges, which were essential to his plan of the following day, for attacking Bianchi at Fossard, and cutting in two the Austrian army, as he had done that of Russia. Victor, from exhaustion, obeyed slowly, and lost the critical moment in giving some rest to his troops. A Wurtemburg division, detached by Bianchi, preceded him, and having penetrated through Montereau, fortified the bridges behind them, clambered up the high chalky cliffs

which command the town, and drew up on the heights of Surville, in order to check Napoleon's descent upon Montereau. Victor, rendered desperate by the invectives of the Emperor, resolved to wash out his reproaches with his own blood. He attacked the Wurtemburghers like a man determined to win the passage or to die, and exposed his life without reserve,—his son-in-law, General Chateau, being killed by his side. On the noise of this struggle on the other side of the hills of Montereau, Napoleon pressed forward his columns, and found himself overwhelmed, by the batteries of the Austrians, at a moment when he thought they were beyond the bridges. He became irritated and obstinate; he pushed forward his guard to the assault, and drove the Wurtemburghers from the heights into the town; pointing his cannon with his own hand on the enemy massed in the streets and on the bridges. They returned the cannonade, and Napoleon's artillerymen fell in numbers at his feet. The survivors conjured him to take shelter, and to save a chief and a rallying point for France "My friends," he replied, smiling, and looking with a serene eye on the projectiles that ploughed the earth around him, "the bullet which is to kill me is not yet cast!" He thus awaited the tardy advance of his masses, throwing meanwhile into disorder, under the rapid discharges of his unconquerable artillery, the enemy's army exposed to his eager glance between Fossard and Montereau. Towards the close of the day, feeling himself in force, he pushed forward General Gerard, one of his best lieutenants, with a division of Bretons, against the suburb of Montereau, to clear the streets leading to the bridges. Pajol, a bold cavalry officer, profiting by the passage opened by Gerard, marched under cover, and sheltered from the cannon of the Emperor, as far as the turning of the suburb, which makes an elbow with the bridges. Then at a gallop his cavalry swept them *pêle-mêle* with the Austrians, sabred the runaways, and clearing a passage for Napoleon advanced along the causeway as far as Fossard. Napoleon with his 40,000 men, which had arrived during the action, passed the rivers which covered Bianchi, and gained a brilliant but a useless victory. While he was forcing this passage, Bianchi, rapidly throwing

back his 30,000 men from Fontainebleau upon Sens, escaped from the Emperor's plan, and resumed his communication with Schwartzenburg. His escape, however, was a flight; and Paris, a second time delivered, resounded with the exploits of Montereau. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and th King of Prussia, astounded at the defeat of their adva guard, hesitated whether they should advance or retreat. Napoleon, bold and rapid as a whirlwind, quitted the neighbourhood of Paris, and followed Bianchi in his retreat upon the road to Troyes. On the 21st he halted at Bray, in the chamber the Emperor of Russia had just quitted to follow the ebbing tide which carried the allies back again into Champagne. Schwartzenburg had already sent the baggage back into the defiles of the Vosges. The Russians of the Emperor's guard, who were following him to the Austrian quarter-general, retired to Langres. The allied sovereigns were at Chaumont. Sixty leagues of space and freedom of movement had been re-conquered for Napoleon by the cannon of Montereau. On the 23rd he re-entered Troyes as a conqueror in the footsteps of Alexander's Russians. The city thus delivered received him in triumph. A witness of the enemy's terror, it looked on the re-appearance of Napoleon as a decisive return of victory to his standard

XX.

Napoleon himself partook of the confidence which sprang up under the footsteps of his invincible battalions. This time at least peace was in his own hands, had he hastened to obtain it; but he lost time in avenging himself, and driving to irritation and despair a party which his success had sufficiently punished,—the few remaining partisans of the house of Bourbon.

Hitherto this party had been a mere shadow; but Napoleon in striking at it, gave it a fresh existence. He wrote in letters of blood the name of Bourbon, which it was his interest to obliterate, by treating with contempt the vain and feeble symptoms still lingering amongst the population.

During the time that Troyes was occupied by the enemy, some old emigrant royalist officers, the Marquis de Vidranges, the Chevalier de Gouault, and five or six inhabitants of the city, eager to anticipate an opinion still slumbering, presented themselves before the Emperor of Russia, and begged him to proclaim the restoration of the royal house of their ancient masters to the throne of France. The Emperor evinced some vague and silent inclination towards this fallen party; but he would neither prejudice the sentiments of his ally, the Emperor of Austria, nor give his word, which he might have to withdraw at a later period; nor ruin by injudicious encouragement men willing to venture all in the dark. He replied that the chances of war were uncertain, and that it would be no gratification to him to see worthy persons sacrifice themselves even in an attempt to dethrone his enemy. The royalist deputation retired, privately encouraged, perhaps, by some refugee or emigrant officers, attached to the quarter-general of the Emperor of Russia. The demonstration was therefore limited to a few white cockades and decorations of the order of Saint Louis, displayed on the hats or at the button holes of some old royalists, or their enthusiastic offspring. On the conclusion of this little drama the Marquis de Vidranges departed for Franche-Comté, where the Count d'Artois had ventured to appear, in the suite and under the safeguard of the Austrians. The companions of his imprudence remained at Troyes.

XXI.

On his entry into the city Napoleon demanded that he should be put in possession of the traitors, who, in repudiating his name, had, he asserted, made common cause with the enemies of their country. M. de Gouault who had been sent before a court-martial even before the Emperor sat down, was tried, condemned, and shot, in spite of the entreaties of M. de Megrigny, a gentleman of the country, and one of Napoleon's equerries; thus expiating by his blood the temerity of his enthusiasm for his ancient masters. He was conducted to the place of execution with a placard on his

breast, inscribed with the word traitor. The report of this vengeance, on a man isolated and without accomplices, the day after those victories which had made Cæsar generous, excited in France less terror than indignation. What effect could the life or death of an old royalist, guilty of illusion or fanaticism, have in a European quarrel with the ruler of France, which was not to be judged by a single execution, but by ten battle fields? Napoleon should have conciliated opinion by indulgence, but he saddened and disgusted by his rigour. It was not the country but his own dynasty that he covered with the blood he had shed. This selfish piece of vengeance was deemed a cruelty: it recalled the memory of the Duke d'Enghien.

BOOK THIRD.

The Allies demand a suspension of arms—Conferences of Lusigny—The allied troops take Soissons—Blucher unites all his *corps d'armée*—He marches on Troyes towards Schwartzenburg—Rencontre of Napoleon and Blucher—Méry-sur-Seine—Blucher abandons the valley of the Seine, and advances on Paris by the valley of the Marne—Mortier and Marmont fall back upon Paris—Soissons is retaken by Mortier—Napoleon quits Schwartzenburg, and flies to Blucher—He overtakes him at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre—Blucher passes the Marne, pursued by Napoleon—Blucher hemmed in by the Emperor, Mortier, and Marmont, escapes by Soissons, abandons the Aisne, and retires upon Laon—Napoleon crosses the Aisne at Béry-au-Bac, and attacks at Craonne the Russian and Prussian corps which came to cover Blücher—Battle of Craonne—Battle of Laon—Halt of Napoleon at Rheims—Schwartzenburg marches on Paris, and advances to Provins—Tactics of the Emperor—He returns to Troyes to operate on the rear of the enemy—Panic of the allies—Schwartzenburg falls back upon Troyes and Dijon—Battle of Arcis-sur-Aube—The Emperor's new plan of campaign—Decree for a levy *en masse*—Apathy of France—March of Napoleon towards St. Dizier—Treaty of Chaumont—Concentration of the Allied Armies at Châlons—Their indecision—They march on Paris—Situation of Paris and of France—Flight of Marie-Louise.

I.

The enemy retreated in all directions by forced marches from Troyes, which had now become the head quarters-general of Napoleon; and it was impossible to say how far they would be carried by the panic which seized them on the approach and at the name of the Emperor After a short repose, Napoleon, without driving them to absolute extremity, intended to cut up the scattered columns of their rear so effectually that terror alone should supply his place, while he returned, to attack the army of Blucher, for the third time.

Having halted for the night of the 17th at Nangis, in the cottage of a wheelwright, he received, in the character of nego-

ciator. the Prince of Lichtenstein, sent by the generalissimo, Prince Schwartzenburg, to demand a suspension of arms, with the view of giving time for serious negociations for peace. Napoleon, affecting greater confidence in the result of his victories than perhaps he really felt, complained of the encouragement given to the partisans of the Bourbons against him. "Is it then a war against the throne," he exclaimed, "instead of a war against the victor, that you intend to carry on? The Duke d'Angoulême is at the head quarters of the Duke of Wellington, and he is permitted to address from thence proclamations to the southern portion of my Empire, and even to my own soldiers? Can I believe that my father-in-law, the Emperor Francis, is so blind, or so unnatural, as to project the dethronement of his own daughter, and the disinheriting of his own grandson?"

The prince, however, re-assured the Emperor, dissipated his doubts, asserted that the residence of some princes of the house of Bourbon amongst the armies of Europe, was merely on sufferance: or, at the utmost, an admissible means of diversion between hostile forces; but the allies, he added, only wished for peace, and not to destroy the Empire. Napoleon declined any further explanation of his views, until he had taken counsel from the night. Fresh couriers might bring him every hour additional reasons for demanding greater concessions; and with this idea he retired to rest

II.

Nothing occurred during the night but the arrival of a second aide-de-camp from Schwartzenburg, bearing a more precise requisition to open conferences for an armistice as the precursor of peace. Napoleon fixed the place of meeting for this purpose at the village of Lusigny, between Vandœuvre and Troyes, and sent thither one of his most brilliant officers, M. de Flahaut. This envoy found there three of the allied generals, deputed to arrange with him the preliminaries of an armistice. These were General Duca on the part of Austria, General Schouwalof for Russia, and General Rauch for Prussia.

While these officers were discussing the bases of a cessation of hostilities, and the portion of France over which it should extend, Napoleon, more confident in a successful operation than a political conference, re-formed his columns of attack, to complete the overthrow of the grand Austrian army; and he had already commenced his march for that purpose, when he was recalled, by the rumour of disaster, towards the army of Blucher.

Generals York and Saken, who had been cut off from the army of the Prussian general-in-chief, by the battles of Montmirail and Vauchamp, had retired precipitately, to the number of forty or fifty thousand men, to the plains that lay open before them, pursued by Mortier, who had been detached with only a few thousand men. Victory, however, increased his numbers, which were now sufficient to disperse the fragments of a conquered army, wandering on an enemy's soil. These remains, intending to cross the Aisne at Soissons, to take refuge in the north, and to rejoin the Belgian army, arrived under the walls of Soissons, at the same time that General Woronzoff, commanding the army of invasion of the north, had arrived there by another route. General Rusca, in defending Soissons against them, was killed on the breach; and the two armies of Saken and Woronzoff effected their junction in the conquered city. Strengthened by this coalition they took courage, and fell back upon Châlons, to rejoin the defeated army of Blucher, their general-in-chief. Thus recruited, Blucher resumed, with 60,000 men, his route, twice interrupted, towards Troyes, to fly to the assistance of Schwartzenburg; but was encountered by Napoleon at Méry-sur-Seine. A terrible shock signalized this unexpected meeting of the two armies. The town of Méry-sur-Seine crumbled beneath the bullets, and was consumed by the shells of both armies, leaving nothing but a ruined mass of blackened walls and smoking houses on the banks of the river.

Blucher, repulsed a third time by this unexpected shock, gave way, renounced his intended junction with the Austrians, regained the valley of the Marne, and advanced on Paris, for the purpose of recalling Napoleon to the defence of his capital.

Mortier and Marmont, with two weak divisions of 7,000 men each, operating between Paris and the Marne, fell back

slowly on the capital. They had no other object than to gain time, and to give scope for the grand manœuvres of the Emperor

III.

On learning this, Napoleon, trembling for his capital and for his government, abandoned the Austrians to themselves, and traversing with his recruited troops the whole space lying between Troyes and Sezanne, he prepared to take Blucher once more in the rear, in the neighbourhood of Meaux, while Mortier and Marmont attacked him in front. Pushing on from Sezanne, he had already nearly reached Ferté-sous-Jouarre, the position where Blucher was held in check by Mortier and Marmont. The Prussian army, annihilated, was about to become the trophy of this combination. Relieved from this force, Napoleon was certain of an easy triumph over the Austrians. His army participated in his hopes, and enthusiasm accelerated their steps. In a few hours the Marne would engulf the wreck of Blucher and the Russians; but this general, divining the thoughts of Napoleon, and desirous of withdrawing him on his own track from the pursuit of Schwartzenburg, had forced the passage of the Marne, and burnt the bridges, before Napoleon could attain his object. From the heights which slope down towards the river, the Emperor saw the Prussian army defile in safety on the opposite bank, and directing its long columns towards the north.

IV

A terrible suspicion now seized the mind of Napoleon Should he allow Blucher, at the head of an unbroken army, to march round Paris, and spread terror through the capital? Or should he consume time and distance in following him, and thus give Schwartzenburg an opportunity of returning in mass, and unopposed, upon Fontainebleau? Paris appeared to him once more the heart of the Empire, which it was essential to cover; and he decided on crossing the Marne in pursuit of Blucher: but he lost two days in re-establishing the bridges, and passing his army to the other side of the river.

Then seeking on the map an intermediate point between Soissons and Rheims, he placed his finger on Fismes. He arrived there at day-break on the 4th of March. This movement placed Blucher between Napoleon on one side, Marmont and Mortier on the other, and Soissons and the Aisne in front. Soissons had been recovered by Mortier, and commanded the bridges of the Aisne. Blucher was, in short, a prisoner, and Napoleon thought he had nothing more to do than to dictate his capitulation.

V

But the best concerted plans are often frustrated by the chance of war. The weakness or timidity of the little garrison of Soissons had opened the gates of that city to the Prussians of the North, at a period when a further resistance of a few hours would have delivered a captive army into the hands of the Emperor and his generals. Blucher was received at Soissons by the army of Witzingerode and of Bulan, which increased his forces to 100,000 men. But he so much dreaded a fourth collision with the Emperor, that he retreated again from the Aisne, and proceeded by forced marches to Laon.

Another doubt now seized upon Napoleon. Ought he to fall back or pursue? Carried on by enthusiasm he pursued, and crossed the Aisne at Béry-au-Bac. On the 7th of March he encountered at Craonne the Russian and Prussian corps which were marching from Soissons to cover Blucher, after having saved him. Napoleon charged them at the point of the bayonet on the heights of Craonne, which were studded with batteries. The Russians died at their guns, after mowing down all ranks of our soldiers; but the survivors yielded to the repeated assaults of Napoleon, and fled in disorder towards Leon. Blucher was already there, worn-out, wounded, and astonished at so incessant a pursuit. The Emperor, who had not given him a moment to breathe, was on the point of seizing him. The Prussian army experienced at that moment the discouragement arising from continual retreats after defeat. The fame of Napoleon weighed heavily on Blucher and his soldiers. Everything presaged the annihilation of these three

armies, the fragments of which could only form a junction under the cannon of their conqueror.

VI.

But a fourth army came to the assistance of Blucher, on the instant that Napoleon appeared in his front. It was that of the King of Sweden, Bernadotte,—this Murat of the North, from whose breast the family of kings, into which he had entered, had obliterated his country. He did not command in person: councils and contingents combated for him, but his sword respected the blood of his countrymen.

Napoleon, a witness of this junction of Bernadotte's army with the two armies of Blucher and that of Witzingerode, did not, however, hesitate a moment in attacking these 100,000 men, with less than 30,000 combatants, harassed with marches, but invincible in heart. He pushed forward Marshal Ney and General Gourgaud—two impetuous soldiers —on a defile hemmed in by marshes, which sheltered the army of Blucher. The troops which defended it were crushed; and night alone interrupted the battle.

It was renewed at day-break the following day; but the first discharge of artillery was scarcely heard, when a dreadful piece of news fell upon the heart of Napoleon, yet still without breaking it. Marmont, surprised on the evening before by a force disproportioned to his weakness, lost 3000 men and 40 pieces of artillery. The Emperor, though dismayed, concealed his loss, and boldly attacked his 100,000 enemies in position under the walls of Laon. In vain his battalions escaladed these terraces of fire at his voice; they were driven down in fragments. The French army was consumed and melted away before those masses which were covered by their batteries, and rendered inaccessible by the nature of the ground. It was the rock of Napoleon's fortunes. He recoiled before impossibility, rallied his mutilated army, and retired, without being pursued, towards Rheims,—a wanderer in his own empire, and seeking therein, almost in vain, a city open to receive his army. The Russian general Saint-Priest, a

Frenchman of illustrious family, attached to the Russian army after the emigration, commanded at Rheims. He was killed there in opposing the entrance of the French. 4,000 Russians perished with him, leaving their colours and artillery to Napoleon, the last and sterile trophy of the closing struggle.

The Emperor having entered Rheims, remained there three days to reorganise his shattered forces. On whatever side he looked he saw no route open for him, but such as he should open through five opposing armies. Despatches reached him with difficulty: he was reduced to conjectures, and wandered about, feeling his way amongst the provinces, and coming in contact, every step he took, with a new enemy. This was the deplorable and fatal consequence of a want of decision and of concentration at the commencement of the campaign. His heroism, even, was thus turned against himself. No genius and no resources could make up for a want of judgment as to his true position. Offensive operations, in a war essentially defensive, consumed, misled, and dethroned him.

VII.

During these eight days, lost in useless pursuit of the Russian and Prussian corps of Blucher, the Austrians, re-assured by the retirement of Napoleon, had returned in irresistible masses towards Troyes, and from thence towards Paris. Oudinot and Macdonald had only, like Marmont and Mortier, divisions calculated for affairs of outposts, to oppose 200,000 men. On the 16th of March the Austrian vanguard was at Provins, and another day's march would have brought them under the heights of Montmartre. A courier announced this intelligence to the Emperor. It was no longer time to cover the capital; and distrusting the defence of its barriers in a city with a million inhabitants, he re-took the road to Troyes to recall Schwartzenburg by the apprehension that a French army, commanded by the Emperor, had intervened between him and the base of his operations.

This sentiment, indeed, had acted upon Schwartzenburg more powerfully and more rapidly than Napoleon had imagined.

At the first rumour of the Emperor's return to Champagne, the Austrian army, as if seized with panic at a single name, had retreated by every road from the walls of Paris, as far as Troyes and Dijon. The Emperor of Austria, fearful of being surrounded, even in the midst of his troops, took refuge at Dijon. Alexander and the King of Prussia had got beyond Troyes. These sovereigns, magnifying the danger by the memory of so many former defeats, and fearful of a snare in the very heart of France, which had fallen with such apparent facility into their hands, agreed to send, to their respective plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Chatillon, the most pressing instructions to effect a peace Had the Emperor had timely notice of these terrors, he could have signed a peace on a European basis, at the moment that his own Empire was fading beneath his feet; but he was ignorant of these terrors. Alarmed on his own part at the masses crowding down upon him, he retreated towards Arcis-sur-Aube, where he unexpectedly came in contact with the army of Schwartzenburg. A sanguinary battle ensued, unexpectedly to both generals, between the French and Austrians. Napoleon fought at hazard, without any other plan than the necessity of fighting, and the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang-froid* of Lodi and Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and re-appearing, as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of the explosion, Napoleon, to re-assure them, spurred his charger towards the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amidst the plaudits of his soldiers, he calmly demanded another horse, and continued to brave the grape shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle. His guard at length arrived, and restored the fortune of the day.

VIII

Night, and the accumulating masses of Schwartzenburg, obliged the Emperor to secure himself in the town, and to fortify it for the defence of his few remaining forces. During this night he kept in check 150,000 men, and availed himself of the darkness to construct several bridges over the Aube. Unable, however, to break those Austrian masses which blocked his route to Paris, he took counsel from despair, which inspired him too late with the idea, that would have rendered him invincible, had he adopted it sooner. He resolved to abandon Paris and the heart of France to their fate, and to throw himself on Lorraine, on the Meuse, and on the Rhine; to rally, by raising the blockades, the garrisons of Metz, of Verdun, and of Mayence, and finally to raise the departments beyond the Rhine, which he was told were so devoted to his sceptre. He was thus in hopes of returning with 100,000 men to the soil of France, to spring like a lion amidst the columns of the army of invasion—to break, disperse, and strike them in detail—imprison their scattered portions between the Rhine and the Loire—raise beneath their feet his great cities and his rural districts—and give to the astonished world the spectacle of a million of men devoured by the soil they had imprudently invaded. This was an heroic dream; but yet it was a dream. Such a campaign required an idolized chief—the enthusiasm of a unanimous cause—a nation fresh, neither exhausted by tyranny nor sunk into apathy and indifference. A Vendée is not composed of soldiers, but of citizens, of children, of old men, and of women, determined to die, and to whom defeats are martyrdom. The letters of Jerome on the Spirit of Peace, the languor of public opinion, the desertion from his depôts, the immobility of France under the footsteps of invasion, its resignation, its effeminacy, the murmurs even of his marshals and of his most faithful lieutenants, sufficiently indicated to Napoleon that the country would awake no more but to the voice of liberty. The general was expiating the faults of the despot. His guard was following and dying for him; but it followed him rather from *esprit de*

corps, and from a recollection of their common glory, than from any hope for the future. They were the martyrs of military honour. They followed to the death, not the cause, but the chief and the banner

IX.

The rest of the French people looked on and lamented Napoleon had in vain issued decrees for levies *en masse*, for the arming of civic guards, the insurrection for hearths and altars, the sounding of the tocsin, the destruction of roads, and a running fire on the flanks of the enemy. But wherever his cannon did not resound, France was silent and motionless. Public enthusiasm confined itself to two or three corps of partisans, recruited in Burgundy by three gentlemen,—bold military ad venturers,—Count Gustave de Damas, in the mountains which separate the Loire from the Saone,—M. de Moncroe at Maçon and at Châlons,—Count de Forbin-Janson in Autun. Each of these corps barely comprised a few hundred men, who harassed the enemy on their flanks, and dispersed after short expeditions. When the Austrians approached the villages, or retired from them, some peasants fired on their stragglers from the borders of the woods; and there ended the national insurrection decreed by Napoleon! His own name was the obstacle to this insurrection. The mass of the people were so weary of his yoke, that they dreaded the return of his power almost as much as they detested the foreign invasion. But the people, though deaf to the voice of the chief, were moved with pity for his soldiers. Every volley of the enemy struck horror to their hearts; they felt as if their own children were the victims. Napoleon, hoping to arouse the nation from its apathy by a brilliant attempt on the rear of the allied armies, marched towards the Meuse, and arrived on the 23rd of March at Saint Dizier, where a ray of peace recalled him once more to politics.

X

Caulaincourt was greatly puzzled at the congress of Chatillon, between the contradictory instructions of the Emperor

and the requirements of the allies; which became stringent, or slackened according to the vicissitudes of the campaign. He hastened to give his master a final counsel to resign himself to fate; for he saw no other means of salvation than a prompt curtailment of the ancient empire, to preserve, at least, the country and the throne. The military conferences of Lusigny had only consisted of a few hours' conversation between M. de Flahaut and the allied generals. The great powers, whose plenipotentiaries were at Chatillon, after wavering for some weeks with their armies, had signed among themselves at Chaumont a coalition still more irrevocable against the Emperor; engaging themselves, jointly and severally, not to lay down their arms, until the conqueror of the continent should have returned within the limits which France had overstepped in 1792. By this treaty England took into her pay 500,000 soldiers of the sovereigns of the North. Caulaincourt acquainted the Emperor with this *ultimatum* of the allies; and the generals and ministers of Napoleon exchanged between themselves and Caulaincourt those bitter and desponding expressions which are a prelude to the despair of a ruined cause. Success conceals faults from the eyes of courtiers, which are revealed by continued reverses. The responsibility of the general misfortune is first declared in low murmurs, and then in open reproaches against him to whom they owe everything. They accuse him of being no longer in a position to maintain their fortunes. Ingratitude at last replaces the accent of pity; and when people begin to express their sorrow aloud for a man who is falling, it is not long before they abandon him.

XI

Such was the spirit that prevailed at the bivouacs of Napoleon, when Caulaincourt arrived. Even he himself had become, in spite of his fidelity, a troublesome confidant to the Emperor. He knew his want of decision, and reproached him, in an under-tone, not for his reverses, but for his obstinate adherence to hope. For a long time past Caulaincourt had abandoned all hope. The name of the Bourbons, although it

had never been pronounced by the high powers, was common enough in the private conversation of the negociators. This name was the hidden thought of Europe, if Napoleon persisted in risking all to save all. His negociator conjured him to compound with necessity; but Napoleon, intoxicated with the new plan which he had conceived, and fancying he had already accomplished this victorious return which he was about to make from beyond the Rhine, at the head of his liberated garrisons, smiled with pity upon Caulaincourt, and said to him, with the prophetic accent he had acquired in his intercourse with fatality: "Don't be uneasy; I am nearer to Munich than the allies are to Paris."

XII.

At the moment that Napoleon, incredulous of adversity, was pronouncing these words, the hostile armies of Schwartzenburg and of Blucher, driven back from Paris, as we have seen, by the march of the Emperor upon Troyes, were concentrating, in innumerable masses, on the plains of Châlons, to resist the shock they expected he would make on the rear of the Coalition. Napoleon at first thought they were in the neighbourhood of the capital; but their presence at Châlons made him hesitate in the execution of the new plan he was beginning to effect; for he apprehended that their concentrated weight might press heavily on his rear. He meditated,—he fluctuated,—he wavered six whole days between the instinct which attracted him towards his capital, and the temerity that drew him towards the Rhine and the Meuse.

During these days of incertitude, the allies themselves were in a state of indecision at Châlons. The opinion of the most consummate and the most timid generals was, that they had everything to apprehend from a man like Napoleon,—that they should fall back together, and in invincible numbers, upon their base of operation, to spare Germany a visit from the Emperor, who would cut them off from their supplies in a country rising in insurrection beneath their feet. The opinion of the French generals, refugees in the Russian camp, and the

resolution of the Emperor Alexander himself, young, ardent, adventurous, and having Moscow to avenge, was to advance rapidly on Paris, to seize upon the heart of France, to excite public opinion, to encourage liberty, to give hope to the friends of the Bourbons, and to leave the Emperor, cut off by himself from his people, to moulder away in his loneliness and his agitation. The wishes of England, the insinuations of the partisans of restoration in France, the resentment of the foreign courts, the personal hatred of some diplomatists in the suite of the quarter-general, the common cause amongst the princes of the ancient races against the race of the sword, and finally, the manœuvres still under the surface, but able and active, of some royalists of the interior, who besieged the bivouac of the Emperor, decided them on this plan. On the 25th the united armies advanced once more towards Paris, by the roads which follow the valley of the Marne.

XIII

Napoleon, induced, it is said, by his lieutenants, instead of prosecuting his route to Nancy, followed the allies again to cut them off from the road to Paris. He had thus lost eight days —a period sufficient for him to obtain five battles—in accomplishing one-half of a plan; and he was about to lose seven or eight more in retracing his steps. In this campaign he had no resolution except to reverse preceding resolutions. His character on this occasion evidently betrayed his genius. The most devoted of his generals partly saw and abused the facility he evinced in changing his mind. It would suit them better to return to Paris, and capitulate to save their families, their dignities, and their fortunes, than to plunge with their chief into the adventures of a wandering campaign beyond the Meuse and the Rhine. They wished for an end of this struggle without hope. They were weary, not of fighting, but of continuing to descend. The spirit of the country sooner or later penetrates the ranks of the army.

XIV.

The concentration of the allied armies, in the plains of Châlons, had removed them far enough from Paris to enable Napoleon, though still four marches farther off, by doubling his speed to arrive almost at the same time as the heads of their columns at the gates of his capital. Even making allowance for delays and engagements, it would suffice for the Parisians to defend their gates for only two days. The Emperor sent courier upon courier to his brother Joseph, conjuring him to re-animate the spirit of Paris,—to arm the people and the students, and to ask this final effort of two days only from a population of so many hundred thousand souls. "At this price," he said, "all would be saved. I am going to manœuvre," he repeated, "in such a manner that it is possible you may not hear of me for several days. If the enemy advance upon Paris in such force as to render all resistance vain, send off, in the direction of the Loire, the Empress Regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers of the crown, and the treasury. Do not quit my son, and recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner with the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history."

His misfortunes thus were already elevated in his imagination to a level with the great epic calamities of Homer and of Virgil. Poetry, like religion in a broken spirit, took possession of his mind through the medium of adversity.

XV

What he had foreseen was verified at Paris sooner even than he had thought it possible. Marmont and Mortier, exhausted by retreats without an object, and by continual skirmishes at out-posts, were wandering in the environs of Paris. Wherever their decimated battalions left an opening, the Cossacks—those hardy marauders of the desert—threw themselves upon

our villages; and by the terror of their lances, and their terrible pillaging, scattered the frightened inhabitants even to the walls of Paris. Nothing was any longer heard about the Emperor. The city resounded with sinister rumours. The squares, the Boulevards, the Champs-Elysées, and the courtyards of houses were crowded with fugitives from the country. Carriages were laden with furniture, or wine snatched from the devastations of the war, and cattle sheltered by the peasants within the walls of the capital. The south seemed ready to detach itself from the Empire, and to proclaim some unknown government. Lyons (for a short time defended by Augereau at the head of 17,000 men and some bodies of cavalry, returned from Spain), yielded on the return of the army of Bianchi. The course of the Saone was alternately occupied and given up by Augereau; but the capitulation of Lyons threw him, without any advantage to Paris, towards the mountains of the Jura. The provinces of the Loire alone were free. But behind these provinces the west of France might be expected from day to day to co-operate with the Royalist movements, which were concocting at Bordeaux, by an insurrection which would have placed Paris between two wars. Joseph, and his brothers Louis and Jerome, felt all the responsibility which weighed upon them. They were answerable to their brother and to the dynasty of Napoleon for the Empress and her son. Even supposing that Napoleon himself was compelled to capitulate, to abdicate, or to die, the Regency, and the transmission of the imperial throne to the King of Rome, was an ultimate asylum for their fortunes. Driven from Madrid, from Holland, and from Westphalia, these experimental kings would continue, at least, princes of the imperial blood at Paris. They convoked a Supreme Council, to which they summoned Cambaceres, the ministers, the presidents of the Council of State, the great dignitaries of the Empire who were the most identified with the new regime, and the most compromised members of the Senate. Joseph read the letter of the Emperor, ordering him to save his wife and his son. The Empress herself was present, silent and trembling at this council, in which her brothers-in-law were going to decide on her destiny Opinions were divided.

Boulay (de la Meurthe) accustomed to revolutionary dramas, knew by experience the inconstancy of the people and the power of enthusiasm. He knew that the flight of this princess, proving the despair of her cause, would crumble the Empire under her feet. This heroic opinion would call up the resolution of Maria Theresa. But resolutions like that of Maria Theresa only suit those dynasties which have been rooted for years in the hearts of nations. When they do not excite the fanaticism of religious devotion in the cause of princes they become mere parodies on popular enthusiasm. The council itself was not composed of men decided on saving a dynasty or perishing for it. After some deliberation, slow, tame, and altogether official, and which seemed intended only to shift from one to another the responsibility of a retreat, they separated at midnight, without coming to a conclusion. No one dared to adopt a resolution which might become a crime, if the Emperor should conquer once more, and call his brothers to account for the abandoning of his capital. They referred to Napoleon's letter, which forbade his wife to reside at Paris, in case of extreme peril. They foresaw the peril, but did not declare it to exist.

XVI.

Cambaceres and Joseph, desirous of laying on Marie Louise herself the responsibility of a resolution which ought to come from them, followed her, after the council, to her private apartments, where they beset her with ambiguous hints and suggestions, to obtain from her such a decision as would bear them harmless. But whether it was that she feared the anger of her husband, whether she was disposed to remain passive in her capital, where she felt herself more surrounded with respect for her sex and rank, whether she was apprehensive of becoming, in the hands of her brothers-in-law, a wandering victim of Bonaparte's ambition, and an instrument of civil war, hurried in the midst of camps from province to province, Marie-Louise conquered her timidity She replied with firmness to Joseph and Cambaceres, that the

resolution belonged to them; that she would never take it upon herself; that they were her official councillors, and that she would only obey, whether she was to go or stay, an order maturely considered and signed by them. But they eluded this responsibility. The order to depart, eventually given by Napoleon in his letter, was therefore an absolute text which the Empress resolved to obey. Preparations were accordingly made for flight; the waggons were immediately laden with the treasury; the private papers of the Emperor were packed up, as also the crown diamonds, and the day of departure was fixed for the 29th of March.

XVII.

But every horse that galloped into the court of the palace might announce a courier, and bring a counter order from the Emperor. Time was therefore given for such a contingency. The Empress, surrounded by ladies, by courtiers, and by officers appointed to attend her, waited from daybreak till mid-day the signal for departure, which was to have been given by Joseph. This prince, mounting his horse the preceding night, had gone to visit and animate the advanced guards at the barriers and at the principal entrances to Paris. But the mass of the population was ignorant even of this last demonstration of resistance. They accused Joseph of royal effeminacy, contracted in the bosom of the voluptuous courts of the South, —on the thrones of Naples and Madrid.

Joseph, however, did not return, and said nothing further to the Empress. The officers of the National Guard, who were stationed at the palace, conjured her to remain. They were in hopes that the presence in Paris of the daughter of the Emperor of Austria would be a safeguard against the horrors of a city about to be besieged. Marie-Louise in tears by turns yielded and resisted their entreaties. It was evident that any obstacle which would obstruct her obedience of the Emperor's order to quit Paris, would have relieved her from great uncertainty, by removing the importunities of Napoleon's brothers. On the other hand, the provident men, and the

party of M. de Talleyrand, embarrassed by the presence of this princess in the negociations which they were already concocting, for the purpose of giving up her throne to other princes, privately pressed her departure. Clarke, the Minister of War, sent at noon to tell her that he could no longer answer for the safety of the roads, overrun as they were by bands of Cossacks, if she delayed her departure till the morrow. Twelve of the court carriages, ready for the road since morning, were waiting in the court of the palace, surrounded by a strong escort of the cavalry of the guard. Marie-Louise at length tore herself away from her palace, one of her equerries carrying in his arms the King of Rome. This beautiful child, already made proud by the adulation which outstript his age, seized upon the balustrade of the grand staircase, and refused to be exiled from the throne. "I will not go away," he cried. "When the Emperor is absent, am not I the master here?" It might be said he foresaw that, between the pomp and grandeur of the Tuileries and the funeral vaults of Schœnbrunn, there remained for him but a few short years of adolescence and of melancholy. The royal carriages defiled slowly, like a funeral procession, along the quays; and only a few groups of curious persons stopped here and there to witness the departure of this convoy of a dynasty. Not a voice was raised to utter a farewell of the people to the wife and son of Napoleon, flying at hazard, and trailing after them the last vestiges of imperial splendour.

Such was the popularity of this reign, which history painted, a few years after, as the fanaticism of the people.

XVIII

While the Empress thus slowly followed the road to the imperial chateau of Rambouillet, the drums beat to arms to summon the citizens to the defence of the capital. The National Guard took arms, less to frighten the enemy than to guard their own homes. But the students, and some of those men who are called forth by patriotism and danger, and the more so when danger is most imminent, flew to the gates and

to the heights of Montmartre. The faubourgs, on seeing them pass, loudly demanded arms; but every thing was wanting: the Empire had exhausted all on foreign battle fields. The news of the departure of the Empress, and the removal of the seat of government from the capital, depressed and astounded all hearts; and the last blow, under which empires crumble into nothing, was awaited in melancholy silence.

Joseph, returning to Paris after having seen at a distance the irruption of hostile armies which covered the plains and the road to the capital, avoided the populous streets; and convoking a nocturnal assemblage of the ministers and the council of regency, prepared to follow the footsteps of the Empress, with these last remains of the reign of Napoleon.

BOOK FOURTH.

Progress of Napoleon towards Paris—He passes Troyes and Sens—Arrival of the Allied Armies before Paris—Battle of Paris—Joseph orders Marmont to capitulate—Proclamation of Joseph—Flight of Joseph, of Jerome, and of the Government—Mortier offers a suspension of arms—Last resistance of Marmont—He proposes a Suspension of arms—Deputation from the Municipal Council to Marmont—Capitulation of Marmont, the 30th of March—Messrs. de Chabrol and Pasquier at the Quarter-general of the Emperor Alexander—Alexander—He receives a deputation from the Parisians—Speech of Alexander—Entrance of the Allied Armies into Paris—Aspect of Paris—Petition from the Authorities of Paris to Alexander—Royalist manifestation on the entrance of the Sovereigns.

I.

While Paris thus resigned itself, almost unarmed, to the innumerable forces by which it was surrounded, Napoleon was anxiously calculating the time and the stages which separated him from his capital. He had seventy leagues to travel over, with an army exhausted by marches and countermarches, but impatient to see once more the walls of Paris, and to gain there one last glorious victory. The soldiers, whose feet were torn by the roads and the snows of a winter campaign, forgot their weariness and their wounds in seeing their Emperor, sometimes mounted, sometimes on foot, marching in the midst of them. The feverish impatience of Napoleon was communicated from his eyes to theirs. The shame of seeing the capital of France threatened by a foreign enemy weighed upon their souls as the remorse of so much glory lost. They pressed forward to anticipate the vengeance of the world,—Napoleon to regain the Empire. Throwing into the canals, or burning, all the baggage that retarded their speed, they marched as far as twenty leagues a day. On arriving at Troyes, at eleven o'clock on the night of the 29th, Napoleon despatched from thence General Count de Girardin to Paris, to order a final

defence, which would give him time to arrive. He quitted the place himself on the 30th, at the head of the remains of his guard, hastening towards Pont-sur-Yonne and towards Moret. About five leagues from Troyes, while his guard was resting, the enigma of his fate seemed to be insupportable. He threw himself into a light car of wicker-work, which chance presented, and, accompanied by some officers of his staff, took the road to Sens. On passing through this town he summoned the magistrates, and ordered them to prepare the necessary rations for 150,000 men, which he told them he was leading to the defence of Paris. He then galloped, in the darkness of the night, along the road to Fontainebleau.

II

During this rapid march of Napoleon and his handful of soldiers towards the capital, Paris was approached within cannon range by the first corps of the three hostile armies. The Russian general, Rayewski, marching from Bondy in three columns of attack, ascended the slopes of Belleville. The guard of the Emperor Alexander followed and supported them. These heights of Belleville, covered with groups of houses and gardens, command the eastern half of Paris. Marmont, entrenched in these gardens and suburbs, defended, with the courage of despair, this last bulwark of his country. His artillery, ploughing the Russian columns, swept Pantin and Romainville, and the enemy wavered on this side. Blucher and his army had not yet arrived in sight of Paris; and the Russian general, Barclay de Tolly, not seeing him debouch, to co-operate in this attack on a city containing a million of souls, trembled at the thought of being outstripped by Napoleon, before his junction with the Prussians under the heights of Montmartre. The Austrian general Giülay, coming from Fontainebleau, was also late. All these delays might afford time for the return of Napoleon. Barclay de Tolly, therefore, compromised his whole army in order to force Paris, without waiting for Generals Blucher and Giülay; but Marmont and his soldiers, strengthened by some volunteers, and animated by

the enthusiasm which the actual presence of one's country imparts, strewed with dead bodies the terraces of Belleville, repulsed the Russians, and kept them in check till the middle of the day. Joseph on horseback rode along, and encouraged the advanced posts. "Defend yourselves! I am with you!" he said to the soldiers and the volunteers. But these words added nothing to the enthusiasm of the French battalions. They knew nothing about Joseph; the shadow of Napoleon would have better defended Paris.

Joseph, giving faith to the letters of Napoleon, thought that Paris was only insulted by a detached corps of the allied armies, and that the sovereigns and the mass of their troops were engaged, in the vicinity of Troyes, in a struggle with his brother. A French officer, however, who had been carried off the evening before by a wandering band of Cossacks, and taken to the quarter-general of the Emperor of Russia, undeceived Joseph on this head. This officer had seen Alexander himself, surrounded by all his troops, at a short distance from Paris. "It is not against the French nation that I am making war," said Alexander to him, "but against Napoleon. He carried fire and sword into my dominions, and burnt my cities Go and tell the Parisians that I wish to enter their city, not as a barbarian, but as a friend; their fate is in their own hands."

On hearing the recital of this interview, Joseph felt that any resistance against such united forces, would destroy the capital without saving the Empire. Nevertheless, after issuing an order to treat with the enemy, he revoked it, on the faith of other intelligence. At noon the armies of Blucher and of Austria debouched—the one on the south, the other on the north—on the plains of Montmartre and of the Seine. Marmont was still fighting, and in every charge from the foot of the heights drove back the enemy. But fresh masses replaced those that retired; the batteries of artillery drew nigh to each other; and shells exploding over the heads of Joseph and his staff, he sent an aide-de-camp to Marmont ordering him to capitulate. The impossibility of finding the marshal, who was one of the first in the midst of the fire, or of clearing the space which separated the tirailleurs of the two armies, torn up as it

was with shells and bullets, retarded the flags of truce. The noise of artillery increased; and the enemy, by forcing Montmartre and Belleville at the same time, might easily enter by storm a city disarmed under the orders of its few defenders.

III.

Joseph, however, wished to deceive Paris till the last moment, in order that the sedition concocting against the Empire in the hearts of its inhabitants should not explode—at least under the feet of Napoleon's brothers. He issued a proclamation to them, in which he represented the five united armies of the allies as a single column, retreating from Meaux, and pursued by the Emperor. When despotism is once obliged to have recourse to falsehood, it is condemned to deception to its last hour. "Let us arm," he exclaimed; "I shall remain with you! Let us defend this great city, its monuments, its riches,—our wives, our children; and let the enemy be disgraced before those walls which he hopes to pass in triumph!"* The idle Parisians, dispersed about their Boulevards and their public gardens, read these words, and for a moment believed them. "The Emperor," said they to each other, "is at this moment attacking the rear of this rash vanguard of the Coalition. That is his cannon we hear roaring; and these are his bullets that are falling upon our house-tops. He is bringing back the fortune that had gone astray for a moment." Such were the expressions of the partisans of Napoleon, confiding in his genius, within the walls of Paris; while men of courage and of patriotism were dying under the last discharges of the Russians, on the heights of Belleville and of Menilmontant.

IV

During this short-lived confidence, which the proclamation of Joseph imparted to the city, this prince, his brother Jerome, and the minister of war, Clarke, descending from the heights of Montmartre, were flying at the utmost speed of their horses, by the external Boulevards, and crossing the Bois de Boulogne, to reach Blois. The individuals most compromised by the

government of Napoleon were following them; and of all the imperial court there now only remained at Paris the marshals who were defending its walls. The Empire was now nothing but a quarter general, obliged to capitulate to save this great focus of the country.

Mortier, attacked towards noon by the overwhelming forces of the two armies, had no more ammunition to maintain the action. He was on the point of being cut off from Marmont, surrounded and driven back into the streets of Paris, now become a dreadful scene of carnage. He bitterly cursed that shadow of a government which had fled, leaving its last defenders without reinforcements, without cannon, and without ammunition. He at length received the order of Joseph, and hastened to write upon a drum-head, in the midst of the fire, a few lines to Prince Schwartzenburg. "Prince," said Mortier, "let us save a useless effusion of blood. I propose to you a suspension of arms, for twenty-four hours, during which we will treat, in order to save Paris from the horrors of a siege. Otherwise, we will defend ourselves within its walls to the death."

The Austrian generalissimo hastened to accept the proposition of Mortier, and the firing ceased on that side. Marmont, although he at length had received an order to capitulate, continued to defend himself. The confusion of the different movements, the impossibility of communicating amidst the showers of balls, the enthusiasm of the volunteers, and the students of the Polytechnic school, who served his artillery even to the last bullet, prevented an arrangement. Blucher, during these last struggles of Marmont, had gained the heights of Montmartre, and turned his batteries from thence upon Paris. The marshal seeing the city under the fire of the Prussians, sent Colonel Labedoyère with propositions similar to those of Mortier to the quarter-general of the allies. Labedoyère's horse, and that of his trumpeter, were killed at the moment they debouched on the plain. Seven times the officers who attempted with flags of truce to clear the space between the two armies were laid with their horses in the dust. It was not until five o'clock in the evening that M. de Quelen, an aide-de-camp, succeeded in reaching the village of

Bondy, the quarter-general of Alexander and the King of Prussia. These princes sent back the aide-de-camp with an escort to the Russian advanced posts at La Villette; where, on the table of a public-house, and amidst the roar of musketry, a suspension of arms for four hours was signed.

While M. de Quelen was thus putting an end to the firing, Marmont (excited by the combat, by the vicinity of Paris, and by the sentiment of the final service he was trying to render to his Emperor and to the friend of his youth) remained the very last in the high street of Belleville, disputing, step by step, the houses of this suburb with the enemy. His sword being broken, he had a musket in his hand; his hat and clothes were pierced with balls; his features blackened with the smoke of the combat; and he who was next day to be called the first of traitors was now the last of the heroes. He looked for death as if with a presentiment of the double duties between which he was about to find himself placed, and by which the fame of his fidelity and patriotism was to suffer so long an eclipse for his country. Death, however, failed him. While his tirailleurs, covered by the gardens and the houses on one side of the street, were firing over his head at the Russians, already masters of the other side, a handful of grenadiers rushed forward to surround and save their general. They retreated fighting, with him in the midst of them, step by step, as far as the barrier. One arm in a sling, one hand shot through, and the bodies of five horses killed under him during the action, sufficiently attested that if, on the following day, he did not do enough for the Empire, he did enough on this day for glory and for his country. Were it not for that handful of grenadiers the army would have brought only the dead body of their general within the walls of Paris

V

The silence of the artillery intimated to the city that the armistice had been signed; and the troops, in number about 17,000, retired within the walls. The inhabitants of the suburbs received them with tears of patriotism and admiration

Their cause was forgotten, but every heart acknowledged their heroism: France pardons every thing to unfortunate bravery. Napoleon himself, though execrated some weeks before, would have had a triumph in his retreat, had he returned to his capital at such a moment. Pity extinguishes hatred; the people were subdued, and they pardoned. But the opinion of the centre of Paris did not pardon. France, weary of making sacrifices and of incurring dangers for its Emperor, was thinking of itself; and the question was asked if every thing must be sacrificed for this man, even to the ashes of the capital. The principal citizens of Paris took counsel of their interest, of their fortune, and of the salvation of their wives and children. The government having disappeared with Joseph, Cambaceres, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, the ministers, and the great courtiers of the Emperor, public opinion began to show itself. A great number of eminent men, bankers, merchants, citizens, and lawyers, left their homes, met, consulted, and coming to an understanding on one common sentiment,—the preservation of their country, they began to discuss loudly the probability of an arrangement with Europe. The enemy's cannon had broken the seal that had been imposed on hearts as well as lips. A general murmur arose for a peace necessary to all. A current of opinion almost unanimous was formed, as in revolutions, to repudiate a man who could neither protect the frontiers, nor even preserve the heart of the nation in Paris. Ought France, said they, to offer up her capital as a holocaust to this insatiable genius of war? The allies in their proclamations, the Emperors in their words at Bondy, declared that they only carried on the war against the ambition of Napoleon. Ought France to take the part, even to her last man, of a chief who had usurped his throne, stolen all their liberties, and drained their veins? Was not this devotion to the glory of an individual a sophism of self-denial,—an outrage on true patriotism? Such were the arguments of the citizens, on seeing the mutilated columns of Mortier and Marmont enter,—the cars streaming with blood, laden with the wounded, and with the dead bodies of the brave volunteers, who had fallen under the fire of the Russians and Prussians at Montmartre.

VI.

The principal men amongst these citizens crowded round the door of Marshal Marmont. They demanded to speak to him of the extremity to which Paris was reduced, and of the perils of the coming night. The marshal, disarmed, wounded, covered with dust and blood, received them. His aspect redoubled the emotion excited by his words. "Honour and fidelity to the Emperor are satisfied," said his friends to him. "The army is saved by the armistice, which has given it time to penetrate our walls, to take shelter behind Paris, to retire upon the Loire. But what is to become of us?—our families, our old men, our wives, our children, our homes, our monuments,—this people without arms and without food, given up to all the horrors of hunger, in a city surrounded by 500,000 men,—what will be their fate? Do you wish that, in the darkness of the coming night, this capital, taken by assault, or else given up without conditions and without safeguard, should become a scene of carnage, of pillage, and of conflagration under the irritated hordes of the North? Will you place your egotistical fidelity of a soldier, or even of the friend of your Emperor, on a level with, and above your sentiments as a man, and your duty as a citizen? Have you not yourself, your wife, your relations, your friends, and your fellow-citizens within these walls? The chance of war gives this moment to your own hands alone the fate of Paris and of France. Is it not a terrible but a positive responsibility which you cannot divest yourself of without a crime? Is Paris, then—the capital of the civilized world—the heart of the nation—nothing more in your eyes than one of those uninhabited and uncultivated fields that a general abandons or ravages with indifference, to suit the plans of his chief, or the exigencies of a manœuvre?"

VII.

Marmont was convinced, and agreed to the necessity of a capitulation for Paris; but he excused himself, by his incom

petence, from taking a resolution on which would depend the fate of the Empire. "I am neither the government," he said, "nor even the commander-in-chief of the army. I am only a lieutenant of the Emperor, a soldier of the country. By what title dare I stipulate, in my own name, conditions which it only belongs to the country itself, or to the Emperor, to agree to? The Emperor, they say, is coming from Fontainebleau; I shall take him my troops, and he will do in the matter what his genius and his authority shall judge best for his own cause and that of the country."

The citizens replied: "It is the business of the country then to decide for itself. The ministers of Napoleon have abandoned the capital. Shall we allow our homes to be destroyed through a superstitious reverence for a government which has only been able to bring upon us a final destruction?" The Municipal Council of Paris, that domestic system of government, which is to be found when political governments disappear, added its weight to that of the citizens, bankers, and merchants, who besieged the marshal. Marmont wavered between his military and his civil duty. In obeying his Emperor, he exposed Paris to one of those signal catastrophes which obliterates a capital from the soil. In yielding to the Municipal Council, and to the just terrors of the citizens, he would ruin his general, and sacrifice his own name. Separated from the army of the Emperor by the forces of the enemy, he could only decide from necessity. He yielded to the suggestions of his heart: he capitulated, and delivered up the gates of Paris; causing his army to fall back upon Fontainebleau. There was no treason—there was no weakness—even in this movement, which substituted a capitulation for a siege. What could a general do, cut off from all reinforcements, and having fought to the last extremity with 17,000 men against 300,000? It was not Marmont who on this day betrayed Paris,—it was Paris which betrayed Marmont, by not rising up in its own defense. This heart of the Empire no longer vibrated, except against Napoleon himself.

VIII.

The capitulation specified that the *corps d'armée*—for thus the wreck was still called—should march out of the capital on the morning of the 31st of March; and that hostilities should not recommence till two hours after the evacuation of the city, —that is to say, at nine o'clock; that the National Guard should submit themselves to the orders of the allied powers; and that, finally, the capital of France was to be recommended to the generosity of the allies.

The night was silent and gloomy. The noise made by the wheels of the caissons and the horses' feet of the French columns, who were retiring amidst lamentations, alone disturbed the anxious sleep of the citizens. But the report of the capitulation re-assured the timid. They knew that the mayor of Paris, M. de Chabrol, and M. Pasquier, prefect of Police, had gone to the quarter-general of the Emperor Alexander, at Bondy, to confer with the conquerors, and to come to an understanding with the foreign generals on the execution of the capitulation. The character of these two magistrates imparted confidence to the citizens. They were of that class of persons who serve their governments with intelligence and propriety, but who do not devote themselves beyond possibility, nor pride themselves on resisting necessity to the death. The one, M. de Chabrol, was an impartial administrator, beloved by the capital; the other, M. Pasquier, of an ancient legislative race, was one of those men in whom every cause would find a useful instrument, provided those causes added to their grandeur, without dishonouring their characters. They were both too strongly impressed with a feeling of the catastrophe that awaited the Empire, to run the risk of being buried under its ruins. They thus re-assured Paris even by the pliability of their convictions; for it was well known that they would not obstinately persevere in constancy to a crumbling fortune. Some citizens, amongst those most eager for a change of masters, accompanied them to the camp of the allies, to feel the pulses of the strangers, with a view to foretell the *dénouement*. Caulaincourt, who had been

travelling about for several nights in the service of his master, arrived at Bondy, at the same moment, to catch up the last thread of a negociation so frequently broken by alternate defeat and victory. These officials, coming to plead before the Emperor Alexander such different causes, awaited his rising, to learn what Fate was about to pronounce by his dictum.

IX.

The Emperor Alexander was astonished and softened by his victory. To dictate laws at the gates of Paris to the people who had burnt his own capital,—to hold in his hand the crown or the abdication of the conqueror, whose friend, and almost whose flatterer he had been, was sufficient in itself to intoxicate an ordinary soul. But that of Alexander was a great one. Like other great souls he placed his glory not in vengeance but in generosity. Reprisals on a vanquished people, or a conquered man, appeared to him what they really are—an abuse of success This prince, although he had the pliability of the Greek race, and the fanaticism of the races of the North, had likewise, above all, the grand dramatic magnanimity of the heroic races of the East. He wished to imitate antiquity, not by devastation but by virtue. He aspired to civilization,—he respected humanity,—he profoundly adored Divine Providence, whose instrument he believed himself to be, for the purpose of liberating the world from the despotism which Napoleon had imposed, for the last fifteen years, on the independence of nations, and on the freedom of the human mind. Young, handsome, beloved by all, bearing only upon his features the melancholy reflection of past reminiscences, he stood with a majestic simplicity before public opinion. He was not so much flattered at conquering the French as in pleasing them. He seemed as if soliciting their pardon for his triumphs. He was desirous that France should see in him not a barbarian but an admirer,—not a conqueror but a liberator and a friend. To this gentleness of character—to this grace which seems to crave indulgence for its superiority—the Emperor Alexander joined an exalted adoration of Divine

Providence. His impassioned and chivalrous soul had been still further moulded to gentleness and sorrow, by the love of some admirable women. That satiety of pleasure, which restrained early the desires of his senses, had been replaced by a species of pious Platonism,—that never fading love, which suffers no exhaustion. A woman, still handsome, a species of Christian sybil, Madame de Krudener, was in correspondence with him. She prophetically promised him the glory of Constantine in cementing a new Christianity. The fanaticism of Greek orthodoxy,—the doctrines of the Catholic philosopher De Maistre, who had long resided at his court,—the lights of the French rationalist philosophy,—and, finally, the illuminated pietism of Madame Krudener, were commingled in the religious soul of Alexander. It was a great eclectic system, of which the worship was vague, but whose deity was enthroned in his heart. Every noble part must have a noble inspiration; and in finding the former expand, Alexander had proportionately increased the latter. His thoughts ascended to the Supreme; he thanked him for having given him the triumph; and he ardently sought to sanctify it in his soul, before the Supreme Being, by benefiting humanity.

X.

Such were the true dispositions of the Emperor Alexander at the moment he awoke and found himself a conqueror at the gates of Paris. He admitted the magistrates, the chiefs of the National Guard, and the citizens to an audience. He appeared with modesty before them: it was the conqueror who seemed to supplicate. "I deplore this war," he said to them. "I do not wage it against the French, but against the man who makes an abuse of their name and of their blood to oppress all Europe. It was he who came to provoke me to the very centre of my Empire, to ravage my provinces, to immolate my people, and to burn my cities. The justice of God has brought me this day under those walls from which the aggression went forth. I shall only profit by this favour that Providence has bestowed upon my arms, by reconciling

France with the other nations of the earth, and by giving peace to the human race."

The Emperor then promised to protect the capital; and addressing the chiefs of the National Guard, he authorized them to preserve their organization and their arms, and to watch conjointly with his troops over the safety of the citizens.

During this interview, M. de Nesselrode, the Emperor Alexander's minister, privately informed M. de Talleyrand, that his imperial master was desirous of conversing with him; and that he would go and reside in his hotel, after the allied armies had entered Paris

XI.

Nothing in the aspect of Paris announced the consternation of a capital which expects its conqueror. The Boulevards, the faubourgs, the streets, were crowded with an immense multitude, whose countenances expressed more curiosity than sorrow. Everything, even its own humiliation, is mere *spectacle* for such a city. It must, however, be acknowledged that what rendered this humiliation less visible was the sentiment of the people, and of the immense majority of the citizens. It was not so much France as the Emperor, who appeared to them to be conquered. They said to themselves with truth, "It is not the enemy that triumphs over him; it is we, who allow him to fall. If he had not pushed his tyranny, and the usurpation of all our rights over our liberties, to that excess that makes patriotism give way before the dignity of man, France, arousing herself as in 1792, would have driven back, even to their very capitals, these sovereign profaners of our soil. We are invaded because we permit it. We are vanquished in the man that was our chief; but this chief, being once out of the question, we will again seize on victory, in resuming our liberty and our desire for combat." Every face and every expression still further displayed the most passionate curiosity to know the definitive fate which this eventful day would produce for the country. Would that military despotism elevate itself again in a capital which it could not

preserve? And if not, what description of government would its fall impose upon, or leave to the free choice of, France? These thoughts scarcely allowed time to ruminate on the magnitude of our reverses, or on the disgrace of the occupation. The controversies of the citizens amongst themselves, on the probabilities of the future, and their individual preferences for such or such a form of government, agitated Paris with a movement and a murmur which gave it an appearance of a day of festival, of spectacle, and of degradation.

The people of the populous quarters and of the faubourgs alone bore on their countenances the rage of patriotism, and the consternation of citizens. These simple beings, strangers to political debates for the choice of governments, had their minds only occupied with the fate of their country. The families, from which the ranks of the army were recruited, interested themselves above all others with the struggles, the defeats, and the victories of their sons and brothers. The soldiers of Mortier and Marmont, famished, suffering, and wounded, after passing the night in the faubourgs, and retiring through the streets, had disseminated all round an ardent pity for their miseries, a fanatical hatred against the foreigners, and a low but deep murmur of indignation against a capitulation which would deliver Paris to the mercy of our enemies, and condemn our last remaining troops to the shame and misery of a retreat. Some groups of these men of the lower classes, armed with pikes which the king Joseph had distributed amongst them in small numbers, brandished their arms, protested against the cowardice of the city, and gave utterance to imprecations against the absconded brothers and ministers of Napoleon. But these imprecations died away amidst the silence and resignation of the crown. No one took up arms for the capital, lest it should be thought he was arming in the cause of Napoleon

XII.

At ten o'clock in the morning, under a beautiful spring sun, and amidst crowds peaceful and contented, as if they had assembled to witness a review of all Europe, the allied armies

commenced their march into Paris. These troops, having reposed for several days after their marches and battles, had had time to remove from their clothes and their arms the stains of a short but terrible campaign. The men, the horses, the artillery, the standards, shone forth in all the military splendour of gold and steel. Each of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and German regiments seemed to come out of their barracks, or their quarters, to march past in review order under the eyes of their respective sovereigns. 250,000 cavalry, artillery, and infantry marched in close columns of thirty men in front, on all the roads to the east and north of Paris, and entered the gates of the city with drums beating and colours flying.

Some squadrons of Cossacks, and Oriental cavalry from Caucasus, were thrown out in front of the army, as if to keep its passage clear through the principal streets of the city. On their appearance the people of the quarter of the Bastille arose in a tumult, and uttered, in sign of defiance, shouts of "Vive Bonaparte!" Some armed men rushed out of the crowd towards an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, who was going to prepare his quarters. "Come on, Frenchmen!" cried these desperate fellows. "The Emperor Napoleon is coming! let us destroy the enemy!" The people, however, were deaf to the cry. The National Guard interposed, protected the detachment, and raised up a few wounded officers. The heads of the foreign columns soon after appeared on the Boulevards.

The alleys, the balconies, the roofs of the houses were like so many benches of an immense and silent circus, contem plating this dénouement of the European drama of ten years. The Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander, advanced on a wild and powerful horse, from the Steppes of Tartary, at the head of the Russian cavalry. This prince, with a Tartar countenance, a wild look, rough accents, and martial gestures, represented the barbarian warrior, called forth from the depths of the northern deserts to overwhelm the south. But submissive as a slave, subdued and affectionate to his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine imposed upon his squadrons the dis ipline and humanity of the profoundest peace.

XIII

While the Grand Duke was slowly marching his 30,000 cavalry towards the Champs-Elysées, by the Boulevards, the Emperor Alexander had gone with all his generals to rejoin the King of Prussia, at the gates of Paris, in order that he might be a partaker of the triumph as he had been of the victory. The Mayors of Paris waited on him to recommend the capital to his protection.

"The fate of arms has conducted me hither," Alexander replied to them. "Your Emperor, who was once my ally, has twice deceived me. I am far from wishing to return upon France the evil she has done me. The French people are my friends, and I wish to prove to them that I am come to do good for evil. Napoleon alone is my enemy. I shall protect Paris; I shall respect its citizens and its monuments. I shall only quarter in it my select troops. I shall preserve your National Guard, which constitutes the élite of your citizens. Your future fate rests entirely with yourselves."

XIV

In these words Alexander sufficiently indicated who was to be the victim of the invasion. Napoleon being his *only* enemy, it was evident that he must be sacrificed on the altar of peace. But though this was the conclusion to be drawn, he did not express it in direct terms.

After these words, admirably calculated to sound and to conciliate public opinion against the only obstacle to the reconciliation of mankind, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia rode slowly towards the Porte Saint Martin. They were surrounded by a numerous and brilliant *cortège* of minor sovereigns, princes, and generals; and were escorted, in front and rear, by the regiments of their guards, and by a regular regiment of Cossacks of the Don, whose Oriental aspect excited general astonishment. These troops, by the beauty of their horses, the stature of the men of the north, the cleanliness,

elegance and richness of their uniforms, arms, and appointments, formed a striking contrast with the half-starved and harassed cavalry of the handful of French heroes, bowed down with fatigue, and their uniforms stained with blood and dirt, whom Paris had seen traversing its streets the night before. The drums, the trumpets, and the brass instruments of the military bands, made the streets resound with martial music; —warlike flourishes for them, but sorrow and humiliation for us. The streets leading from the barriers to the faubourg Saint Martin appeared from the windows like a river of steel.

At the spot where this wide faubourg joins the Boulevards by the triumphal arch of Louis XIV., the columns, obstructed by the immense crowds of the population of Paris, collected from every quarter of the south and the west, wavered a moment as if arrested by this tide of humanity; but at length they slowly opened a passage for themselves, by the avenue which leads to the Champs-Elysées. Paris had never seen such an ocean of sabres, of bayonets, and of cannons, inundate its streets and squares. The people, so often deceived by the bulletins of the Emperor, who only spoke to them of the victories of his arms and the defeats of his enemies, at length saw the melancholy truth with their own eyes; France disarmed and exhausted—Europe armed and inexhaustible. This spectacle detached them from the Emperor. The masses only judge by their senses: visible power attracts them to the side of fortune. On this occasion the multitude, at first silent and confounded, began to think the fall of Napoleon accomplished. From this feeling of his fall to a general execration of his fatal power, there was but one step; and some royalists speedily gave the signal for it.

XV.

When the allied sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Prince of Schwartzenburg, the generals, the ministers, and the ambassadors, all on horseback, had attained that part of the Boulevard adjoining the most opulent quarters of Paris, cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were uttered amongst

some groups around them. This cry, stifled since 1791, and new to the rising generation, astonished at first, like the echo of another century. The people, scarcely conceiving its object, continued a long time aloof. The sovereigns themselves, although secretly predisposed to receive it, seemed to think the demonstration was premature, and did not smile propitious. Their aspects grew dark, and they made signs with their hands to some gentlemen who had raised the cry to check and reserve their dangerous enthusiasm for another occasion. But whether this silent recommendation of prudence in the attitude of the sovereigns was sincere,—whether it was only a more clever and more delicate provocation for an expression of popular feeling,—certain it is that it was not obeyed. The groups, amongst which were a number of old republicans, mingled with young partisans of the Bourbons, seemed willing to do violence to the sovereigns and their suite,—to extort from them a sign of acquiescence in their cries. Around the Emperor and the King of Prussia, the generals and ministers, fearing less than their sovereigns to take part in the demonstration, gave visible encouragement, by looks, smiles, and gestures, to acclamations which avenged them on the Empire. As the staff of the allies penetrated still farther into the quarters inhabited by the nobility, bankers, and wealthy merchants, the seats of arts and luxury, these cries increased in volume and significance. The assemblages that uttered them multiplied around the princes. Some young people of both sexes, waving white handkerchiefs in their hands, displayed them to the eyes of the allies, like a standard, to remind them of a cause till then silent. The most devoted, forgetting all personal prudence, and even the dignity of a conquered people, threw themselves upon the horses of the sovereigns, embraced their boots, seized the reins of their bridles, clasped their hands, threw their eyes upwards on their countenances, and seemed to supplicate them to pronounce a word that would free their souls from the yoke of the Empire, and restore to them the kings of their fathers. They scattered white cockades amongst the crowd; they waved white ribbons at the ends of their canes; while the ladies, at the windows of their

houses, replied to these cries and these signals by similar demonstrations. They clapped their hands to encourage the royalists; they bowed from their balconies on the passage of the sovereigns; they dressed their windows with white flags; they raised up their children in their arms, and prolonged from house to house the multiplied cries of "Long live our liberators! Down with the tyrant! Long live the Bourbons!" The houses only presented one colour and one voice.

XVI.

The people of these quarters appeared to be astonished, and, as if undecided between the humiliation of seeing their capital in the hands of strangers and the novelty of the spectacle, Napoleon was in their eyes the great culprit of the invasion which profaned the stones of their city. The calm and affecting attitude of the sovereigns, the discipline of their troops, the politeness of the generals, the modesty of the conquerors, the miracle of the capital thus respected, of those tranquil hearths, of those peaceful processions, of those monuments undefiled, of those magazines wide open,—while not a hand dared touch the riches with which they were filled,—that armed National Guard which formed a barrier around this torrent of northern hordes,—this police, this security, these tranquil visages, these signs of joy, these festival banners in the bosom of a city so long threatened,—now occupied rather than conquered,—made the people pass from consternation to gratitude, and to the enthusiasm of their security in this bewilderment of their imagination and their senses. The slightest impulsion would have driven them to resolutions the most unexpected the evening before. Without knowing in reality the meaning of these signs, these flags, these royalist cries, they mingled with them tamely and blindly, as if out of complaisance towards some unknown object which presented itself to them for the solution of their uncertainties.

Nevertheless, this royalist movement (conceived in some chateaux and in some hotels, got up that morning only by some young men and some old members of the ancient nobility, favoured by some literary men, agreed to and encouraged by

some ambitious ones, eager to desert the Empire, and to offer their services to a new sovereign) did not communicate itself, without murmurs and without resistance amongst the people. Some blushed at this manifestation of real and profound hatred of the Empire, as being a shameful and compulsory homage to their conquerors. Others looked on such displays as unreflecting, imprudent, and as likely to form, on the morrow, lists of proscription against Paris. The greater number were actually ignorant for whom and for what the royalists were expending so much ardent enthusiasm. Children under the Republic, youths under the Consulate, men under the Empire—they knew nothing of the history of their country but the revolution, the conquests, and the reverses of the Emperor. The friends of the absent family of the Bourbons succeeded but with difficulty, and by taking public opinion as it were by surprise, to present before the eyes of the Emperor of Russia some appearance of a national wish in favour of the Restoration. One thing alone was sincere and profound amongst the reflecting part of the population,—weariness of the Empire, and hatred of tyranny.

XVII.

The marching of the allied armies continued for a portion of the day. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, constantly hemmed in and beset by a handful of royalists, had at length passed from reserve and indecision to enthusiasm. They had had short conversations and sudden colloquies with the men who pressed nearest to them. They appeared to be influenced by the opinions of those around them. These opinions and recollections were represented by men who bore the most celebrated names of the monarchy, or the highest fame in literature,—the Montmorencies, the Lévis, the D'Hauteforts, the Choiseuls, the Kergorlays, the Chateaubriands, the Fitz-James's, the Adhemars, the Noailles, the Boisgelins, the Talleyrand de Perigords, the Juignes, the Virieus. These men supplied the place of number by the energy and boldness of their fanaticism for the royal cause. Their attachment to the sovereigns of the ancient race of Bourbon was rather a

worship than a simple preference. It was less their power than their history that they sought to regain with the kings of their former days. On that morning, before the presence of the foreign troops could insure them the patronage of the allies, they had rashly risked their lives by grouping themselves, on foot or on horseback, on the Place de la Concorde, and individually wearing a cockade which the people might look upon as a symbol of treason, and punish with death. But carried away by impatience, and knowing that revolutions demand a devotion regardless of consequences, they had ventured their lives for their ancient reminiscences. Certain of being massacred by the people, or by Napoleon if they failed, they had no other salvation than in the complicity of the Emperor Alexander. This it was necessary to obtain, and in this they succeeded.

BOOK FIFTH.

Napoleon at the village of La Cour de France, near Paris, on the evening of the 30th March—Meeting between the retreating French troops of General Belliard and the Emperor—Napoleon learns the capitulation of Paris—His indignation—He sends Caulaincourt to Paris—Caulaincourt tries in vain to enter Paris—He returns to the Emperor—He is sent a second time to the Allies—Napoleon goes to Fontainebleau—Meeting of Caulaincourt and the Grand Duke Constantine at the Barriers—He takes Caulaincourt into Paris—Alexander receives him—Interview between Alexander and Caulaincourt.

I.

We must now ask what the Emperor was doing on the night preceding the triumphal entry of the foreign sovereigns into Paris?

We have seen that after having ordered the assembling by forced marches of the remains of his army on the 2nd of April, under the walls of Paris, he had quitted Troyes on the 30th of March, at daybreak; and that, accompanied only by Berthier, his major-general, and by Caulaincourt, his confidential negociator, he had precipitated his course towards Paris. Uncertain of the success or reverses of Marmont and Mortier, he trembled for the heart of his Empire, for his wife, for his son, for his brothers, for his throne, and for his glory. He hoped that his presence and his name alone would be equal to an army for the defence of Paris. He only asked two days from Time, and a respite from Destiny. If time and destiny had granted his request, 60,000 men concentrated under the walls, an immense artillery, ready supplies, a popular enthusiasm communicated by his soldiers, one or two brilliant successes over Schwartzenburg or Blucher, and negociations taken up by Caulaincourt on the basis of Chatillon, might still leave him, not his greatness but his throne. He no longer denied the necessity of peace, and he hastened to grasp it, after having so frequently disdained it.

But peace, the Empire, the throne, and glory were about to quit him all at the same time. He flew to learn as quick as possible the decree of destiny, so frequently dictated by him, and now recorded against him.

II.

In two hours the chance carriage he had procured near Montereau brought him at a gallop by the country roads across the plains between the village of Essonne and that of Villejuif, nearly to the gates of Paris. He had avoided Fontainebleau, for fear of finding the town occupied by detachments of Schwartzenburg's army. Nobody on the deserted roads, by which his guide had conducted him, could give him a word of intelligence as to the fate of Paris and his armies. The night was gloomy, the cold excessive, and the Emperor silent between the two last companions of his fortune. This carriage contained the master of the world flying to meet his destiny.

It stopped at the village of La Cour de France, built upon the last hill of a chain which commands the river and the valley of the Seine on one side, and the river and valley of the Essonne on the other. But the obscurity of the night only allowed him to see, to the right and left of these two vast horizons, the distant glimmer of bivouac fires, extending in lines on the hills of Villeneuve Saint George and of Charenton, and prolonged still nearer to the banks of the Seine, without being able to distinguish if these fires belonged to the troops of Mortier and Marmont, or to the enemy's camp.

III.

He threw himself out of the carriage, and ran to the Posting House, to inquire about what he was ardent and trembled to learn. Before he could meet a single man to interrogate, he saw, at some distance in the wide street of the village, disbanded soldiers, marching in groups towards Fontainebleau. He was astonished and indignant. "How!" he exclaimed; "what is the reason these soldiers are not marching on Paris?"

On hearing the voice of the Emperor, General Belliard, one of his most devoted lieutenants, issued forth from the obscurity of the door, and explained the fatal mystery of this contradictory march. "Paris," he said, "has capitulated; the enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise; and these troops are the remains of Marmont and Mortier's armies, falling back on Fontainebleau, in order to join the Emperor's army at Troyes."

A dead silence was the only answer of Napoleon, resembling the momentary hush which follows the sudden crushing of a lofty edifice. It was, in fact, the annihilation of his last hope. He passed his hands several times across his forehead, to wipe off the cold perspiration in which it was bathed; then, like a man who collects his fortitude to place him on a level with his misfortunes, he recomposed his features, strengthened his voice, resumed his firmness, and feigning against men an anger which he had only a right to feel against events, he broke out in an explosion of contempt and imprecations against his lieutenants, against his ministers, and against his brother, whose incapacity and want of character had allowed his enemies to get before him. He walked backwards and forwards with abrupt steps, followed by Caulaincourt, Berthier, and Belliard, on the open rugged place which extends in front of the hotel. He stopped—he rushed on again—he seemed to hesitate—then retraced his steps. He appeared to communicate to his walk, sometimes slow, and sometimes rapid, all the indecision, every impulse, every turn, and every confused movement of his thoughts. His lieutenants looked at each other, but did not dare to mingle their advice with the counsel he was holding in his own mind. Then he poured forth a volley of interrogatories.

"Where is my wife? where is my son? where is the army? What is become of the National Guard of Paris, and of the battle they were to have fought, to the last man, under its walls? and the marshals? and Mortier? and Marmont?—Where shall I find them again?"

He received answers to some of these questions; but without listening to them he went on.

"The night is still mine," he cried. "The enemy only

enters at daybreak! My carriage! my carriage! Let us go this instant! Let us get before Blucher and Schwartzenburg! Let Belliard follow me with the cavalry! Let us fight even in the streets and squares of Paris! My presence, my name, the courage of my troops, the necessity of following me, or of dying, will arouse Paris. My army, which is following me, will arrive in the midst of the struggle; it will take the enemy in rear, while we are fighting them in front! Come on! Success awaits me, perhaps, in my last reverse." And, stamping his feet with impatience, he hastened with voice and gesture the carriage he had ordered.

Berthier, Belliard, and Caulaincourt, confounded at the extent of a disaster, of which they had only revealed to him one-half, trembled at the idea of a battle of extermination in the midst of a great capital. It would be the war of ancient barbarism, with its conflagrations, its massacres, and its cities and people obliterated from the soil. They were obliged to remind him that the rights of men, no less than the laws of humanity, were decidedly opposed to a design so extreme and so fatal. They acknowledged to him that the army of Paris and the generals were already bound by a convention which made it their duty to fall back upon Fontainebleau. "Madmen!" exclaimed Napoleon to himself. "Joseph! My ministers! What! with a formidable artillery in their arsenals, they had only a battery of six pieces, and an empty magazine on Montmartre. They ought to have had 200 pieces there. What have they done with them? Men without hearts, or without heads, to let everything go to destruction where I am not!"

IV.

Then still more earnestly he demanded a carriage and horses, to fly to the assistance of the capital. "I must go there at every risk!" he said; "I shall never quit it but dead or a conqueror!"

But while Napoleon thus abandoned himself to this extremity of anger, impatience, and heroism, in presence of the three companions of his fortunes, who were standing immoveably before him, some generals, colonels, and troopers of his guard,

in their retreat, arrived successively in groups on the road from Paris, stopped, dismounted on hearing his name, and closed sorrowfully around their Emperor. He interrogated them one by one, and heard from them, one after another, the details of the battle, the retreat of their corps, the loss of their regiments, and the breaking up of their forces. The bodies of 4000 men strewed the environs of Paris.

At these recitals, which were mutually confirmed and even aggravated by the different relators, Napoleon, at length gave up the idea of sending back this wreck of the army upon Paris, or of going thither himself. He reverted to the idea of negociating again, for a remnant of the Empire, before the enemy should occupy his palace. He recollected that he was the friend of Alexander, that he was the son-in-law of the Emperor Francis. He thought that these titles, and the shadow of his own name, would arrest in time the last profanation of his crown. He took Caulaincourt aside, and ordered him to get a horse saddled, and to penetrate before daybreak to the quarter-general of the allies. "Ride full speed," he said to his confidential negociator. "Ride! I am given up and sold! See if I have time yet to intervene in the treaty which is signing, perhaps already, without me and against me. I give you full powers! Do not lose an instant! I await you here! Return at a moment, and let me know my fate!" Caulaincourt rode off, and cleared at a gallop the short distance which separated them from Villejuif. Napoleon ordered Belliard to bivouac the troops, as they arrived from the other side of the river Essonne. He then entered the hotel, followed by Belliard and Berthier.

V.

Meanwhile Caulaincourt arrived at the advanced posts of the enemy, gave his name, and demanded in vain a passage, as being charged with a mission from the Emperor. He was obliged to give up the hope of passing, and returned, two hours after his departure, to find his master, and acquaint him with his fruitless attempt. But nothing satisfied Napoleon, who wished, at every hazard, that his name should appear in the

treaty either as Emperor or General. A treaty in which, should his name and interests be omitted, would be at once to pronounce his dethronement. He only allowed Caulaincourt time to get a fresh horse, and then sent him to try another route. "The wretches!" he exclaimed, while Caulaincourt wiped the perspiration from his brow;—"the cowards! I only asked them to hold out twenty-four hours! There is Marmont, who had sworn that he would be cut to pieces under the walls of Paris! and Joseph, my brother, setting my troops the example of retreat! Nevertheless, they knew that on the 2nd of April, the day after to-morrow, I should be at the head of 60,000 men, at the gates! And there is my brave guard! and my young military schools! and the volunteers, who are astounded at that National Guard who had sworn to me to defend my wife and my son! They have capitulated! They have betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign! They have dishonoured France in the eyes of Europe! They have permitted the enemy's columns, which I was in pursuit of, to enter a capital of 1,000,000 souls!"

Then turning to Caulaincourt:—"Hasten!" he cried. "Quick! quick! Force an entrance to the Emperor Alexander! I'll sign whatever you conclude with them. I have no other hope but in you! This night contains my fate and that of the Empire!"

After these broken expressions, the Emperor held out his hand to Caulaincourt, who pressed it as he raised it to his lips. The night was now far advanced, as Caulaincourt galloped once more into the deep obscurity, by another road to Paris, the lights of which he saw glimmering before him.

VI.

Napoleon, renouncing for the moment an armed return to his capital, mounted his horse, and slowly and in silence took the route to Fontainebleau,—this palace of his happiness, of his hunting, and of his fêtes. A group of general officers followed him, absorbed in sad reflection. At daybreak the Emperor arrived in the empty court-yard of this residence of

Francis I. As if already desirous of accommodating his existence in proportion to his destiny, which was fast contracting, and of abdicating his pomp before his Empire, he forbade the state apartments to be opened for him. He took up his residence, rather as a private person than a sovereign, in an *entresol* at the angle of the palace. Its windows opened upon the garden, shaded on this side by a forest of fir trees. A staircase of a few steps descended from his chamber into a parterre, reserved and separated by an enclosure from the royal garden. This parterre, the shrubs of which had scarcely begun to bud on the approach of April, bore some resemblance to those *Champs des morts* of Corsica and Tuscany, enclosed with walls and bordered with cypress trees; a conformity of site and destination which had, doubtless, induced Napoleon instinctively to shelter his destiny in this angle of the chateau.

The troops, as they arrived by different routes from Paris, and from Troyes, by Fossard, were cantoned in the town and the adjacent villages.

VII.

We shall now return to Caulaincourt, who expected nothing from obeying a second time the orders of his master, whom misfortune had rendered more imperative than ever. He was stopped and interrogated every instant by officers, soldiers, and friends of Napoleon, fugitives from Paris, who asked him where the Emperor was. "We fought for him till night came on," cried the troops. "Let him but appear! If he lives, let us know his wishes; we are ready to fight again! Let him lead us back to Paris! The enemy shall never enter its walls but over the dead body of the last French soldier! If he is dead, still let us know it, and lead us against the enemy. We will avenge his fall!"

Such was the disposition of the troops,—so different from that of the people:—their faces sunburnt, their lips shrivelled; their eyes bloodshot, with arms in slings, and shoes worn off their feet—these soldiers, seated in road-side ditches, or dragging themselves through the muddy roads, imparted by their

aspect a character of despair and melancholy in their attachment to their Emperor. Every time that Caulaincourt told them that Napoleon was alive, and that he was waiting for them at Fontainebleau, they responded in a voice almost extinct, by the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Then, with accelerated pace, they resumed their journey to rejoin him.

While these last sad remnants of his army were protesting against ingratitude with their almost expiring efforts, the civil and military chiefs, amongst whom he had divided the spoils of the world, were bargaining with his conquerors, and giving his throne as a ransom for their titles and their treasures.

VIII.

The Russians were encamped on the roads which debouch at the barriers of Melun, Orleans, and Chartres. A girdle of forces of all nations thus encircled Paris. At daybreak Caulaincourt found himself in the midst of these troops getting ready to seize upon their prey. A murmur of pride and joy issued from all the bivouacs. Martial instruments of music, and the voices of the officers, were summoning the soldiers to the triumph of entering that capital which the sun was about to illumine. This joy was like the solemnity of mourning to the eyes and the heart of Napoleon's wandering negociator. Repulsed a second time from all the posts, he took refuge, during the whole day, in one of those isolated farm-houses which stand amidst the vast plains of Paris. This shelter he did not quit until the evening, when the silence of drums and trumpets gave him to understand that the allied armies had all entered within the walls.

Conceiving that Paris being now occupied, the interdiction, which had hitherto stopped his passage would cease, and that he could at length penetrate to the residence of Alexander, he proceeded accordingly; but being repulsed once more, he was discouraged, and in despair took the route to Fontainebleau. By chance, however, he met the carriage of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother to the Emperor of Russia, who was about to enter the barriers. This prince recognised Caulaincourt,

who had been a long time Napoleon's ambassador in Russia. He saluted him as an unfortunate friend; and confessed to him that the most inflexible precautions were taken by the minions of Monsieur de Talleyrand, whose guest Alexander was, to close the cabinet of the sovereigns against every emissary of Napoleon. But prevailed on by the prayers and the manly sorrow of Caulaincourt, Constantine ventured to violate the countersign of this policy. He took Caulaincourt into his carriage, dressed him with his own hands in a pelisse and a Russian cap, and conducted him thus disguised to the Champs-Elysées, in the vicinity of the hotel of Monsieur de Talleyrand. He left Caulaincourt alone in his carriage, under the safeguard of his Cossacks; and from this concealment the ambassador of Napoleon witnessed, during a part of the night, the tumultuous concourse of diplomatic personages, of generals and political men that the critical hour, and the still undecided councils of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had brought to the gates of the palace, from which the voice of fate was about to issue.

The Grand Duke Constantine, being detained by his brother, did not return to his carriage till towards morning. He had at length obtained from Alexander permission to introduce the last representative of Napoleon. Caulaincourt dismounted, and traversed, under his disguise, protected by the Grand Duke, the saloons full of the enemies of his master. He passed unknown, and was received by Alexander.

IX.

The Emperor was familiar, magnanimous, and compassionate. He encouraged the confidence of Caulaincourt by the confidence he himself displayed. He recalled his ancient sentiments for Napoleon; and evinced his intention of treating him with that generosity which heroes owe to themselves after a victory. He did not pronounce upon the fate which was reserved for him; but he acknowledged to Caulaincourt that his reign and the reign of his son, who would be inspired by the traditions of his glory and of his conquests, were declared to be thenceforward incompatible with the peace of Europe and European order.

"Is his ruin then sworn?" said the ambassador. "Whose fault is it?" replied Alexander, in a tone inflexible, but full of emotion. "Whose fault is it? What have I not done to prevent these extremities,—to open his eyes to the crime and the danger of coming to invade my empire—an empire whose sovereign felt honoured with the name of his friend? In the candid simplicity of my youth, I had believed more in friendship than in policy. He has cruelly deceived me. But never mind; if his destiny depended solely on this hand I would sign a peace once more on the condition of leaving this empire to my enemy. I find no hatred in my heart, which was formerly full of enthusiasm for him. But the peace of the world requires the re-establishment of the house of Bourbon on the throne of France. These princes have had a numerous party in the councils of the allies. With this family Europe has no war to apprehend. Talleyrand answers to us for the wishes of the Senate, of the people, and of the chiefs of the army. Everything intimates to us the weariness of glory and of sacrifices for one man alone, who has abused the enthusiasm that your nation has evinced for him."

X.

Caulaincourt endeavoured to convince the Emperor of Russia that this pretended return of the hearts of the people to the forgotten family of these kings, was only an artifice concocted between some diplomatists and courtiers of the old regime, to counterfeit public opinion. That the Bourbons had retrograded a century in twenty-five years; that a long exile was an abyss between them and France of the present day: that their return, by reviving, in the hearts of the old nobility and of the clergy, hopes counter-revolutionary, but without force, would only occasion new struggles between popular and monarchical principles—struggles in which the monarchy, certainly vanquished, would again compromise the thrones of the world.

Alexander admitted the danger; but he turned aside these objections by repeating to Caulaincourt that the Bourbons

would by no means be forced upon, or even suggested to France by the allies:—that they would limit themselves to declaring the incompatibility of Europe with the conquering dynasty of Napoleon; and that, for all the rest, they were decided on referring the free choice of its government to the opinion of the nation. He added, that the great bodies constituted by Napoleon himself had already loudly declared their return to the ancient royal house, based upon liberal and constitutional institutions. The Emperor, however, yielding a little, as if from complaisance to Caulaincourt, finished by regretting his want of power and his isolation in the council of the sovereigns, and by promising the ambassador that he would plead again the following day the cause of the regency of Marie-Louise.

The night was far advanced, and day was about to break: the Emperor, as if desirous of sanctioning the hopes that he had given to Caulaincourt, by a still greater act of kindness, made him sleep on a divan in the chamber where he himself slept. The part he had to play was not yet quite settled in his own mind. He had been dazzled at an early age by enthusiasm for Napoleon; he was proud of having measured his strength with him in the page of history; he affected from his infancy, which was trained by revolutionary instructors, the popularity of a prince in advance of his age; he rallied old notions, and the antiquated remains of the court and emigration. He had no inclination for the princes of the house of Bourbon. These princes had only shown at St. Petersburg the externals of the chivalry of their race, at a period when Catherine II. expected from them the temerity of heroism, and when she had lent them her subsidies and her support. Moreover, Alexander dreaded England through these princes, who had become for many years the clients of that power.

Caulaincourt, privately shut up all the following day in the apartment of the Grand Duke Constantine, waited, with a mixture of hope and fear, the result of the last councils, which now multiplied between the sovereigns, the foreign generals, the partisans of the house of Bourbon, the influential members of the Senate, and the marshals of the Emperor. This day

was to reveal the fate of Europe, transfer the sceptre from one hand to another, abolish the military government, and bring to an end a domination of which even its glory could no longer lighten the burthen. The reign of the sword was terminating; that of opinion was about to commence.

BOOK SIXTH.

Alexander at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand—M. de Talleyrand—Night conference of the Allies—Deliberation—Alexander—The Duke d'Alberg—Pozzo di Borgo—M. de Talleyrand—Declaration of the Sovereigns—Royalist deputation to Alexander—Answer of M. de Nesselrode—Royalist Propagandism—The Press—Pamphlet of M. de Chateaubriand: "Bonaparte and the Bourbons"—The public mind—Convocation of the Senate—Sitting of the 1st of April—Formation of the Provisional Government—M. de Talleyrand—The Duke d'Alberg—M. de Jancourt—General Beurnonville—The Abbé de Montesquiou—The Municipal Council—Manifesto of M. Bellart.

I.

After his triumphal entrance into Paris, the Emperor Alexander had dismounted at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, situated at the angle of the Champs-Elyseé and of the garden of the Tuileries, whose vast and splendid apartments had served as a pretext to the ministers and aides-de-camp of the Emperor for their choice of this residence. But the underhand relations of M. de Talleyrand with the foreign diplomatists of Alexander's cabinet, his private correspondence with the princes of the house of Bourbon, through M. de Vitrolles, a voluntary negociator, bold and active, between royalist opinions and imperialist disaffection, the hatred which M. de Talleyrand sufficiently evinced, since his disgrace, against the Emperor, his influence with the Senate, his credit with old partisans of the revolution, his family connections and intercourse with the highest aristocracy of France,—finally, his reputation, almost prophetic, for divining events, now became so great, that when he was seen inclining towards either party in the State, it was looked upon as insuring the fortune of that party. These were the real motives which had conducted Alexander to the hotel of this statesman. Even this favour of the young sovereign, in becoming the guest of the old diplomatist, was calculated to increase the importance which public

opinion already attached to the resolutions of M. de Talleyrand. The royalist party, which knew beforehand that the Restoration would arise out of these conferences, had had the cleverness to place them thus at the very hearth and under the auspices of the statesman whose ear they wished to gain, and whose credit they wished to consolidate.

II.

For a long time past M. de Talleyrand had inspired Napoleon with serious suspicions. He had several times meditated his arrest, in order to put a stop to intrigues and defections, for which his first reverses were to be the signal. He had not, however, dared to do it. Bold and prompt in striking vulgar treason; even cruel, and devoid of justice and of pity towards the Duke d'Enghien, the Sovereign Pontiff, and the princes of the house of Spain, yet Napoleon, at this latter period, had become weak in resolution towards certain leaders of public opinion in his own court, whom he hated, but was obliged to tolerate. He flew into passions, he murmured, he threatened. He broke out intentionally into fits of anger against them, but, when about to strike, his heart failed him.. He caressed, he enriched, he made efforts to retain, or to draw towards him, by an excess of benefits, or an apparent confidence, those whom he dreaded the most as secret enemies. It might be said that, implacable as he was towards physical power, he was prudent towards the powers of intelligence and opinion, as if he foresaw that his ruin would spring from the revolt of intellect against material power. Fouché and Talleyrand were two examples of this weakness. Dreading in Fouché a revolutionary conspirator, who might some day or other rekindle the republican spark in the Senate and amongst the people, he contented himself with removing him honourably from Paris, and retaining him in Italy, under the pretext of a superintendence in chief of Rome and Naples. Apprehending in Talleyrand a royalist conspirator, who might, in case of reverse, give up him and his dynasty as a ransom to the old powers of Europe, he had not even ventured to remove him from Paris during his campaign. He placed

him under the surveillance of Savary, his minister of police; but he left him his dignities, his official confidence; even his place in the Council of State, between his brother Joseph and the Empress. M. de Talleyrand had such decided weight with public opinion, that it seemed to the Emperor less dangerous still to tolerate him as a doubtful friend, than to strike him as a declared enemy. This timidity and want of decision hastened his political ruin at home; as they had prepared his military decay in his last campaigns. He had become, as he advanced in years, a man of expedients. This was an inconsistency in principle. Tyranny, which deliberates and compounds, is only the hesitation of violence. M. de Talleyrand knew the Emperor's hatred of him, and the private terror with which he inspired his master. He was decided on having the first blow, and anxiously watched for the hour, to declare himself without imprudence.

III.

At length he thought the hour had arrived, and he seized upon it the day that Joseph and the Empress left Paris with the government. His proper place was in the midst of this fugitive court: he received an order to follow it to Blois, and he feigned obedience. He had his equipages prepared ostentatiously, sent some confidants to the barrier, by which he was to depart, got into his carriage, departed, and caused himself to be arrested at the gates of Paris by the accomplices he had posted there. This pretended opposition to his following the imperial government appeared to him a sufficient pretext for returning to his hotel, and remaining at Paris. He thought he should be all right with Napoleon if victory brought him back to his capital, and all right with his enemies if they entered before him. His connection with the allied princes and sovereigns, the hints he had dropt at Petersburg, at Vienna, and at London, his problematical resistance to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, to the usurpation of the throne of Spain, to Napoleon's ambition for conquest, his influence in the Senate, where he was at the same time the representative of the Emperor's wishes, and the compass which steered the

opposition ; finally, his prodigious reputation for cleverness and foresight, must assign him a great part to act in the battle that was to decide the fate of the world. We have seen that his foresight did not deceive him, and that his residence became the council-hall of Europe.

IV.

The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Prince of Schwartzenburg (representing the Emperor of Austria, Prince Lichtenstein, Count Nesselrode minister and confidant of Alexander), assembled in conference on the night which followed their entrance into Paris. They were still excited by their triumph, astonished at the solemn yet smiling aspect of the capital, which, from the Porte Saint Martin to the Tuileries, had seemed to receive them less as conquerors than guests. The acclamations of the royalists, who begged of them a king of their ancient race, still resounded in their ears. Doubtless also their long resentment, and the memory of their humiliations under the sword of Napoleon, cried for vengeance from the depth of their hearts. In another point of view, the rising of the capital of the Empire against an enemy still under arms, must seem to them a decisive weapon against him. Thus the pride of these sovereigns, the worship of the old dynastics, the expiation of the triumphs against their people, and the tactics most proper to disarm the common enemy, combined in advising them secretly to make choice of another government for France. But what they wished they did not dare to do of themselves. They desired to give an appearance of freedom to the national will, and only to appear as the armed witnesses of the fall of Napoleon and the establishment of another monarchy. But the presence alone of the foreign sovereigns, at the head of a million of men, at this deliberation, stigmatized its independence and its dignity. There can be no deliberation under the sword. The attitude of the country, at the moment it was recalling the house of Bourbon, was sufficient to taint the Restoration with servitude; and it served somewhat later as a perpetual text to its enemies.

This text, so true in appearance, was nevertheless, at this moment, really false. With the exception of the army, and of the servile and military court of the Emperor, France, almost to a man, longed to throw off the yoke of a master who oppressed the country while he made it illustrious. If France had been called upon to vote with an entire freedom of opinion, in the absence of Napoleon's army as well as of the armies of the allies, it is not at all doubtful to those who recollect that period, that it would have voted almost unanimously for the downfall of Napoleon and his dynasty. But whether it would have voted for restoring the princes of the exiled house of Bourbon, or for a constitutional republic, which should be the guardian of the principles of its revolution of 1789, may form a question. A government which connected tradition with hope, which reconciled hostile thrones, and which promised a peaceful era to the nations,—such a government, accredited by pledges of liberty, of constitution, of amnesty for the past, and of progress for the future,—had a better chance of being freely voted than the Empire, which had been made unpopular by its defeats, or than the Republic, which was threatening from its recollections. It is therefore correct to say that the Restoration was adopted under a foreign hand, and that in appearance it was a forced government; but it is still more correct to say that it would have been equally adopted, under the above circumstances, by the unbiassed wishes of liberated France. It would have appeared as an obligatory transaction with Europe, and a transaction of preference with itself,—an act of necessity in a pleasing reminiscence;—that is the real state of the case. It was sufficient in the crisis to pronounce the name to the French people to induce them instantly to adopt it. The intrigues of the royalists, after all, aided but little towards the triumph; it was more the triumph of circumstances than of a party.

V.

Alexander gave every possible freedom to discussion in this conference. He alone of the allied sovereigns spoke, and with the eloquence of a great soul enacting a great part. The spirit

of the age had illumined his breast; and he seemed to promulgate it from the throne as if he had been, at one and the same time, the genius of monarchies and the genius of nations. The future page of Europe, liberal and constitutional, unfolded itself before him. He was recognised as the pupil of Catherine II., that Semiramis of the North, who drew her inspiration from the philosophy of Montesquieu and Voltaire. He was felt to be the disciple and friend of the republican La Harpe, the correspondent of the German philosophers, and of the school of Madame de Staël. He repudiated conquest in the name of humanity, despotism in the name of the dignity of nations, the dismemberment of France in the name of the independence of races and of the equilibrium of Europe. "We have here," he said, in conclusion, "only two enemies to combat,—Napoleon, the oppressor of the world, and the enemies, whoever they may be, of the independence of the French people." Then turning towards the King of Prussia,—modest, sorrowful and silent since the death of his wife, Queen Louise, the beauty of Germany, who was killed by the victories and the insults of Napoleon,—"My brother," he continued, "and you Prince Schwartzenburg, who represent here the Emperor of Austria, say if my words are not the expression of our sentiments in common towards France."

The King of Prussia and the generalissimo replied by a simple inclination of the head; and the resolution was forthwith adopted of dethroning the disturber of Europe.

VI.

The Duke d'Alberg, a confidant of M. de Talleyrand, but a confidant thrust forward by him to beat the way, and occasionally to fall into dilemmas, then defended the cause of the regency of Marie-Louise. He represented the dangers of a new struggle between the revolution consummated, and the threatening counter-revolution, under a family long exiled; the propriety of respecting, in the Empress, the daughter of one of the sovereigns leagued to deliver Europe, but not to humiliate himself by the degradation of his own blood; and the passion of

the army for the name of Napoleon, which thus connected it with the cause of his wife and of his son. The King of Prussia displayed no sign of favour or dissent on his immoveable countenance; while Prince Schwartzenburg, though, as a member of the German aristocracy, hating the sovereignty of a parvenu, still could not, as generalissimo of the Emperor Francis, oppose the consideration which the conference entertained for his sovereign.

M. de Talleyrand, so penetrating, studied with a *coup d'œil*, apparently dull and distracted, the impressions which the words of the Duke d'Alberg had produced on the countenance of Alexander. He thought he could perceive the astonishment and pain which the proposition of a Napoleon regency had involuntarily impressed on the features of the Emperor of Russia. This prince, in fact, could feel no inclination for a regency which would always give, in the councils of France, an ascendancy so paternal, so filial, and so dominant to Austria. The movement of his lips had several times indicated that he was repressing, in his own mind, his objections to this proposition. M. de Talleyrand abandoned by his silence a confidant whom he had compromised. He spoke no more himself. His long connection with Napoleon, the titles, the functions, the gifts that he had received from him imposed upon him, even amidst his ingratitude, the externals of gratitude and sorrow. It was his cue not to provoke but to seem to accept the necessity of this defection. A man who already had an understanding with him, an intrepid soldier, a consummate diplomatist, aide-de-camp to Alexander, admitted into all the secrets of the allied courts, of which he was the motive power, and a man whose mind possessed the stubborn will of the Corsican with the graceful flexibility of the Greek, Pozzo di Borgo, opportunely broke a silence which might have given birth to a half measure.

VII.

Pozzo di Borgo was a countryman of Napoleon's, and like him, of a noble family. He was connected with him also at the commencement of his career, by a conformity of revolu-

Character of Pozzo di Borgo.

tionary ardour and of youth, by which he had been signalized in his island, and by which he had been carried to the Legislative Assembly. He had been affected by the virtues and the misfortunes of Louis XVI. He had returned to Corsica con verted to constitutional royalty, and had there fomented and served the cause of the independence of his country, which he wished to deliver from the tyranny of the Reign of Terror. He had, in concert with the patriot Paoli, solicited the alliance of England. Meanwhile, Napoleon had persevered in the contrary cause, and had become an adept of the most exalted Jacobinism. Hence sprang up, between these two islanders, one of those hatreds which the sun of the south transmits from race to race with the blood. Having taken refuge in London, after the expulsion of the English from Corsica, Pozzo di Borgo there connected himself with the most implacable enemies of Bonaparte. Gifted with a noble exterior, with the most penetrating and impassioned eloquence, the most simple and most elegant manners—a soldier, a diplomatist, a publicist,—at once a man of pleasure and of business—Pozzo di Borgo had been admitted, by the attraction alone of his superior nature, into the familiarity and the esteem of the English and continental aristocracy. He was one of those men whose merit and attraction strike the eye at the first glance. Admitted into the Russian service he had gained the attachment of Alexander by a similarity of natural gifts, and he had been employed by this sovereign at the court of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. These two refugees from Napoleon had associated their hatred against him; and it was by their hands that the political plans, and the plans of campaign for the liberation of Europe, had been traced. Moreau, this old rival of Napoleon's, was recalled from America by their counsels, but arrived too late. Pozzo had followed the Emperor Alexander through all the battle-fields of 1813 and of 1814. That prince's aide-de-camp by day, his councillor at night, able in foreseeing where the fortune of the enemy should be struck at, he had pointed out Paris with his finger to the Emperor Alexander, at the moment Napoleon appeared to be resuming the offensive at Troyes. The Emperor con-

fided in his counsel, and triumphed under his inspiration: he was therefore more than ever disposed to listen to it.

VIII.

Pozzo di Borgo knew that he flattered in secret the inclinations of his master, the intrigues of M. de Talleyrand, the vengeance of the court of London, and the resentment of the aristocracy of Vienna, in speaking against the half measure of the regency. "As long as the name of Napoleon," he said, "weighs from the throne of France upon the imagination of Europe, Europe will not consider itself either satisfied or delivered. It will always see in the government of the son, a minor, the threatening soul of the father. Peace, necessary to nations, and glorious to kings, will have no foundation in public confidence. War will always spring up under the feet of the man who has ravaged, humbled, and subdued the continent. If he is present, nothing will restrain his genius, impatient of action and of adventures. The allied armies will have no sooner returned into their respective countries than ambition again will inflame the mind of this man; again he will summon to the field his country, speedily restored from its disasters; and once more it will be necessary to repeat over him those victories so dearly purchased by the treasures and the blood of the human race. If banished far from France, his councils will cross the sea, and his lieutenants and his ministers will seize upon the regency. They will show his son as a standard of fanaticism, and as an idol to his troops. France, which now abhors the author of its ruin, will rise to demand him again from the sovereigns. Will they refuse the war? or will they again accept it? To allow the Empire to survive the Emperor, this is not to extinguish the incendiary fire of Europe, but to cover it with treacherous ashes, under which will smoulder a new conflagration. Half measures are the disavowal of great minds. Europe has performed an immense work in liberating the continent from its tyrant. Will it now stultify its labours by a conclusion that will render both its power and its wisdom doubtful for the future? It is for

the sovereigns and the statesmen to decide. For my part, I coincide with victory—it made Napoleon, and it has un-made him! It was his only title to the Empire,—let the Empire fall with the man who raised it! At this price alone you can purchase the security of thrones and nations."

IX.

The sentiments so forcibly expressed by Pozzo di Borgo were so consonant with the feelings of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwartzenburg, and M. de Talleyrand, that these personages appeared to yield from conviction to the force of motives which were but too strongly implanted in their own breasts.

It was therefore unanimously agreed, without further discussion, that the throne of France should be interdicted to the race of Napoleon.

The Emperor being set aside, there now remained either a Bourbon or one of those kings and of those military chiefs that victory and the favour of Napoleon had elevated to the level of thrones. The Emperor Alexander seemed inclined to this course. He had too long and too loudly repudiated the worn-out cause of the legitimate sovereigns of monarchical France, not to feel humbled in secret at now returning to it. He had fraternised too much for the last ten years with the members of the Napoleon family,—with his generals and his ambassadors; in a word, he had affected too much to be a man of the new era, to put himself forward now as the advocate of the old; he thought he should lose thereby something of the popularity of being an imprejudiced prince, with which the men of the imperial epoch had flattered him, and on which he prided himself as much as on victory. He muttered, it is said, the name of Bernadotte, the Frenchman, King of Sweden; then leagued with the enemies of his country. It is thought he had given to Bernadotte, not promises but vague hopes, when he seduced and riveted him to the Coalition. Madame de Staël and the liberal party, of which she was the oracle, had also enjoyed the hospitality of the King of Sweden, and in her

rancour against Napoleon she had frequently agitated at Stockholm the idea of replacing Bonaparte by a newly-made prince, rendered popular by a revolutionary spirit, of which he would be the restoration in a constitutional government.

X.

M. de Talleyrand was certain, beforehand, of the almost unanimous success of his scheme. He read this at the bottom of all that had been spoken, and all that had been omitted, by those who appeared to be deliberating. "There are," said he, with that oracular brevity which precisely states the idea and obviates objection,—"there are only two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance. Legitimacy is a right recovered, recognised, consecrated by reasoning and by tradition. Chance is victory, or defeat, fortune, reverse, despotism, revolution, fact! Europe, if it wishes to escape revolution, fact, chance, or subversion, should attach itself to right; or, in other words, to legitimacy. Decrees will then no longer be simply material force; they will be the moral authority of a dogma superior to the vicissitudes of events."

"There are," he added, addressing himself to the Emperor Alexander, as if replying to his insinuation of the name of Bernadotte,—"there are only two things possible in this case: either Napoleon, or Louis XVIII. The Emperor can have no other successor on the throne than a king by right. Any one elevated to the rank of king by victory, or by genius, would be beneath him. He is the first of soldiers. After him, there is not one in France, or in the world, who could make ten men march in his cause." He thus developed his thoughts in few words. Then summing them up in a concise axiom, calculated to fix itself in the intellect, and to run its course under a light form in the circulation of floating opinions,—"Everything, Sire, that is not Napoleon or Louis XVIII. is an intrigue!"

This was placing the Emperor and the council in an alternative which did not allow them to hesitate in their decision.

Napoleon was the supreme danger. The intrigue was a palliative unworthy of Europe. Alexander exclaimed, like a man convinced beforehand, that M. de Talleyrand had read the riddle of the difficulty, and that he was most decidedly of his opinion.

"But," he added, with an appearance of scruple and anxiety, which seemed to attest his respect for the French nation, "we are strangers—we cannot thus appear to dispose of the throne—we cannot recall, by our own sole authority, princes whom the people, perhaps, will not receive from our hands. What means have we of ascertaining the real wishes of the nation?"

XI.

M. de Talleyrand pronounced the name of the Senate, the only great constituted body then at Paris. This body had no popular mission, being nominated by the Emperor; but it was imposing by the names of its members, and by the part Napoleon had made it play, with an appearance of deference which the Senate repaid him in adulation. The Senate could, therefore, in a crisis like the present, simulate in the eyes of France and of Europe a shadow of representation. Its voice, if it ventured to elevate it, might impart to a resolution, not the authority of right but the signal of revolution. By a strange phenomenon of suppleness in this debased, and, so to speak, domestic body of the empire, M. de Talleyrand was previously certain of its complaisance towards the Emperor when triumphant, and of its defection from the Emperor when vanquished. Those things which the imperial Senate represented the best, were the vices of the nation (broken down under ten years of despotism), versatility, adoration of success, and treachery to misfortune. M. de Talleyrand answered for this constituted body to Alexander. He took the pen to draw up with his own hand (under the dictation of the sovereigns and generals present at the conference), the declaration to the French, which he wished to render irrevocable by a publicity that would make it impossible for any one to alter their minds on the subject.

XII.

"The allied armies," wrote M. de Talleyrand, "have occupied the capital of France. The sovereigns have heard the wishes of the French nation, and declare—

"That if the conditions of peace ought to comprise the strongest guarantees, when the object was to enchain the ambition of Bonaparte, they ought to be more favourable, when, by a return towards a wise government, France herself will offer the assurance of repose. The sovereigns proclaim in consequence—

"That they will no longer treat with Napoleon Bonaparte—"

These were the identical words which the conference dictated to him who held the pen. He felt that they might leave a hope and a return to the Empire in the person of the son, or of some member of the dynasty whom he wished to include in the same interdiction. He stopped in silence, and looked at the Emperor of Russia, as if he would have interrogated the eyes of this prince, and would have supplicated him to finish with another word a sentence which appeared to him insufficient and dangerous. Alexander understood the glance, walked about the saloon in some agitation, looked in his turn, without speaking, at the King of Prussia and the Austrian generalissimo; then, as if he had taken upon himself alone the hazard and the responsibility of this total condemnation of the modern dynasty,—"Nor with any member of his family," said he, indicating with his finger to M. de Talleyrand to finish thus the suspended phrase. None of the members of the conference uttered an objection against this decision of Alexander; M. de Talleyrand wrote, and continued:—

"The sovereigns will respect the integrity of ancient France, such as it existed under its legitimate kings. They may even do more, because they will always profess the principle that, for the happiness of Europe, France must be great and powerful."

"They will recognise and guarantee the constitution that the French nation shall adopt."

"They invite the Senate to designate, as speedily as possible, a provisional government, who may provide for the necessities of the administration, and prepare the constitution which will suit the French people."

XIII.

M. de Talleyrand, wishing to forestal, by a revolution accomplished, the arrival of the Emperor of Austria at Paris, and the intrigues, the supplications, and the paternal remorse which the partisans of the Empire might excite in the heart of this prince, gave orders instantly for the printing, posting, and distributing of this declaration.

In every word it contains, there may be recognised the hand of a man consummate in the knowledge and in the practice of public opinion. The resentment against Napoleon, universal then in the minds of the people, weary and trampled on, was satisfied by his forfeiture of the Empire. The national repugnance to the influence of Austria, during a long minority, received therein a guarantee in the exclusion of the regency. Patriotism was reassured in it by the integrity of the kingdom. National ambition was even flattered by the possibility in perspective of an aggrandizement of territory. The royalists saw in it the certain restoration of the only race which could replace glory by that legitimacy, the name of which was now first pronounced to the people. Reviving liberalism was therein called forth, and excited at the summons of liberty, by the promise of a constitution freely discussed. The new-born interests and the Napoleonian ambitions were therein pacified by the appeal made to the Senate, who would certainly betray no one but the Emperor, and who would shield with amnesty and inviolability the lives, the fortunes, and the dignities of the army, and of the court of Napoleon. Finally, the people of the capital and of the provinces, who were trembling for their country, for their homes, and for the security of person and property, were therein admirably invited to the peace, by the magnanimity of the conquerors, who swore to respect all men,—one alone excepted.

XIV.

Accordingly, this declaration, so cleverly moulded, with pledges and hopes to all, was received by an immense majority of the people with acclamations. The army alone was sorrowful; but it felt itself alone. It lamented, but without giving way to irritation. The chiefs, satiated and worn out, restrained instead of exciting the emotions of the soldiers.

XV.

Scarcely had the rumours and the first copies of this declaration passed beyond the walls of Monsieur de Talleyrand's hotel, amongst the groups of royalists who waited on the staircases, in the courts, and on the square, when cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" arose towards heaven, and resounded through the windows of the apartment where the sovereigns were still sitting. Some hundreds of young gentlemen, of the noblest houses of the faubourg Saint Germain, felt themselves impelled to seize on the hour given by Providence to the ancient aristocracy and to the secular monarchy. Ancient servants of Louis XVI. escaped from the scaffold and from emigration—journalists oppressed and despoiled by the despotism of Napoleon's police, such as the Bertins, &c.—publicists and writers who had not deserted the lost cause, such as Messrs. de Chateaubriand and Ferrand—and, finally, those young patricians, so elegant, so intrepid, and so energetic, that were attracted by the whirlwind of the moment—assembled in the first house that would open to their impatience to deliberate on the impulsion to be given to the great event. The object was to forestal the resolutions or indecision of a Senate suspected, odious, and sold either to the remnants of the Empire, or to the interests and the recollections of the revolution. But these young men were so full of feeling, and so void of ideas, the fever of enthusiasm imparted such delirium to their words, and they were so little accustomed to deliberating and speech-making, that the sitting was nothing but a long tumult, and none of them succeeded in expressing and causing to be adopted a single resolution.

One young man alone, of the noble house of La Rochefoucault, obtained a hearing by the authority of his name, by the ardour of his enthusiasm, and by his commanding attitude. The fervour of his royalism enlightened him on the greatest danger of revolutions, that of discussing without a decided object. "One hour," he said, "might sink the legitimate monarchy under their feet, while they exhausted themselves in vain acclamations for their kings." Count Sosthène de la Rochefoucault proposed, therefore, to appoint a deputation to repair on the instant to the Emperor of Russia, to ascertain officially the declaration of the sovereigns, and to state the wishes of the nobility, and the intelligence and fidelity of France in favour of legitimate royalty. The motion was carried: Sosthène de la Rochefoucault, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, at once the most popular and most illustrious writer of the age, Monsieur Cæsar de Choiseul, and Monsieur Ferrand, an old and mediocre orator, but just then surrounded by a halo of importance, and the fame of an oracle, repaired, in the name of the royalists, to the palace of Monsieur de Talleyrand.

XVI.

On being introduced, they demanded to see the Emperor Alexander; but that prince had already retired to rest. His minister, Monsieur de Nesselrode, received the deputation instead of his master. The heart of Monsieur de Nesselrode was already favourable to the prayer about to be addressed to the Emperor; but not one of the four deputies, whether from emotion or timidity under so great an event, or inaptitude of speech, could give expression to the resolution with which they were charged to the allied powers. M. de Choiseul was a soldier, M. Ferrand, dull in intellect, dogmatic and tardy, stammered; M. dè Chateaubriand, a genius solemn and well studied, was fearful that he could not find, without having written and meditated them, words appropriate to the majesty of the occasion: he could not think of using any but the most illustrious language; Sosthène de la Rochefoucault, therefore, though the

youngest, with the eloquence only of zeal and impatience, spoke for all. M. de Nesselrode only required a pretext to urge the allied powers still further.

XVII.

"I have just left the Emperor," replied the minister to the deputies. "I know his wishes. Return to those who have sent you, and say to them, 'Tell all the French people that the Emperor accepts the expression of their wishes, so strongly manifested this day before his eyes, and that he will confer the crown on him to whom it belongs. Louis XVIII. will re-ascend the throne of France."

The hearts of the four delegates broke out in transports of joy and gratitude at these words. Their eyes overflowed with tears; they held in their hands the regrets, the hopes, the illusions, the enthusiasm, of their age or their youth. They flew to report these words, these acclamations, these tears, this enthusiasm, to their assembly, at the house of M. de Morfontaine. The cries, the plaudits, the embracings, the tumults of the meeting shook the house. It was the long repressed explosion of a century, thinking itself liberated from the tomb, and about to resume possession of the world. The only means of allaying this fever of excitement was by extinguishing the lights, and consigning the assembly, intoxicated with triumph, to the darkness which obliged them to disperse.

XVIII.

During the night, these royalists arranged amongst themselves their different parts. Thousands of white flags and white cockades were manufactured by the fair hands of the ladies of the nobility, to be thrown amongst the people. The prefecture of police was evacuated by the agents of the Emperor, and occupied by a trustworthy royalist. The journals, released from the censorship, given up to their ancient proprietors, or created on the spur of the moment by writers for the emergency, changed hands, and dressed up, for their opening

numbers, opinions proscribed in France but the evening before. Insult and outrage burst forth—the retarded vengeance of a long and insupportable oppression—on Napoleon, on his name, on his glory, on his crimes, on his race! It was the outbursting of the irritated soul of a great party, rolling, after the dike is broken, with the billows of legitimate anger—the froth, the dregs, and the impurities of the human heart.

XIX.

M. de Chateaubriand, the first writer of the day, did not preserve either his conscience or his genius from the outpouring of insults and calumnies, thrown upon a great but a fallen name. He foresaw for some months the hour of the downfall; and he fostered in his heart a just resentment against the despotism of Napoleon, who pressed but the more heavily on intelligence, the more that intelligence was exalted. Madame de Staël, and all great and liberal souls, experienced the same depression, Napoleon had declared himself the native enemy of all power of thought, and of all independence. Thought and independence repaid him with hatred for the contempt and oppression he had declared against them. His fall would allow all hearts to respire again, and it was but natural that they should wish for it with a generous passion. Every modern Tacitus whetted in silence the *stilus* which was one day to describe the reign of the soldier who put a gag upon history, as if he had foreseen the future vengeance of the human mind.

But this vengeance should not degrade itself into calumny. M. de Chateaubriand calumniated even tyranny. He had written a severe pamphlet against the Emperor, and in favour of the restoration of the Bourbons, in which he dragged his name through the blood and through the mire of the charnel-houses of the time. He himself performed in it the office of hangman to the reign of the Emperor. He chiseled in it, as it were, stones for the people with which to stone their idol. He had formerly praised him, even by sacred comparisons with the heroes of the Bible. He had also served him in the

subordinate ranks of diplomacy. After the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien the enthusiasm of the writer, which had changed into contempt, had placed him in a secret but cautious opposition. He called himself proscribed and persecuted: yet he was never proscribed, except by imperial favours, nor persecuted, except by the affected contempt of his master. His friend M. de Fontanes, a favourite of Napoleon, was always a ready mediator between the two illustrious persons that he loved. The proscription of M. de Chateaubriand was nothing in reality but a noble attitude. He enjoyed in peace his country, his studies, his fame, and the worship which his book on the Genius of Christianity had gained for him from the pious and devout.

XX.

However this may have been, he bore about him, for several months, his unedited pamphlet, as the sword which was to give the last blow to the tyrant. This pamphlet, printed in the night, and delivered in fragments to the journals, inundated Paris in the morning, and very shortly all France, with maledictions against the Emperor and the Empire. Napoleon was therein painted in the traits of the modern Attila, and with the features still more hideous of a hangman, effecting with his own hands the executions in which he delighted. He was represented at Fontainebleau, torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the Pontiff by his white locks on the flags of his prison, a martyr at once to his complaisance for, and resistance of the crowned upstart. M. de Chateaubriand re-opened all the dungeons, to indicate therein to the people, with his finger, the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassinations of victims. He raked up all the ashes, from that of Pichegru down to the plague hospital at Jaffa, to drag, from out of the long-buried mass, accusations, suspicions, and crimes.. It was the bitter speech of the public prosecutor of humanity and of liberty, written by the hand of the Furies, against the great culprit of the age. He did not spare his enemy even those vile accusations of sordid avarice and of peculation, which penetrate the deepest and tarnish the most,

in the vulgar and venal souls of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, sword, poison, — everything served as a weapon to stab that fame he wished to extinguish. This book, issued leaf by leaf to the public, during several days, was the more terrible, inasmuch as it succeeded the long silence of a mute opposition. The truth of these calumnies was believed, because they succeeded to ten years' falsehood of the official press. It was the first cry of the century gagged by the police; and it was listened to as a revelation from the tomb. M. de Chateaubriand, in putting forth this character of Napoleon, as food for the wickedness of the people, and a homage to the royalist party, was guilty of an action which no political passion can excuse,—the annihilation of a reign by poisoned weapons. But this wicked action, praised at the time because the time required it, was repudiated at a later period by the conscience of the age, though it contributed powerfully then to render the Empire unpopular. When M. de Chateaubriand presented himself to Louis XVIII., to receive his reward for it, in the shape of favours from the new monarchy, this prince said to him, "Your book has been worth an army to my cause."

But, by a just reaction some months afterwards, the indignation of the Bonapartists, and the opposition of impartial men, against the calumnies and the outrages of this book, served powerfully to render the name of Napoleon popular, and to draw this same people to his side. Justice alone renders fame immortal.

XXI.

The name of the Bourbons, however, though unknown to or forgotten by the population, spread in the pages of M. de Chateaubriand, and of the liberated journals, throughout all the Empire. Astonishment was the first impression. Then people began to think they remembered; finally, they passed in a few hours from astonishment and forgetfulness to a species of Bourbonian faith. They rallied, without contesting anything, at the name, which seemed to be a revelation of safety amidst the general eclipse of all things. There was some incredulity, but few or no murmurs. Providence seemed to manifest itself

with victory for this name. M. de Chateaubriand was the oracle of this feeling. He described in attractive language the imaginary persons, the misfortunes, the virtues, the goodness, the graces of the exiled members of this family, whose existence even was scarcely known a few days before. Louis XVIII. was a sage of the school and of the poem of Fenelon, bringing from foreign climates policy, experience, peace, amnesty for the past. Charles X., then Count of Artois, was the heroic chevalier of the middle ages, decorated even with those generous weaknesses of the heart which the French prefer almost to virtues. The Duchess d'Angoulême, the orphan of the Temple, was the propitiatory victim of the Revolution, the tender and religious pledge of pardon. The Duke d'Angoulême, a second Duke of Burgundy, had prepared in exile for the throne by his docility to the lessons of his uncle and of his father, brothers of Louis XVI., anointed, as it were, by his blood. The Duke de Berry, a young Henry IV., had his pardonable levitics, but they were as pledges of the bravery, and of the goodness of the *Béarnais* king. There were the Condés, two generations of heroes, of whom the cruelty of the tyrant had cut down the flower, and embittered the life. The Duke d'Orleans was a popular prince, who had caused to be forgotten the revolutionary crimes of his name, by the repentance of innocence, and pursued, in a foreign land, the life of an artisan, to elevate himself, by his merit alone, to a level with the heirs of the crown.

France was wonderstruck, delighted, and affected by these pictures. Every journal, every pamphlet, every conversation coloured them with tints appropriate to the opinions of the different classes of the nation,—warm for the South, heroic for La Vendée, patriotic for the East, liberal and reflective for the North and for Paris. A vague and immense poetry of opinion thus preceded the return of this family, in which each began to see personified one of his dreams of government or of the heart.

Such was the real state of the public mind in France on the 1st of April, and the days that followed the occupation of Paris. Amidst the magic spell of hope the actual misery was

scarcely seen. No family existing on the soil could create this unanimity of illusion and of adhesion. Long exile pro duced the effect of distance: it imparted additional grandeur and solemnity to the figures.

XXII.

The Senate alone began to be alarmed at an enthusiasm that carried public feeling beyond the bounds which it was their interest to prescribe. They had too often succumbed to Napoleon not to be ready to submit to Europe and to united opinion. It was not for Napoleon that they wished to dispute with Europe, but for themselves. Men saturated with power, with dignities, with honours, with aristocracy, with salaries, the senators of the Empire, hoped still further to maintain their ascendancy, their authority, and their fortunes by their defection. This made the Emperor a subject of bargain. Talleyrand adroitly cast on them a ray of hope, that they would preserve their titles as the price of recalling the Bourbons: this name he insinuated without pronouncing. "Seize the hour," said he, in guarded language, through his confidants to the Senate. "Do not bargain with necessity. To-day you may dispose of your adhesion to the secret wishes of the great powers; to-morrow public opinion, which is rapidly rising, will sweep you away. You will be confounded in the general shipwreck, from which you can save, if not the Emperor, at least your dignities and your riches." The Senate in a mass were disposed to listen to the counsels of destiny and of M. de Talleyrand. Nothing prepares the mind better for treason than the baseness of adulation. When we have no longer a refuge in our conscience we willingly seek it in prostration.

XXIII.

The emissaries of M. de Talleyrand had employed the night in dissipating the last scruples of the senators. It had

not been difficult to make such a class of men (generally enervated, and moulded to circumstances), understand that the interest of the country and that of their body were equally concerned in a prompt repudiation of the vanquished. There were only about 100 senators in Paris at the time; they were old, broken, and so exhausted by the revolutions, and by the responsibilities of tyranny and of baseness, submitted to by them in the decrees of conscription, of imposts, and of silent endurance which Napoleon had made them countersign during the last ten years. Some of them were *parvenu* princes of the Emperor's family; others of his household. A great number were men of no mark or consideration, chosen for their insignificance of mind, and effeminacy of character, that the absence of all personal value should leave them only the borrowed worth of their dignities. A very small number had been artfully infused, of liberal and even of revolutionary opinions, in order that an appearance of opposition in the body should give the nation an idea of contradiction and of independence, which in reality did not exist. Amongst this small number of senators, destined to authenticate the liberty and impartiality of the Senate, there were some few partisans of the house of Bourbon, and some obstinate sectarians of republican institutions. Amongst the former were Malleville, Barthelemy, Pastoret, Barbé-Marbois, and Jaucourt; amongst the second were Tracy, Volney, Gregoire, and their friends of 1789 and of 1791. In relying on these two groups, equally hostile to the Empire, M. de Talleyrand, aided by the force of events which disconcerted all resistance, was almost sure of commanding the Senate. He had past servitude as a pledge for the future. He accordingly convoked an extraordinary sitting of the Senate for the 1st of April. Several members of this body, fearing to compromise themselves with the past, or to engage themselves in the future, evaded the meeting by a hasty retreat, or some colourable pretence. Sixty-four only assembled. These men were the most courageous, the least attached to the Empire, the most determined on bending, or the most in a hurry for a change of masters. The shame of defection no longer stood in their way.

XXIV.

"Senators," said M. de Talleyrand to them, wishing to cover an imperious resolution with an appearance of discussion, "the object of calling you together is to lay a proposition before you. This word alone," he added, fixing his eyes on the paper in which he had made a memorandum of his speech, "this word alone sufficiently indicates the liberty which all in this assembly enjoy of freely expressing their opinions. That liberty gives you the means of allowing a generous scope to the sentiments with which your souls are imbued—the wish to save your country,—and the resolution to fly to the assistance of a destitute and forsaken people. The circumstances, however grave they may be, cannot be beyond the firm and enlightened patriotism of all the members of this assembly, and you have assuredly all equally felt the necessity of a deliberation which shall obviate the least possible delay; for the day should not be allowed to pass without restoring the action of administration—this first of all wants—by the formation of a government whose authority, established to meet the necessity of the moment, cannot be otherwise than re-assuring."

XXV.

These words, drawn up by the Abbé de Pradt, did not disguise the abject act that was so imperatively called for, under the pomp and dignity of language. It was the stammering of impudence offering the vilest pretext for cowardice. The words were as low as the sentiments; and they were received, as they had been written and pronounced, with shame upon the features, and the haste of fickleness in the heart. No one answered; but all bowed their heads in token of universal assent. Some hands applauded with a faint semblance of enthusiasm for the energy of cowardice converted into civic courage. M. de Talleyrand understood, by this silence, that Fortune was the only goddess they worshipped, and that he could dispose of them as he wished, to sell the

Empire to its enemies. He nominated, even without consulting his colleagues, the members of a provisional government, maturely selected by himself alone, during the last night; and this choice was ratified by a Senatus consultum, voted without discussion on the motion of M. de Talleyrand. He then flattered the liberals of the Senate, by reminding them that the allies had pronounced the word Constitution, and that it would be necessary to promulgate one. The Senate being pressed for time, limited themselves to decreeing the basis; the first article being for the maintenance of their own body. Mention was also made of a legislative body and of freedom of opinion; but they had been so long accustomed to silence, that they never even mentioned liberty of speech. They guaranteed to the army, which they wished to detach from its chief, the maintenance of rank and pay,—to the holders of emigrants' property inviolability of possession,—the spoils of the Revolution, which constituted the wealth of many of the senators;—amnesty for political opinions;—freedom of worship and of written speech, subject, however, to the laws repressive of these two items of liberty.

XXVI.

The members of the provisional government had been selected with profound sagacity by M. de Talleyrand. The names constituted so just an equilibrium as to give hopes to all parties of public opinion, whom it was necessary first to detach from Napoleon to precipitate afterwards into the arms of the Bourbons. He presided himself, at first, over this government, in virtue of his title of Grand Dignitary of the Empire, of mediator accepted by Alexander between the allies and the nation, and as representative of the interests of the Senate. This triple attitude constituted him, as it were, a personification of political indecision. All parties might hope everything from such a man. After M. de Talleyrand came the Duke d'Alberg, illustrious by name, of German origin, though a Frenchman in his dignities, equally apt to connect himself again with aristocracy by his birth, or to serve a revo-

lutionary government by his opinions. He was one of those cosmopolites in character and ideas which nature has formed to surmount all emergencies. The Duke d'Alberg, a great lord, enlightened, graceful, insinuating, useful in the negociations of M. de Talleyrand, had, however, no personal ascendancy beyond his name in France. He could make himself useful to all parties; but the allies suited him best, for he had to purchase his titles from them in Germany by the services he might render in France.

XXVII.

The next was M. de Jaucourt, a member of the ancient aristocracy of France, but revolutionized, who since 1790 had belonged to the moderate revolutionary school of M. de Talleyrand and M. de Lafayette. But, as intrepid in conscience and in heart for good order as he was resolute for reform, M. de Jaucourt, in 1791 and in 1792, had displayed, in the camp, in the struggles of Paris, and in the assemblies, the courage of a hero in the breast of a sage. He had struggled with voice and hand against the most popular representatives, and against the all-powerful demagogues of the clubs. Imprisoned for his boldness after the 10th of August, he had been preserved by Danton from the premeditated massacres of September. Madame de Staël, who admired his courage, who shared in his opinions, and who enjoyed the graces of his intellect, had enabled him to escape, and had prepared an asylum for him in Switzerland. Having returned to France, after a long exile, he found his friend, M. de Talleyrand, minister of the Consul Bonaparte. His resentment against the Reign of Terror threw him upon the new regime as an asylum against the Jacobins; and he found in it safety, dignity, and fortune. His devotion was rewarded with the senatorship of Florence. But discontentment and the unsatiated ambition of M. de Talleyrand had drawn him into the general disaffection to the Empire. He was one of the first in the Senate whom the excessive tyranny, or the dreadful reverses of Napoleon, had disgusted; and he returned with victory to the gods of his youth,

legitimacy and constitutional liberty. Such a man, riveted to M. de Talleyrand by fifteen years' intimacy, and finding in the past an excuse for his ardent defection, admirably suited the able hand of his friend. He was calculated to attract both the nobility and the moderate party of the Revolution. Friendship united him with M. de Talleyrand, birth with the aristocracy, his sympathies with the constitution, and favours received with the Empire. He was thus connected by all these motives with every party in the State.

XXVIII.

General Beurnonville came next;—a man of mixed feelings like Jaucourt; of noble birth, flexible but honest opinions, and of distinguished valour in the armies of the Republic. Dumouriez, whose second in command he had been, had surnamed him the *French Ajax*. Being minister of war in 1793, Beurnonville had struggled with intrepidity against the dominant Jacobins. He was sent to Belgium at the period of Dumouriez' treason, to counteract it, and retain his old general within the limits of his duty; but Dumouriez had him arrested and delivered to the Austrians. After four years' imprisonment in the dungeons of Olmutz, he was exchanged, after the fall of Robespierre, with the daughter of Louis XVI., then a captive in the Temple. Napoleon received with favour this wreck of our revolutionary wars, and appointed him a member of the Senate. Beurnonville, nevertheless, found himself neglected, and felt that he was superseded by the Emperor's companions of Egypt and Italy; but his own recollections hinted to him that he was himself a greater man than these new camp favourites. His heart also recalled to him the sovereigns of his youth, for whom he had fought on the 10th of August. The ruin of Napoleon would bring once more his name and his services on the stage; therefore he could not be expected to devote himself for a government which he had found ungrateful and unjust. M. de Talleyrand presented him as a pledge to the old army, as a hero disowned by the republican wars, whom the constitutional monarchy could honour without fear.

The name of Beurnonville had three aspects which consolidated in his mind the three opinions; but his heart was for the Restoration.

XXIX.

The provisional government received its ultimate signification from the last name with which M. de Talleyrand had completed the list. This was the name of the Abbé de Montesquiou, a member of one of the families which constitute the original stock of aristocratical and monarchical France. This name in history precedes even that of the two last races of our kings. The people, even the democracy, love those names which form the habitudes and titles of their annals; they seem to ennoble even the popular revolutions. At an early age the Abbé de Montesquiou had been elevated by his birth to the highest functions of the clergy. An able negociator, insinuating and cool, between the interests of his order, which he endeavoured to save, and the exigencies of the Revolution, which he tried to moderate without shocking, he had acquired a double influence in the Constituent Assembly. An arbiter often chosen, always respected, between philosophy impatient to strike at the church, and the church contesting the wrecks of its temporal establishment; since the accomplishment of the Revolution, he held relations, by no means secret, with Louis XVIII., whose principal correspondent he was at Paris. Napoleon knew this, and suffered it; for he preferred between Louis XVIII. and Paris, a correspondence almost avowed, to hidden and desperate conspiracies. M. de Montesquiou was, so to speak, the chief of a pacific conspiracy tolerated by him against whom it was directed. A man of decorum in everything, of gentleness, of compromise, the Abbé de Montesquiou was eminently calculated to re-assure, against the vengeance of a Restoration, those parties too deeply compromised in the Revolution and in the Empire: his name, moreover, afforded an indubitable pledge to the royalists. On seeing him inscribed in the list of the provisional government, the friends of the Bourbons could no longer doubt that Louis XVIII. was the culminating point of its ministry and mission.

XXX.

These were the preludes of the revolution which was preparing at the residence of M. de Talleyrand and in the Senate. There only wanted the official voice of the people of Paris, and that broke forth in the course of the day. The Municipal Council, that shadow of the ancient commune, carefully purified, and severely mutilated in its powers by the Emperor, nevertheless still comprised those elements of municipal representation which personified the cities. What was formerly called the Third Estate, and now the citizens, constituted the most dominant portion of the Municipal Council. Trade and commerce, arts, industry, the bar and the magistracy, were, and still are, naturally placed in this local and departmental representation, by the electors of these different professions; electors the most numerous of all in towns, because these professions are there most general. The aristocracy of the different quarters and professions sat, and always will sit, in the municipality. Opinions, like the conditions of the parties, are there moderate; intelligence quick and perspicuous, but of a local character, and circumscribed by private interests, like the instinct of the domestic hearth and the popular workshop. These bodies very seldom take the initiative in political questions; but the signal of common peril is prompt to issue from them. It is there that the murmur of public resentment originates and swells against persecutions which menace the security of private life. Heroism is mute within their walls, but social selfishness is impassioned and eloquent.

M. Bellart, until this period an enthusiast, and frequently a flatterer of the genius of Napoleon (so greatly had that genius overshadowed and given a lustre to France), was imbued all at once with the public impression of terror and deception which had seized upon Paris, since the Emperor had made of France and the capital a field of battle, and the prey of foreigners. His victories had appeared to M. Bellart as so many virtues, and his reverses as so many crimes. He qecame enraged against the man who could not conquer

destiny, and proposed to the Municipal Council to strike the first blow ever struck by a constituted body against the Emperor and the Empire. The prefect of Paris, M. de Chatrol, did not venture to approve or resist the motion. Incapable of betraying, but weary perhaps of serving, he retired and resigned his functions. The Council, thus abandoned to itself, voted and circulated the following declaration,—an explosion of justice for some—of vengeance for others—of desertion for all.

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS!

"Your magistrates would be traitors towards you and our country, if, by vile personal considerations, they any longer repressed the voice of their conscience. It cries out to them that you owe all the evils that overwhelm you to one man alone.

"It is he who, every year, by the conscription, has decimated our families. Who amongst us has not lost a son, a brother, relations or friends? For whom have all these brave men died? For him alone, and not for the country. For what cause? They have been immolated, solely immolated o the insanity of leaving after him the memory of the most frightful oppressor that has ever harassed the human race.

"It is he who, instead of four hundred millions that France paid under our good kings for liberty, tranquil and happy, has overwhelmed us with more than fifteen hundred millions of taxes, to which he has threatened to add more.

"It is he who has shut us out from the seas of both worlds, who has dried up the sources of national industry, torn the husbandman from our fields, and the workman from our manufactories.

"To him we owe the hatred of all nations without having merited it, since, like them, we were the unfortunate victims, rather than the criminal instruments of his rage.

"Is it not he also who, violating what men hold most sacred, has kept in captivity the venerable chief of religion, and deprived of his dominions, by a detestable perfidy, a king, his ally, thus giving up to destruction the Spanish nation—our old and ever faithful friend?

"Is it not he, again, who, an enemy to his own subjects, so long deceived by him, after having just refused an honourable peace, in which our unfortunate country might, at least, have had time to respire, has finished, by giving the parricidal order to expose fruitlessly the National Guard for the impracticable defence of the capital, upon which he has thus invoked all the vengeance of the enemy?

"Is it not, finally, he, who dreading truth above all things, has outrageously dismissed our legislators, in the face of Europe, because they once ventured to tell it to him with delicacy and dignity?

"What matters it that he has sacrificed only a small number of persons to his hatred, or, more properly, to his private revenge, if he has sacrificed France—why do we say France—all Europe, to his immeasurable ambition?

"Ambition or vengeance—the cause is nothing. Whatever may be this cause, look at the effect. Look at the vast continent of Europe, covered everywhere with the mingled bones of the French, and of people who had nothing to demand from one another, who bore no hatred to each other, between whom distance prevented quarrels, and whom he has plunged into war merely to fill the earth with the terror of his name!

"Why are we told of his past victories? What good have these fatal victories done us? The hatred of nations, the tears of our families, the forced celibacy of our daughters, the ruin of all fortunes, the premature widowhood of our women, the despair of fathers and mothers, to whom, of a numerous posterity, there no longer remains a filial hand to close their eyes. Behold the fruits of his boasted victories! It is they that have now brought, even to our walls, hitherto undefiled under the paternal administration of our kings, those strangers, whose generous protection demands our gratitude, when it would have been sweeter to us to offer them a disinterested alliance.

"There is not one amongst them who, in his secret heart, does not detest him as a public enemy—not one who, in his most confidential intercourse, has not formed the wish to see a termination of so many cruelties.

"If we delayed any longer in giving expression to this wish

of our hearts and of yours, we should be deserters from the public cause.

"Europe in arms demands it of us; it implores it as a benefit to humanity, as the guarantee of a peace durable and universal.

"Parisians! Europe in arms would not obtain it from your magistrates if it was not in conformity with their duty.

"But it is in the name of these duties, and of the most sacred of all, that we abjure all obedience to the usurper, to return to our legitimate masters.

"If there be danger in following this movement of the heart and the conscience, we accept it. History and the gratitude of the French people will preserve our names, and bequeath them to the esteem of posterity.

"In consequence, the Council-general of the department of the Seine, the Municipal Council of Paris, spontaneously assembled, declares unanimously, by all the members present:—

"That it formally renounces all obedience to Napoleon Bonaparte;—expresses the most ardent wish that the monarchical government should be re-established, in the person of Louis XVIII., and of his legitimate successors;—and decrees that the present declaration, and the proclamation which explains it, shall be printed, distributed, and posted in Paris, notified to all the authorities remaining in Paris and in the provinces, and transmitted to all the councils-general of departments."

BOOK SEVENTH.

Sitting of the Senate the 2nd of April—Declaration of forfeiture—Sitting of the Senate the 3rd of April—Text of the Decree of Forfeiture—Adhesion of the Legislative Body—Manifestation of Paris against the Emperor—The Ministry—Progress of opinion—Adhesion of the other Constituted Bodies—Manifesto of the Provisional Government—Situation of the Emperor and of the Allies—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—Return of Caulaincourt to Fontainebleau in the night of the 2nd of April—Proclamation of Napoleon to his Guard, the 3d of April—Order of the day for the march of the army on Paris—Opposition of the Marshals—Interview of Napoleon and Marmont—Adhesion of Marmont to the forfeiture of the Emperor—Letter of Marmont to Prince Schwartzenburg—The Prince's answer.

I.

THIS imprecation of the municipal body of Paris against him who was already called the public enemy, gave a decided impetus to public opinion, still mute in Paris and the departments. When Paris spoke so loudly who could be silent? Its voice was echoed throughout all France. Indignation and insult rose now as high as servility and adulation had done before. Rome, in the time of the sudden elevations and falls of its emperors, did not offer a worse example, or more scandalous outrages after the prostration. Minds that had most rebelled against the Napoleon tyranny—nay, the most generous, because they had been the most firm—rejoiced at this vengeance of liberty, but blushed at this shameless apostacy of a people.

M. de Talleyrand wished for this explosion, but he wished for it slower and later. He complained to his confidants of an outbreak which might enable the allied powers to do without him and the Senate. He stipulated with Louis XVIII. and with Alexander in the name of public opinion; but public opinion, in speaking so loudly, had outstript him. It revealed to the allies and to the Bourbons a general spirit of

disaffection against the Empire, and of natural attraction towards a restoration, which took away all price from his services, and all merit from his negociations. It made him secondary to the royalists, whom he wished to serve, but over whom he wished to dominate in serving them. He was therefore compelled to hurry the Senate in declaring the forfeiture of the Emperor, an act which he had hoped to keep suspended and undecided, as a menace and as a hope, marketable in his hands with both parties.

II.

The Senate flew to the palace, where they held their sittings, to obey his orders.

The old republicans, for want of royalists, whom Napoleon had most carefully excluded from the Senate, hastened to seize again, if only for an hour, a shadow of national sovereignty, to strike down tyranny at their feet—a just expiation of the 18th Brumaire, avenged, at least, in a representative assembly; but an assembly whose gates were protected by foreigners. The discussion was opened by M. Lambrechts, a Belgian republican, who had received the French in Belgium as the army of philosophy and of liberty. He was minister under the Directory, and had combated with energy the weakness of that government which had allowed itself to slide down the declivity of monarchical reaction. He had voted against the Empire, without concealment. Nevertheless, esteem for Belgium, which Napoleon wished to flatter, had elevated him to the Senate. He was fated to die as he had lived, arraigning with his last sigh the cause of his death, "the shame of having seen so many acts of cowardice."

Lambrechts was the political friend of Lanjuinais, the purest and most obstinate republican in the Senate; of Tracy, of Gregoire, of Garat, a name misplaced in a monarchical Senate, after having presided at the execution of a king.—Barthelemy, nephew of a philosophical writer, who had closed the eighteenth century by the *Voyage of Anacharsis* into republican antiquity, presided at the sitting. Barthelemy, an inoffensive man of attractive manners and irreproachable career, was the only

monarchical negociator whose talents had been employed by the Republic. His missions into Switzerland, or at the conferences for the peace of Bâle, had made him intimate with many members of the emigration. The esteem of all parties had raised him to the Directory, and the choice of Napoleon to the Senate. He was one of those men who are loved and honoured by all parties, when they have the discretion to recognize authority. On the present occasion he imparted to the Senate the appearance, at least, of impartiality and patriotism.

III.

Lambrechts proposed to the Senate a Senatus consultum, in the following terms:—

"The Senate declares Napoleon Bonaparte and his family to have forfeited the throne. It absolves the people and the army from their oath of fidelity."

This was voted without a single protest; those members of the Senate, who were most devoted to Napoleon, having protested only by their absence. The others retired, silent and humbled, after giving in their votes: they had purchased their dignities by an act of cowardice. Had they been convinced of the necessity of deposing him who created them, they owed it to themselves to have done so in the full enjoyment of liberty. They voted the forfeiture of one master, at the signal and under the sword of others. The Republic had witnessed days more ill-omened, but never one so ignominious.

IV

But the form in which this abject Senate had voted its own degradation in that of the Emperor, surpassed the slavishness of the act itself. The Senate drew up, with its own hand, the motives which had decided it in repudiating the Empire; and Lambrechts was charged with embodying them in an act of accusation, every word of which reproached the senators with their patient servility.

Under the hand of Lambrechts, and the other republicans

of the Senate, these texts of accusation were legitimate; it was the retaliation of liberty But, in the mouths of deserters from all liberty and accomplices of oppression, these complaints were only the crimes of adversity, thrown back by cowards on the vanquished, to clear themselves of imputation.

V.

They said—"The conservative Senate, considering that in a constitutional monarchy the monarch exists only in virtue of the constitution, or of the social compact—

"That Napoleon Bonaparte, during some period of a government firm and prudent, had given cause to the nation to expect for the future acts of wisdom and justice; but that he had afterwards torn the compact which united him to the French people, viz., by levying imposts, by establishing taxes otherwise than in virtue of the law, against the express tenor of the oath he had taken on his accession to the throne, in conformity with article 53 of the act of the constitutions of the 28th Floreal, year XII:

"That he committed this outrage on the rights of the people, at the time when he adjourned, without necessity, the legislative body, and had suppressed as criminal a report of this body, whose right and title he contested to a national representation:

"That he undertook a series of wars in violation of article 50 of the act of the constitutions of 22nd Frimaire, year XIII, which says that the declaration of war be prepared, discussed, decreed and promulgated in like manner as the law:

"That he unconstitutionally issued several decrees, bearing the pain of death; more especially the two decrees of the 5th March last, tending to constitute as national a war which had no origin except in the interest of his unmeasured ambition:

"That he has violated the constitutional laws by his decrees on state prisoners:

"That he has abolished the responsibility of the ministers, confounded all the powers, and destroyed the independence of the judicial bodies:

"Considering that the liberty of the press, established and consecrated as one of the rights of the nation, has been constantly subject to the arbitrary censorship of his police, and that at the same time he has always availed himself of the press to fill France and Europe with unfounded statements, false maxims, doctrines favourable to despotism, and insults to foreign governments:

"That acts and reports approved by the Senate have suffered alterations in their publication which have been made in them:

"Considering that, instead of reigning with a sole view to the interest, the happiness, and the glory of the French people, in the terms of his oath, Napoleon has crowned the misfortunes of his country:—By his refusal to treat on conditions which the national interest obliged him to accept, and which did not compromise the honour of France—by the abuse he has made of all the means that have been confided to him, in men and money—by abandoning his wounded without dressings, without assistance, and without subsistence—by various measures, the consequences of which were the ruin of cities, the depopulation of the country, famine, and contagious maladies:

"Considering that, for all these reasons, the Imperial Government, established by the Senatus consultum of the 28th Floreal, year XII, has ceased to exist, and that the manifest wish of the French people calls for an order of things, the first result of which shall be the re-establishment of a general peace, and which shall also be the epoch of a solemn reconciliation between all the States of the great European family:

"The Senate declares and decrees as follows:—

"Napoleon Bonaparte has forfeited the throne; and the hereditary right established in his family is abolished.

"The French people and the army are absolved from their oath of fidelity towards Napoleon Bonaparte."

VI.

Before this declaration of the Senate, public opinion had already given utterance to these just maledictions against

tyranny; and it had declared to all the world, except the Senate, the right of proffering them. It availed itself of the baseness of this body; but it held it in contempt. A unanimous murmur of indignation arose throughout all France against senators who thus enhanced the obsequiousness of their prostration before the Empire by the complacency of their insults against the man they had deified. The little esteem that had remained for the Senate had now disappeared altogether. There was nothing heard but exclamations against its pretensions to serve as the organ of the country, and to perpetuate its authority by its baseness. M. de Talleyrand and his confidants felt themselves outstript. France was escaping from them; for it wished to speak by more independent voices. A few members of the legislative body, hastening of themselves to Paris, assembled spontaneously, and voted without deliberation, and without the charge of new crimes, the abolition of the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte and of his family. The crime was before their eyes—it was France in silent servitude, exhausted of its blood, conquered and possessed by foreigners.

But France listened with more dignity and a fuller response to the just and briefly-expressed voice of its legislators. She replied with a cry almost unanimous, "*Down with the tyrant!*" This cry was interpreted in Paris by scenes degrading to the dignity of a people. Royalist enthusiasm endeavoured to excite, and even to bribe, the popular passions into a saturnalia against the representation of the fallen dynasty. Young, beautiful, and titled ladies lent themselves to unworthy ovations to victory against their country. They exhibited themselves on the promenades, on foot and on horseback, offering flowers to the barbarians. Men of illustrious names endeavoured to mutilate the monuments on which the Emperor had associated his name with the memory of our triumphs. One of them attached the star of the legion of honour to the tail of his horse. Some others yoked themselves to cords, which were passed round the statue of Napoleon, on his column of conquered bronze, and vainly endeavoured to drag it down upon the pavement. They blushed at a later period, not for their hatred, but for those demonstrations in which they confounded

this hatred against tyranny with insults upon the military glory of the country. Happily, however, not a drop of blood was shed in these tumults. The royalists and the republicans only protested against the dynasty of the Empire by their joy at its repudiation.

VII

The provisional government nominated a ministry,—temporary like itself; the members chosen were able and popular men,—one alone excepted. M. Henrion de Pansey, the light and dignity of the French magistracy, was minister of justice. This was to indicate that justice would admit neither favours nor vengeance. Henrion de Pansey was an old man, who had witnessed three reigns, and the Reign of Terror, without complicity as without weakness. He had Bourbon sympathies but revolutionary intelligence. There was no one better calculated than this man—mild, firm, and impassable—to represent the law, and to reconcile the old throne with the newly constituted soil.

M. Malouet, an old member of our assemblies (the more faithful to constitutional opinions, that with him they had been more moderate and better considered) received the ministry of marine. He had returned from exile faithful to the Bourbons, but unconnected with the ultra friends of this court; sufficiently attached to Louis XVIII. to be acceptable to that monarch, and sufficiently independent to place his counsels between the court of the emigration and himself. The Abbé Louis, a satellite of M. de Talleyrand since the commencement of the revolution, was a man of the Mirabeau and Raynal school, initiated in questions of public credit, of industry, and of commerce; prudent in affairs, determined and impassioned in political counsels, and bitter, from theory, against Napoleon and his régime. He had the charge of finances, and he restored them

M. Anglès, a new man, formed in the administrative school of the Empire, was appointed minister of police. Unknown to public opinion, it evinced for him neither favour nor distrust.

M. Beugnot.—M. de Laforêt.—General Dupont.

M. Beugnot, one of those men of resource and circumstances which are to be found at all epochs, was called to the ministry of the interior. He had been a deputy of the legislative assembly in 1791, and an intrepid defender of the king and the constitution against the Jacobins. Proscribed by them during their reign, he was rallied to the Empire by functions and recognitions which would have compromised, in this cause, a spirit less buoyant. A man of such flexibility as enabled him to keep up with the course of all events, of classical erudition, brilliant conversation, and with an honest heart, though somewhat anxious to please. M. Beugnot was agreeable to M. de Talleyrand from his docility, and likely to please the future government by his complaisance. He was a tradition of the Empire, useful to the ignorance of the emigrants, and agreeable to a dynasty at once antiquated and new to business.

M. de Laforêt, an old diplomatist of Napoleon's, at the United States, at Vienna and in Spain, moulded during these missions to the hand of M. de Talleyrand, received the portfolio of foreign affairs. The diplomacy of France invaded left him no other attitude than that of expectation. He danced attendance upon M. de Talleyrand, and made him known to Louis XVIII.

Finally, the war office was confided to General Dupont. This officer had courage and capacity, but had been unfortunate; his only title to so important a post, in the decline and present position of the army, being his resentment against the Emperor. He had just come out of a state prison, and was rising from under a military blemish, to take the direction of the army, and the cause of what now alone remained to our arms—honour. A soldier, and the son of a soldier, General Dupont had distinguished himself at an early age in the wars of the Republic, had grown up in those of the Empire, and was one of the first to follow in the footsteps of the men whose glory and whose services had elevated them to the rank of marshals in the army of Napoleon. But one day had ruined all. Surrounded in Spain by the English army and the national militia, he set the first example of a French army capitulating instead of conquering. Baylen proved to Napoleon that he could not

be only conquered but humbled; but he preferred accusing his lieutenant of treason or cowardice. Dupont was neither a coward nor a traitor, but simply unequal to the event. Being accused on his return to France, he was awaiting the judgment he had come to brave, when M. de Talleyrand, seeking for an irreconcilable enemy to the Emperor amongst his generals, made choice of Dupont. The army mourned at a selection which seemed to it to be either a vengeance or an affront; and the name of General Dupont became a bitter recrimination of the Bonapartists against the Bourbons. Emigration and defection appeared to form a junction against them in a single name. This reproach was unjust, but it sufficed that it was possible to show to M. de Talleyrand the propriety of shielding from it the government of Louis XVIII. Resentment, however, blinded him; it was not services he wanted, but the gratification of his hatred. He was deceived on the present occasion; for the name of General Dupont was a pledge given for the Emperor's return from Elba.

VIII.

Meanwhile the agitation of public opinion, which M. de Talleyrand was desirous of provoking and retarding at the same time, carried everything before it, even to the government itself. Ruin is never stopped half way; and the patience of diplomacy is never imparted to a people whose oppression is about to crumble, and who are precipitating themselves into the arms of a new government. This M. de Talleyrand now learned for the first time; and he had to experience it several times more in the short space of a few months. He had unchained hope, the most maddening passion of a suffering people, and it must very soon have left him behind, if he did not decide on following it; but, as at his age he had nothing to refuse to time, he resolved to conquer, and to push on the Restoration as quick and as far as public opinion demanded. He commenced by indifference towards the Senate itself, having obtained from it all that he wanted; ingratitude for some, an insurrectional act for others, and forfeiture for all. He allowed the other

constituted bodies of the State to promulgate their defection freely, and in emulation of each other; these bodies rivalled the Municipal Council in insults on the past, and prostration to the future. Every hour a desertion, an address, or an insult exploded against the repudiated government. Every constituted body and political personage seemed eager to make a formal declaration of ingratitude, and by the energy of their insults to give a pledge against a return to slavery. The provisional government itself felt that if it did not speak out, it would be found wanting in the enthusiasm of hatred; and in the following words adjured the army and the people to pronounce against Napoleon:—

IX.

"France has at length shaken off the yoke under which she has groaned with you for so many years. You have hitherto only fought for your country; you can now no longer fight but against her, under the banner of him that leads you. Behold what you have suffered from his tyranny. You were, not long since, a million of soldiers; nearly all have perished! Peace is in your hands. Will you refuse it to desolate France? To France, which calls upon and supplicates you? She speaks to you through her Senate, through her capital, through her misfortunes. You are the noblest of her children, and cannot belong to him who has ravaged her, and who has delivered her up without means of defence. You are no longer the soldiers of Napoleon; the Senate and all France absolve you from your oaths."

To the people it said:—

"On issuing from our civil discords we had chosen for our chief a man who appeared upon the scene of the world with the stamp of greatness. In him we confided all our hopes, and these hopes have been betrayed. He knew not how to reign, either in the national interest, or in the interest even of his own despotism. He believed alone in force, and force has this day ruined him; a just return for insane ambition. At length this tyranny has ceased; the allied powers have entered the

capital of France. They come to reconcile with Europe a brave and unfortunate people.

"Frenchmen! the Senate has declared Napoleon to have forfeited the throne. The country is no longer with him. Another system alone can save it. We have experienced the excesses of popular licence, and those of absolute power; let us re-establish the ancient monarchy, limiting by wise laws the various powers of which it is composed.

"That, under the shelter of a paternal throne, exhausted agriculture may re-flourish; that commerce, clogged with impediments, may recover its freedom; that our youth may no longer be mowed down by arms, even before they have strength to carry them; that the order of nature may no more be interrupted, and that the old may hope to die before their children,—Frenchmen let us rally! Peace is about to put an end to the disorders of Europe. France will repose after her long agitations; and, more enlightened by the double experience of anarchy and despotism, she will at length find happiness in the return of a tutelar government."

X.

The allies becoming uneasy, were now pressing France to finish their work herself; and M. de Talleyrand began to appear, in their eyes, too slow and measured in his proceedings. No victory was sufficient to inspire them with confidence, so long as the Emperor was at large; and even he had not yet resigned himself to his fortune.

Doubtless the occupation of his capital by the armies of the Coalition, the flight of the regency, which on its departure only met with isolation and pity, the defection of the Senate, the formation of a provisional government, and the approaching arrival of the Bourbons, the adhesion of a multitude of cities and of constituted bodies to the forfeiture, the Bourbon revolution prematurely accomplished at Bordeaux, the apathy of his generals, who seemed only to wait for a word from him to relieve them from their fidelity to his eagles;—all these disasters, all these symptoms, all these insults of destiny, left

him but little hope to relieve himself from his despondency at Fontainebleau. But he might find in despair itself one of those sudden resolutions which change the catastrophe of human affairs, and which are the forlorn hope of great souls. At no period of this long campaign was he, perhaps, in a military point of view, in a more menacing attitude before his enemies;—and this he felt.

XI.

The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenburg, had acted rather as political men than as tacticians, in hurrying into Paris while such a general as Napoleon was still manœuvring in their rear and flanks. M. de Vitrolles, and the royalist agents who had given them this bold counsel, had rashly answered for its success. But if Paris had been less enervated, and less disaffected to the Empire than these interested councillors had described it, the situation of the allies within its walls was worse than that of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. These princes and chiefs, to occupy and keep down so vast a capital, had been obliged to concentrate therein all their forces. A murmur of anger, or of shame, amongst that numerous and warlike population, a Bourbon insult to the citizens, a conflict between the soldiers and the citizens, a drop of French blood shed in the streets, a cannon shot of the French army resounding from without, might make of Paris a snare, a prison, and a tomb for the allied armies. Napoleon, supported but a few hours by the rising of the capital, and by a patriotic insurrection of the towns, the villages, the roads, and the country, on their line of retreat, might pour forth 60,000 men refreshed, concentrated, indignant, through the streets of his capital, reconquer it in a day, and devote its victors to destruction. All the troops of Marmont and Mortier were at eight leagues' distance from Paris, as an advance guard on both banks of the Essonne, between Fontainebleau and the capital. The army of Napoleon had immediately followed him from Champagne, and numbered 40,000 combatants, exclusive of the Imperial Guard, which,

of itself, was equivalent to a third army. These 60,000 men, reunited thus under the walls of Fontainebleau, tempered by adversity, indifferent to fire, despising numbers, full of confidence in themselves, and of fanaticism for their Emperor, demanded with loud cries a return to Paris—vengeance and battle. Napoleon showed himself every day to these troops in the court of the palace; he read their wishes in their faces; he carried away their acclamations in his heart; he revolved in his mind, day and night, thoughts such as those that laid the foundation of his greatness. In finding himself still so beloved by his soldiers, he could not believe that he was hated by the people. His country seemed to have become itself again, and to palpitate once more within his breast. He dreamt of his own revival in that of France.

XII.

But the power of opinion, which he had so much despised, so outraged, and so persecuted, was unknown to him. Between the army and the country he had created an abyss of public feeling. The country, whose name he had so long cast into the shade by absorbing it in his own, had arrived at the point of resentment against him, that, of all its enemies, it was he, perhaps, it dreaded most Despairing and discouraged by him, his return appeared to it less a deliverance than a new servitude. He had broken the spring of patriotism in their souls, by bending it so often. Public opinion in France was more formidable to him than the armies of all the coalitions in the world; and this he felt, without confessing it to himself. He was astonished at himself that he did not take the most energetic resolutions, at the aspect of his troops, on counting his soldiers, at the cries of his battalions. He longed to march, and every evening gave orders for decisive movements the following day; but he recalled them in the night, became agitated, and continued immoveable. He experienced a weakness and vacillation of resolution and of will, the cause of which he could not divine: it was, that public opinion weighed heavily on his mind.

XIII.

M. de Talleyrand, the royalists who surrounded him, and increased in number every hour, even the republicans who were united at this moment with the royalists by a community of hatred, the diplomatists, the foreign generals, the Senate, the legislative body, the chiefs of the National Guard of Paris, and finally, the opulent citizens who trembled for their city, were all in alarm at the danger to which Paris would be exposed, if the Emperor listened to the counsels of extremity and despair. They brought into action all the influence of a frightened capital on the minds of the marshals and generals of Napoleon. They exerted themselves, through the medium of their friends, of their wives, of their families, by the sacred name of their country, for the interest even of their own future lives and fortunes, to detach them, one by one, from Napoleon. They depicted to them the capital set on fire in the struggle, their relations slaughtered, their dwellings ravaged, their names accursed, their responsibility written in letters of blood, if they should obey one man in preference to their country; and if, to gratify the frantic ambition of one proscribed by the whole world, they should betray the most sacred of all oaths—that which binds every citizen at his birth to his fellow-citizens. Napoleon was nothing more in their eyes, and in the eyes of nearly the whole population of France, than a man in a state of insanity, from whose hands it was necessary to remove every weapon, that he should not employ them in committing parricide.

An opinion so unanimous, so combined, so impassioned, so patriotic in its terms—expressed everywhere and at all times by the mouths of friends, of fathers, of wives, and of fellow-citizens—could not fail to influence the generals, whom lassitude and reverses had already more than half persuaded. They struggled no more except for the honour of their country, and the decency of defection. The unobstructed road between their *corps d'armée* and the gates of Paris, the wish to see their families again, after their long campaigns, the necessity of conferring with the provisional government, and with the allied

generals, on the line of demarcation, and the conditions of the armistice, furnished them with continual pretexts for visiting Paris. There was a negociation, continual and silent, between the capital and the army, independent of that which the Emperor himself continued with Alexander, through Caulaincourt and his marshals. A situation strained to so delicate a point could not fail to be broken by some chance or other; and this chance existed in the heart of one of Napoleon's oldest companions in arms, torn between the despair of striking the last blows, useless, in his idea, to the country, and the shame of appearing to abandon his chief and his benefactor. Marmont adopted one of those middle courses which saves the conscience only by staining the fidelity. The capitulation of Paris, a measure of prudence under an appearance of treason, after an heroic struggle with himself had already engaged and compromised Marmont.

XIV.

Although this marshal had fought to the last, and sought for death even to the faubourgs of Paris, some of his lieutenants and of his soldiers, irritated at yielding up the capital of the Empire on an armistice, had raised a cry of treason against him, when falling back on Essonne. General Chastel, who commanded a part of his cavalry (an intrepid soldier, but blinded by a military fanaticism,) had apostrophized Marmont under the name of traitor. Marmont, whose blood had been shed on that day freely enough in the cause of honour, replied to the insult by threatening General Chastel with a court-martial, when the army should be no longer before the enemy. Since that capitulation, that retreat, and these injurious suspicions of his officers and soldiers, Marmont, though blameless and without remorse, was not without embarrassment as to the opinion of the army and the Emperor. Misfortune creates injustice. Napoleon might reproach himself with not having secured, at every risk to his own fortunes, the few hours he required from the defence, to enable him to reach Paris before Alexander. The marshal, occupied at Essonne amidst his *corps d'armée*, had not ventured to meet the eye of Napoleon at Fontainebleau; for

doubtless in that eye he had expected to meet a reproach. Days flew by, each carrying off one of the resolutions and irresolutions of the Emperor. Each of these days also tended to weaken the fidelity of his generals.

XV.

We have seen that M. de Caulaincourt (incessantly sent from Fontainebleau to Paris, and back again from Paris to Fontainebleau), had failed in his attempt, first to induce the allied powers to treat with Napoleon, and afterwards to obtain a recognition of the regency. The dynasty was swept away, and nothing now remained but the person of the Emperor, and the fate that was preparing for him, intervening between the throne and the final forfeiture. Caulaincourt had returned on the night of the 2nd to Fontainebleau, to bring these melancholy decrees of victory to his master. Napoleon, full of a last hope until then, revolted against these decrees. He waited impatiently for day-break, assembled his troops in the courts and in the gardens of the palace, mounted his horse, surrounded by his marshals and his aides-de-camp, and passing down the front of the battalions of his guard, he read, with a loud and irritated voice, a proclamation which he had written to sound their resolution.

"Soldiers! the enemy has outstript us by three marches, and made himself master of Paris. We must expel him. Unworthy Frenchmen, emigrants, whom we had pardoned, have hoisted the white cockade, and joined the ranks of the enemy. Cowards! They shall receive the reward of this new attempt. Let us swear to conquer or die! Let us swear to make them respect this tricolour cockade, which for twenty years past has been found upon the road of glory and of honour!"

XVI.

The voice of their Emperor resounded in the hearts of the battalions and squadrons. A shudder passed through the ranks, sabres clattered, foreheads grew pale, and lips trembled and

responded in long rumbling acclamations, like the bellowing of anger that begins to growl in the hollow chest. "To Paris! to Paris!" shouted the soldiers. "Let our Emperor lead us there!" Their eyes seemed to devour in advance the short distance which separated them from the enemy, and their sabres to sweep the foe from the streets of the capital, restored to their country and their Emperor. Napoleon (gazing on the marshals and generals grouped around him, as he pointed out to them this inextinguishable enthusiasm for war, rekindled by his presence in the breasts of his soldiers), seemed to reproach them for their supineness, and for the symptoms of disaffection in the chiefs. No longer doubting the energy with which he would be followed by his soldiers, he returned to his palace, pursued even to the interior of his apartments by the prolonged echo of fidelity and devotion from his troops. He walked for a long time alone in his cabinet, with broken steps, with gestures of the hand, and with attitudes of reflection and of buoyancy, which revealed the struggling of his spirit with some great design. Then, sitting down, and taking the pen with his own hand, he wrote the order to the army to put itself in motion the following day for Paris, and to advance his quarter-general from Fontainebleau to Essonne. It was the signal of battle before Paris, in which he at length resolved to sacrifice his life, or to re-conquer his imperial crown.

XVII.

This resolution transpired in the evening through the rumours of the palace. It made the army tremble with vengeance and with joy; but it made the chiefs also tremble for Paris, for France, and for their own future prospects. They had none of them the same motives as Napoleon, to risk the fruits of their lives, and the responsibility of their names, in a struggle of despair. If the Empire fell, their fame would still remain, as well as their rank, their riches, their nobility, and the certainty of being sought for, honoured, and consecrated by any other government, which would settle accounts with glory, and the services rendered to the country. None of them wished to tarnish their names with treason; but neither did

any of them wish to second what they considered as insanity. It was therefore necessary, whatever the cost, to prevent the Emperor from putting their fidelity to the test, and from risking a last battle, in which to follow him would be madness, and to desert him cowardice.

XVIII.

No sooner had the chiefs of the army been made acquainted with the resolution of the Emperor, than the same sentiment raised the same murmur in their minds, inciting them, by the instinct of a common thought, to interrogate each other on their impressions, and to concert a plan of resistance, of objections, and of deliberations, which should make the mind of the Emperor hesitate and waver. It was in the palace itself that the marshals and the chiefs of corps met and assembled, at the first word, in the same spirit of opposition to the desperate plan of Napoleon. This opposition, so long cogitating, under the semblance of devotion and the promptitude of obedience, broke out at length in their gestures, in their looks, and in their acclamations. A specious and honourable pretext justified the harshness and impropriety of it in their own eyes. This was the interest of the army of which they considered themselves the natural representatives, and for which they began to negociate, without a warrant, by trustworthy persons, with the provisional government. None of these martial personages dissembled for a moment that Napoleon was politically extinct, and that a new reign was about to commence. Military discipline, in depriving the man of camps and battles of the exercise of his own will, deprives him, more than it does any other profession, of that energy of character so necessary in the vicissitudes of political events. It inspires him with personal intrepidity, but divests him of civic constancy. Nothing yields so much and so quickly in the storm of revolutions as generals; they follow the noble profession of arms, but they follow it under every master; they pass from one court to another, from an empire to a monarchy, from a monarchy to a republic, not like courtiers, but like servants,—the sword of every hand which lends or gives itself to the last person that

wears a crown. It is in the ranks of the army that we must look for the heroism of courage; but we rarely find there the heroism of independence.

XIX.

M. de Talleyrand, accustomed to so many governments, and so many revolutions of the palace, had judged, from the obsequiousness of these men to Napoleon in his prosperity, of their pliancy on his fall. He had them sounded, interrogated, almost negociated with, apart from their sovereign, by General Dupont, and by his confidential agents. To them he represented Napoleon as already condemned in the councils of Europe, and repulsed from France. He asked them if the army, after having sacrificed for him so much blood, ought again to sacrifice itself on his tomb, even to suicide. He gave a glimmering to their eyes of the gratitude of the future sovereign, who would recompense the services rendered to France, or who would proscribe through them the executioners and the incendiaries of his capital.

These insinuations found ready access to those hearts, ulcerated by reverses, which were desirous of casting upon one alone the responsibility, the resentment, and the odium of the common calamity. A sort of ill-sounding and wrong-sided glory attached itself even, in the idea of some of these marshals, to a rudeness of language, and to an abruptness of opposition, which gave them the appearance of a manly independence; but their complicity in the 18th Brumaire, their obsequiousness to the Emperor, their ready acquiescence of ten years to all the caprices of tyranny, took away from them the right to this stern patriotism. We murmur only with dignity against the excess of power that we have combated. These men of Napoleon's camps never dreamt of separating their cause from his, until his decline. This was just to him, but iniquitous for them. When a master has been followed even in his worst faults, until he begins to fall, there is only one real excuse for the companions of his fortune, which is to fall with him.

XX.

Marshal Oudinot, the Bayard of the Republic and of the Empire, devoted to the Emperor, but still more devoted to the army of which he was the model, was one of the first to break out against the madness of a chief who could not be touched even with the wounds of his country, and who wished to plunge the remains of his personal ambition into the flames and the blood of the capital. This explosion of a heart whose patriotism extinguished its fidelity, produced an ebullition, from the mouths and hearts of the other marshals and chiefs of divisions, of the discontent and despair of the crisis, so long muttered with a low voice. The conviction of a common thought multiplied reproaches, and increased audacity in every heart. All disguise of private sentiments was at once thrown off, and the murmur and the resolution to disobey were intentionally elevated high enough, that the noise might reach the ears of the Emperor, and that the certainty of the resistance he was about to experience, for the first time, might spare his lieutenants the unpleasantness of opposing him to his face.

XXI.

During this first insurrection of the mind, in the courts, in the gardens, and in the halls of the palace, the Emperor, shut up with Caulaincourt, poured out bitter complaints of his ruin, accusations against the Emperor of Russia, formerly his friend, and now his executioner, imprecations against Talleyrand and the Senate, and contempt, incredulity and irony against the Bourbons, that posthumous dynasty, incapable, he said, to govern a newly enlightened people. Then resuming his confidence, and reminding Caulaincourt of the heartfelt cries of his army which he had heard:—"To-morrow," he said, "I shall march with 60,000 men to the gates of Paris. My brave veterans acknowledge me still, and acknowledge me alone. The noise of my cannon shall awaken Paris: it will rise behind the Russians, while I attack them in front. Victory is

mine, and that shall be my judge. If the French, after their deliverance, think me still worthy of the throne, they will restore it to me. The night passed in these conversations and illusions.

XXII.

The Emperor, however, while affecting to maintain his illusions before Caulaincourt, had doubts, which he did not wish to have elucidated, of the obedience of his generals to his orders. To doubt obedience to him at such a moment was to recognise revolt: to recognise, without punishing it, was to submit himself tamely to the caprice of his lieutenants. He recoiled before this outbreak, and flattered himself that the night and reflection would bring back his generals to their duty. Before Berthier himself, his confidant and chief of the staff, he guarded himself against expressing the least distrust as to the execution of his orders, which he continued to dictate. He slept for some hours, and dressed himself early to inspect from the windows the execution of some movements of the troops which he had ordered. But the hours passed on until noon, without his hearing, in the camps around Fontainebleau, any other noise than that of the ordinary calls of the drum in an army at rest. Vacancy, immobility, and silence continued to reign everywhere. Still he could not bring himself to believe in the very first disobedience he had ever experienced in his life from his army, and he did not dare to ask any questions, lest he should have to yield or to punish. He affected to think, and to say to Caulaincourt, and other confidants, that the preparations for departure, to secure conveyance, forage, and subsistence for the army, had doubtless retarded, to this advanced hour, the march of the columns on Essonne.

At noon the ordinary parade of the guards on duty took place in the court of the palace. The rumour of Napoleon's abdication, which was rapidly spread during the night by his marshals, as if to give him this indirect summons of destiny through the public voice, spread along the ranks and over the palace. These rumours at length reached the ears of Napo-

leon, and produced a paleness over his features; for he anticipated a more direct summons from those who in their hearts were longing for his fall. The tragical scenes of the Lower Empire, and of the palace of Paul the First, floated in his imagination. He yielded within himself to necessity; but, outwardly affecting the confidence of incontestable command, he mounted his horse in the midst of his generals, and reviewed his detachments in silence. Sorrow, doubt, and pity were strongly marked on the rough features of the soldiers. At this moment an aide-de-camp of Marmont's arrived full speed from Essonne; he dismounted, delivered his despatches, and divulged among the group that surrounded him the news of the Emperor's dethronement by the Senate. This intelligence passed from mouth to mouth amongst the marshals, and through the silent ranks of the soldiery. Some it exasperated, others it confounded, and it rejoiced a few; but to the greater number it offered a door open to ingratitude and infidelity. The review was a gloomy one, and terminated without the customary cries of loyalty and affection. It was now evident to Napoleon that his orders had been treated with contempt, and that all eyes were turned towards Paris for a signal which should decide between him and the Senate. He dismounted, pale and careworn, at the bottom of the grand staircase in the palace, and made a sign with his hand to the marshals and the generals that he did not wish to be accompanied into his apartments. His lieutenants looked at each other; and, mutually encouraged by a single glance, they paid no attention to his sign, but rapidly followed him, as if with their customary respect, and entered immediately after him the saloon leading to his cabinet.

XXIII.

Let us leave for a moment this scene, as yet so silent, and cast an eye on what is passing at Paris and in Marmont's army, —the advance-guard and left flank of that of Napoleon.

The Senate, as we have said, declared themselves every moment with increasing audacity against the Empire. Beurnonville sent message upon message to Marmont, to detach

his army from a chief repudiated by victory and by the voice of the nation. The Emperor, on his side, the day after his arrival at Fontainebleau, had gone to visit Marmont and the lines of his army. Rumours of treason, and reproaches on the promptitude of the capitulation of Paris, had resounded in his ears during this visit. He pretended, however, not to hear them; and whether, from a full confidence of a friendship of twenty years, and the brotherhood of so many battle-fields, whether from judicious dissimulation to preserve in his interests a division which in a word might alienate, he had saluted Marmont in his ordinary manner. He honoured in him unfortunate valour, and distributed praises, promotion, and decorations amongst his officers. This last interview between the Emperor and his ancient aide-de-camp seemed to attach Marmont more than ever to his duty. The Emperor himself stifled the exasperated denunciations which General Chastel had uttered against the marshal on the march from Paris. He attributed them to the anger which retreat excites in a generous heart; and he therefore ordered both generals to forget, the one his reproaches, and the other the vengeance of a military tribunal with which he had menaced his subordinate officer.

XXIV.

But the Emperor had scarcely quitted the army of Marmont, when emissaries from the minister of war, from M. de Talleyrand, from the royalists, and above all, from the republicans, insinuated themselves into his camp, and penetrated even into his own presence. It may be very well believed that the mind of the marshal, already much afflicted, was more and more worked upon by solicitations, invested in colours of true patriotism, and which placed him in the terrible alternative of failing in friendship for his old chief, or of divesting himself of all solicitude for his country. In this agitation of Marmont's mind, Prince Schwartzenburg, who commanded the troops in front of Essonne, summoned the marshal in the name of peace, and in the name of the new government of his country, to prevent a useless effusion of blood; and to range himself, as he

said, under the colours of the cause that was truly French. The commandant of the National Guard of Paris, General Dessoles, an old lieutenant of Moreau's, full of a just resentment against the Emperor, addressed the same prayers to Marmont, in the name of his fellow-citizens of Paris, as it affected their lives, their properties and their families. His adhesion, he said, to the new national government, would settle every thing. The destiny of France rested entirely at this moment upon one man alone, who was arbiter between the Empire, still armed, and the nation, suppliant at the feet of the general nearest to it for its capital and its blood.

XXV.

The marshal did not dare to take wholly upon himself the entire weight of a decision which he felt beforehand must crush him in the estimation of honour and of gratitude, and in the page of history. He deliberated with himself; but to deliberate when military duty called for obedience was already to betray. As a military man, he condemned himself; as a friend he afflicted his own heart; as citizen of a country, the fate of which was in his own hands, he made, perhaps, one of those supernatural efforts which immolate one duty to another, and which sacrifice a man for the public safety. However this may be, Marmont wished for an excuse; which was an ample admission that he was going to commit a fault. He assembled at Essonne all the generals, and all the superior officers of his army, and he consulted them on the adhesion that they were to give or to refuse, in the name of the army, to the propositions of Paris, of the provisional government, and of the allies. The moment must have been very critical, and the pressure of events and of the national opinion excessive in the extreme; for all pronounced for the adhesion. One reserve only was made, which was called for by the memory of past events, and even by the decency of defection: this was, that guarantees should be given for the life and liberty of the Emperor.

Marmont wrote a letter to Prince Schwartzenburg, in which might at once be seen his resolution, his sorrow, and his remorse.

XXVI.

"I have received," he said, "the letter which your highness has done me the honour to write to me. Public opinion has always been the rule of my conduct. The army and the people have been absolved from their oath of fidelity towards the Emperor Napoleon, by the decree of the Senate. I am disposed to concur in such a conjunction of the people and the army, as may obviate all chance of civil war, and prevent the effusion of French blood. In consequence, I am ready to quit the army of the Emperor Napoleon on the following conditions, for which I demand a written guarantee:—

"Art. I. The troops which shall quit the standard of Napoleon shall be allowed to retire freely into Normandy.

"Art. II. If, in consequence of this movement, the events of the war should place in the hands of the allied powers the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, his life and liberty shall be guaranteed to him, in a space of ground, and in a country circumscribed, at the choice of the allied powers and of the French government."

XXVII.

It will be seen that the authors of this defection did not dissemble any of the consequences that it was preparing. They knew they would deliver up Napoleon, in withdrawing, without his knowledge, the rampart which still sheltered him; and they stipulated beforehand the ambiguous condition of his captivity. The terms of Art. II. might, in fact, be as well applied to a prison as to an empire. The best proof that Marmont spoke the wishes of the enemies of his sovereign, of his benefactor, and of his general, is, that the allies ratified his words by their signatures, and that they even extended their meaning by conferring upon Napoleon a sovereignty in his banishment.

"I cannot sufficiently express to you," replied the generalissimo of the allied troops to Marmont, "the satisfaction I feel

at learning the alacrity with which you accept the invitation of the provisional government, in ranging yourself under the banner of the French cause. The distinguished services that you have rendered to your country are generally recognised. You have now crowned them by restoring to their homes the few brave men that have escaped the ambition of one. I appreciate, above all, the delicacy of the article which you demand, and to which I agree, relative to the person of Napoleon. Nothing could better characterize the generosity so natural to the French, and by which you are so particularly distinguished."

The allies thus disguised from Marmont the fault he had committed, by designating it as delicacy and generosity, which extended more indulgence to Napoleon than to himself. They had hardly signed the convention, however, before he appeared to repent it, and to wish to redeem the cruel share he bore in the transaction, by making efforts, in concert with other marshals, in favour of the regency, and the transmission of the Empire to the son of his benefactor. Let us now return to Fontainebleau.

BOOK EIGHTH.

Abdication of Napoleon—He sends Caulaincourt and Macdonald as Plenipotentiaries to Paris—Council of the Marshals and the Allied Sovereigns on the 4th of April—Rejection of the Regency—Defection of Marmont's Troops—Nocturnal Supper of the Generals and Officers—March of the 6th Corps into the enemy's lines—Its revolt on its arrival at Versailles—Its march towards Rambouillet—Marmont, hastening to Versailles, stops and appeases the 6th corps—Oration of Marmont, on his return, at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand—Order of the day of Napoleon on the 5th of April—Return of the Plenipotentiaries to Fontainebleau—Napoleon wishes to commence the war—He renounces the idea—Departure of Caulaincourt for Paris.

I.

The Emperor, on entering his apartments, with a determined voice ordered the head-quarters to advance to Ponthierry, on the road to Essonne. This he thought would be a tacit order to his marshals also to follow him with their main divisions. He did not expect that his companions in arms would abandon him in the last struggle; for though he had no longer any confidence in their devotion he still believed in their honour.

The marshals, however, who had followed him to the very last position to which he appeared desirous of retreating, formed before him a group of enigmatical faces. Undecided between habitual respect and the audacity of an unwonted resolution, their features revealed the ambiguity of the part they played. Ready to bow respectfully if the Emperor would comprehend their significant gestures and silent importunity, but ready to enforce their object, if he persisted in not understanding them. The long silence which thus ensued between the Emperor and his lieutenants was the most solemn dialogue of the scene. Napoleon consulted by his looks the eyes of his officers, who also consulted his in a like manner, each appearing to wait for the other to develope their intentions. This, however, Napo-

leon did not yet dream of doing, while his lieutenants trembled at the prospect of being forced to open the conference. The mortification of waiting in vain, increased by the settled intention of effecting their object, excited the rage and impatience of the military chiefs, till at length, despairing to convince but determined to achieve, they were about to declare themselves.

II.

"I rely upon you, gentlemen," said Napoleon at length, hastening to anticipate them by a word to which they had so often responded, and which required some sign of acquiescence. The marshals, however, instead of retiring respectfully, as usual on such occasions, to execute the orders they received, drew close together, and firmly fixing their feet on the floor, showed, by this attitude, their resolution to remain. Napoleon was agitated, but restrained his feelings, till Marshal Ney, whose numerous exploits had given him the right of expressing himself with more freedom than the others, exclaimed, "That not a single sword should leave the scabbard to effect the useless and insane crime of a desperate ambition against the country." Napoleon regarded him with reproachful astonishment. This was the first truth he had heard during ten years of service; and coming from the soul of one of his most heroic companions, it had the accent of a revolt and the bitterness of an abandonment. He was thunderstruck and disconcerted, as he had been on the 18th Brumaire, by the voices and gestures of the representatives at Saint Cloud. Napoleon, in fact, required an army between himself and the truth. He could not combat audacity hand to hand.

III.

His lieutenants, Ney, Oudinot, Lefebvre, supported, with all the energy of abrupt speech and indomitable will, the declaration of the marshal. The faces, the tone, the imperatively extended arms and pointed fingers of the officers, the low murmurs, the threatening looks, the broken words scarcely checked on the lips, the stamping of feet and the clatter of sabres on

the floor, seemed to indicate to Napoleon, that matters were fast verging to extremities, and that the terror he had so long inspired was at length recoiling upon himself. He, nevertheless, again tried his moral power: he raised his brow, which had bent beneath the keenest reproaches, and again dismissing his lieutenants by a gesture, "The army at least—will that follow me?" he said with a bitter smile. "The army," replied the marshals, in a more vehement tone, "will obey its generals." This was turning against his own heart the sword he had placed in their hands. Napoleon felt himself disarmed. It only remained for him to set at defiance his companions in glory, in the most insulting manner, by clearing a passage through the group that pressed around him, and by rushing out on the terrace of the court to call upon his grenadiers to avenge their Emperor. But here, as at Saint Cloud, his foot, his heart, his voice failed him. He crossed his arms on his breast, bent down his head, appeared to reflect a long time in silence, then composed his features to hide his humiliation; and in the tone of a man who voluntarily seeks counsel of his friends, instead of submitting himself to their will through force: "Well," he said to them, "what ought I to do in your opinion?"

"Abdicate!" exclaimed, in a rough and unanimous voice, the marshals nearest to him.

"Yes, there remains for you, for us, for our country, no other course, no other means of safety than your abdication," exclaimed the others.

"And see what you have gained by not following the advice of your friends, when they wished you to make peace," said Marshal Lefebvre.

A general murmur of approbation revealed to Napoleon that he had no further hope or even pity to expect in all these hearts. He heard, though he feigned not to hear, words which revealed the long hidden depths of his soul. He saw that the resentment of the nation overflowed even from the lips of its last preservers. No commiseration concealed from him their ingratitude. Defection assumed the accent of patriotism. Vulgar minds, that have cringed the lowest before prosperity, conduct themselves with the utmost insolence before misfortune.

Military bluntness is then dignified by the name of frankness; yet this tardy frankness is often but the revenge of long servility. It was not spared to Napoleon. In a few moments he was overwhelmed with those voices which had been so long smothered with forced adulation. He merited this punishment from that public opinion which he himself had so much abused. But was it the recipients of his own favours that should have inflicted it?

IV.

Napoleon submitted himself, not to their counsels, but to destiny, which had disarmed him. "I will present to you my abdication,—leave me for a moment to write it," he said. The marshals withdrew towards the door of the narrow closet, without losing sight of the Emperor. He sat down before a small table covered with green cloth. He took a pen, reflected a moment, and then weighing the words in his mind he wrote deliberately, and with a trembling hand, his abdication in the following words:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country; without prejudice, however, to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the Empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the Empire.

"Given at our Palace of Fontainebleau, the 4th April, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

V.

"There, gentlemen," said he, addressing the marshals who advanced towards him; "are you satisfied?"

The lieutenants received the abdication from his hands, read it, and bowed in satisfaction. This abdication was their ransom for the country, and their personal treaty with Europe. They troubled themselves little about the conditions that the Emperor seemed to attach to it. Without a sword or a crown negociation is at an end. They held their oaths and their

liberty in their hands, and they were fully determined never again to confide them to him.

VI.

As to Napoleon, although the scene which had just passed left him no further illusion on the attachment of ambition to power, he feigned still to entertain it, either to flatter himself or his marshals, or rather, perhaps, to cover with an appearance of dignity and independance the violence he had suffered, and which he would not even confess to himself. "Gentlemen," said he to them, in a voice which he strove to render confident and martial, "you must now go to Paris to defend the interests of my son, the interests of the army—those of France. I name as my commissioners the Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt), the Marshal Prince of Moskowa, and the Marshal Duke of Ragusa. Are you satisfied with the names?—do these interests appear to you in good hands?"

The generals signified their assent.

VII.

Napoleon, who had remained standing in a state of nervous agitation from the moment he had tendered the act of abdication to his companions in arms, could no longer resist the exhaustion which often follows a violent shock of the mind. He sank exhausted on a sofa, and waited a moment to recover his breath. Then placing his hands on his forehead, he seemed to be absorbed in the deepest anxiety. Nothing was heard through the silence of the closet (illumed by the sun's rays), but the sound of his difficult breathing. The marshals felt pained by this agony of an expiring ambition; but they believed him at length conquered. They were mistaken. This phrenzy of Napoleon's disguised a last stratagem of his passion for empire. He started up, as if seized with a sudden repentance, and darting towards his generals, as if to re-possess and tear up his written resignation: "No, no!" he cried, "there shall be no regency. With my guard alone, and the army of Marmont, I shall be in Paris to-morrow!"

One unanimous exclamation of the generals protested with indignation against this resumption of the will they thought they had conquered. Marshal Ney spoke to him with the energetic roughness of a soldier who no longer hesitates to oppose rudeness to insanity. Napoleon's blood flew to his temples, and his gestures were those of suppressed despair. He could no longer brook the presence of the men who had torn from him even his self-respect. "Retire," he said to them in a voice of thunder. They went out with downcast looks, recommending silence to each other on the violence employed to effect the abdication. They carried with them the Empire; for the Emperor they little cared now.

VIII.

The marshals had scarcely left, when Napoleon wrote another copy of his abdication; and calling Caulaincourt, gave it to him, as a last instrument of negociation with which he was to bargain with the allies, to obtain in return the regency and the succession of his son. His heart, long restrained by the presence of his lieutenants, before whom he dared not show his rage, and before whom, also, he blushed to display his weakness, at last broke forth:—"The ingrates," he repeated several times; "the ingrates! they owe me everything; and they have not even waited for the hour when they might abandon me with decency. It would have been less cruel to have fallen under the hands of our enemies; but under those of my friends! Ungrateful men! I made them what they are; I gave them that army which they threaten to turn against myself!"

This was truly said, as regarded some of the men of the army; but it was not true as applied to the veterans of the Republic. Their names flourished even before his. They had been of use in his service, and some had tarnished them by servility. Napoleon and they might exchange mutual reproaches; they for having bent beneath his tyranny, and he for having participated in the fruits of their servility, and forgotten that they were free men, until he himself was vanquished.

IX.

Napoleon then threw himself into the arms of Caulaincourt, and moaned for a few moments on his breast. Caulaincourt's future prospects were bound up with those of Napoleon. Although he had cleared himself of the direct participation which attached to him in the murder of the last of the Condés, he knew that the recollection of it weighed heavily on his name, and would follow him as a calumny or as a vengeance under the reign of the Bourbons. The Empire was not only his point of fidelity, it was his safeguard, and he clung to its last wreck with as much tenacity as the Emperor himself. The others were only compromised as regarded the victories and defeats of Napoleon; but Caulaincourt was compromised in his expiations. Still the friendship of Alexander, which he had cultivated during his numerous missions to that prince, left him some hope of an arrangement for the Emperor and of protection for himself. Napoleon ordered him again to depart, and named to him Marmont and Ney as first negociators with the allied sovereigns. He had experienced the severity of Ney, but he believed him sufficiently appeased by the abdication. As to Marmont, he was still ignorant of the promised defection which the Prince of Schwartzenburg held in his hands.

X.

Caulaincourt, more diffident because he knew more, represented to the Emperor that the absence of Marmont from Fontainebleau might perhaps retard the course of the negociation, and that it would be better to name Macdonald. Maret, Duke of Bassano, had followed Napoleon in his campaigns as secretary of state. He possessed over the Emperor the ascendancy which constant presence, familiarity, and habit impart. He was called and consulted. Being a man of honour himself he suspected not the honour of others; he recommended Mac donald, who was summoned accordingly.

This was a gentleman of Irish extraction, whose ancestors

had followed James II. into France. Fidelity flowed in his veins. Although revolution had obliged him, like all soldiers, to serve different parties, he was ever faithful to his sword. A soldier before the revolution, a general during the wars of the Republic, under Moreau in Germany, under Pichegru in Holland, and under Championnet at Naples, he had rendered his name illustrious by the glorious retreat of the Trebia,—a retreat equivalent to a victory. On the 18th Brumaire, he had, like all the generals present in Paris, lent his countenance to Bonaparte to put down the Republic. Napoleon had employed him, and aggrandized and distinguished him, but with reserve and distrust. Macdonald was not a protegé of his alone, and he feared in him a man who too well remembered Moreau; but Macdonald undeceived him in the hour of trial. Although this general the day before had advised the abdication, and that morning had joined the group of officers who had imperiously demanded the sceptre from Napoleon, he had spoken with that respect with which misfortune inspires the generous heart, and that disregard of consequences characteristic of the noble mind. Though the least favoured of the marshals, he had shown himself the most faithful. On the counsel being given, he had offered the Emperor his sword and intervention to the last extremity. Napoleon was affected. He had found his last friend in one whom he suspected would be his most severe judge. He summoned Macdonald, and confided to him, with considerable emotion, the fate of his last hopes and the prospects of his son. "I have wronged you," said the Emperor; "do you not remember it?" "No," said Macdonald; "I remember nothing but your confidence in me." The Emperor pressed the hand of the soldier; tears stood in the eyes of both.

XI.

The plenipotentiaries Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald left the Emperor alone, plunged in humiliation and grief. They got into a carriage, and hastened towards Paris.

A few hours afterwards they were introduced to the pre-

sence of the Emperor Alexander. They did not doubt that this prince, convinced of the peril of a last encounter with Napoleon, and secretly inimical to the Bourbons, would favour the regency of the Empress. The negociation had added to their number Marshal Marmont, whom they took up at his camp at Essonne. This officer began to repent of his too complete defection, the secret of which had not yet transpired. His troops, under the command of his lieutenants, had not yet commenced the movement towards Normandy, and Marmont did not dare to avow to his companions-in-arms that he had treated without them. He hoped to regain possession of his convention with Schwartzenburg. He wished, at all events, to postpone the execution of it, until after the regency should be ratified by Alexander; but chance completed the defection already commenced, and closed the door against his return to fidelity.

XII.

Caulaincourt, whose familiarity with Alexander was of long standing, took precedence of the marshals on entering the presence of that prince. Alexander pretended to him that he had been drawn, in spite of himself, into an universal league against the dynasty of Napoleon. He related to Caulaincourt the importunities of M. de Talleyrand, the Abbé Louis, the Abbé de Pradt, the Abbé de Montesquiou, four old members of the clergy hackneyed in the intrigues of their policy, like the eunuchs of the Byzantine courts. He revealed to him the defection of Marmont and his staff; he informed him that General Souham, who commanded the army of Essonne, in the absence of the marshal, had publicly, at that very moment, left Napoleon unprotected and disarmed by abandoning his position. Napoleon, without soldiers, was therefore no longer a name of which they could avail themselves to press the regency upon the councils of the allies. He was no longer anything but a captive, the conditions of whose captivity they were about to determine. Alexander, with that courteous dissimulation of the Greek character, which is also found in the Sclavonic race, affected, while speaking thus, as much

grief and regret as though he were still Napoleon's friend. He condoled while he wounded. He held forth hopes, and withdrew them in every word and accent. Caulaincourt, alarmed, still had faith in the influence of the marshals on the Emperor, and they were introduced.

III.

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the generals, the foreign diplomatists, General Beurnonville, the members of the provisional government, and the principal agents of M. de Talleyrand and the royalists, were present at the interview, where the question of the throne was for the last time and irrevocably to be decided. Caulaincourt presented to the sovereigns the conditional act of abdication. The King of Prussia, full of the battle of Jena, and of vengeance for a beloved woman whose death had been caused by Napoleon, opened the debate. He told the emissaries of Napoleon, that the hour for a compromise was past, that France had pronounced her opinion with irresistible authority, against the hereditary despotism of a chief who had deceived her, and that she now reclaimed her ancient kings, by the voice of the Senate and of the people.

Macdonald pleaded the cause of Napoleon with calm and respectful energy: "He yields up the Empire as a ransom for the throne of his son," said he; "he restores peace to the universe, and gives up his sword and his rights on this condition. The blood which would yet be shed in Europe, were he to resist to the last, would no longer be laid at his door. The sovereigns who have taken up arms, not in the cause of any crowned family in particular, but to restore independence and peace to mankind, cannot consistently allow their armies and the population to encounter such risks, to effect a dethronement which was not the original object of their league. The aamy is still faithful and numerous between Fontainebleau and Paris, and at the voice of Napoleon would commence the most terrible and deplorable of battles. Is it consistent with

reason and humanity, that the first soldier in the world should be reduced to such a desperate extremity?"

XIV.

Such were Macdonald's words; but when he spoke of the army, as still prepared to follow its general, a smile of incredulity which he could not understand, appeared on the lips of those present. An enigmatical whispering disturbed him and Ney, when the door opened, and Marmont appeared. He entered, and this time at least came in good faith, though at a late hour, to join his companions in arms, and intercede in favour of the regency. He was ashamed of appearing less loyal and attached than Macdonald and Ney, who owed less to the Emperor. He was received by M. de Talleyrand, the emissaries of the provisional government, and the allied generals, with such demonstrations of cordiality and joy, as were calculated to win his heart to the cause of the allies. The evidence of a prior understanding might be seen in their faces. Marmont was already alienated, in the minds of the council, from the cause of the Empire; and those who defended it turned pale on seeing the warmth of his reception, and his familiarity with the allies. They, however, suspected but a part of the truth, of which Marmont was entirely ignorant. His army, in favour of which he came to negociate, no longer existed. During his absence, his generals, summoned by Schwartzenburg and influenced by the emissaries from Paris, had executed the convention; had marched their troops through the lines of Prince Schwartzenburg, and fallen back upon Versailles, even more anxious than their general to place Paris and the allied armies between the Emperor and themselves. This movement being accomplished was equivalent to a capitulation. Marmont's forces were, from this time forward, completely hemmed in by the enemy, and Napoleon's army had no longer either front, flank, or line. It consisted of but a handful of brave men, surrounded and exposed on all sides, and rallying round the last palace of their sovereign.

XV.

Just as Marmont was about to speak, and by an appearance of loyalty to emulate his colleagues in their intercession, a despatch was brought to the Emperor Alexander, which he opened. It was from the Austrian generalissimo, and announced the breaking up and movements of the army of the Emperor. Alexander read it aloud, and thus put an end to all further conference. Marmont, who had given no orders for this movement, was thunderstruck. Caulaincourt, Macdonald, and Ney were struck dumb; for, while they were pleading, fate or treachery had decided. Silence reigned through the council—a silence of joy on the one hand, and of consternation and shame on the other; while astonishment prevailed over all. There was nothing left to negociate for; and nothing now remained but to implore. The marshals and Caulaincourt retired.

XVI.

Every one applauded their fidelity, and sympathised with their grief; and Beurnonville, an old companion in arms of Macdonald's in the wars of the Republic, advanced to the marshal, and held out his hand to him. "Do not speak to me," said Macdonald; "you have made me forget in one day a friendship of thirty years' standing." Then turning to Gen. Dupont, minister of war, "As to you," he said, "you had a right to hate the Emperor, for he was unjust to you; but why avenge a personal injury upon your country?"

M. de Talleyrand having approached the group of marshals, whose voices resounded with the tones of indignation and despair, begged them to speak lower, and to remember that they were not in his house then, but in that of the Emperor Alexander. Macdonald answered him with the energy of despair and contempt. Marmont struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and deplored the precipitation of his generals, who had acted without orders. "I would give an arm," he cried, "to repair the fault of my generals." "Say

rather their crime," replied Macdonald; "for which their heads would not atone."

XVII.

Marmont's despair, though late, was not feigned. Nothing had been as yet settled in his own mind, notwithstanding the guilty convention of Essonne, which he had resolved to execute at his own time, and not till after the conferences of Paris should have guaranteed the integrity of his position, the safety of his army, and the personal conditions of the Emperor; but the first step in the descent to treachery inevitably leads to ruin. The following are the events that Marmont had not foreseen, and which took place during his absence.

Napoleon, irritated by the violence with which his lieutenants had forced the abdication from him, began again to think of war on their departure. He had sent Colonel Gourgaud, one of his young orderly officers, devoted to him with all the enthusiasm of his age and his heart, to Marmont's camp, to bring that marshal back with him to Fontainebleau, Napoleon hoping to find in him more constancy and devotion to his desperate resolves than in his other lieutenants. With Marmont and his guard he could brave the revolted generals of his other corps, expose them to the resentment of the soldiery, name other generals, again take the command, march on Paris, and either change or modify his fortune. Gourgaud, not finding Marmont at Essonne, the marshal being then negociating in Paris, was astonished that the chief of a division should have abandoned his post, in the presence of the enemy. He learnt from Marmont's aide-de-camp, Colonel Fabvier, that the rumour of the Emperor's abdication had already spread throughout the army by the despatches come from the outposts, and that each of the generals of division began to think of himself. Colonel Fabvier, faithful to his duty, and of tried honour, went himself to look for his marshal, whose return he hoped for, and on his way revived the vigilance and courage of the outposts. Gourgaud, in pursuit of his mission, went to summon Mortier to a nocturnal interview with Napoleon at Fontainebleau, to concert a grand movement unknown to the

disaffected marshals. While Berthier, chief of the staff, feeling uneasy at Gourgaud's long absence, sent by an orderly to the camp of Essonne a fresh invitation to Marmont to come immediately, and receive the orders of the Emperor.

XVIII.

This fresh invitation to Marmont, together with the increasing rumour of the abdication, and the departure of the marshals, whose motives were unknown, but of whose discontent they were aware, led Marmont's staff to believe that the Emperor wished, by a personal and insane renewal of hostilities, to protest against the will of the chiefs of the army and the interests of the country. Indignation and disaffection now usurped the place of anxiety. In the absence of the marshal, Generals Bordesoulle, Compans, Digeon, Ledru-Desessarts, and Meynadier meeting, communicated to each other their apprehensions, and decided on taking it upon themselves to disarm the fallen Emperor of all means of uselessly shedding the blood of France, and of his soldiers. Each of these generals agreed to collect his chief officers around his table at the close of day, and to induce them, either by force of conviction, or by discipline, to aid in the movement which should disarm Napoleon. They accordingly entertained them until midnight as boon companions whom they were unwilling to part with; and then, when the colonels were about to return to their posts, the generals informed them that the Emperor had decided to march on Paris, that they were to make room for the army of Fontainebleau which followed him, and to march as an advanced guard on the road to Versailles. All flew to their arms with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and a desperate impatience for vengeance signalized this last fidelity of the corps. The cavalry marched in the dark, under the command of General Bordesoulle, towards Paris.

XIX.

In the meanwhile Colonel Fabvier, Marmont's aide-de-camp, returning from the outposts, and meeting the columns in full

route, was astonished, and made inquiries, not understanding a movement that his marshal had not commanded, but the soldiers could give him no explanation. At last he reached the generals, who were warming themselves at a bivouac fire, near the river Essonne, while their columns defiled over the bridge.

Fabvier inquired of General Souham the reason of a nocturnal movement which would throw the troops into the enemy's lines. Souham replied that he was not accustomed to render an account of his actions to his inferior officers; but on Fabvier's respectfully urging his question:—"Your marshal," he replied, "has taken shelter in Paris, and I will not risk my head through the responsibility he has left us." General Compans joined Fabvier in strenuously advising the abandoning of a movement, which there would be quite time enough to make, if they learnt that the Emperor really intended to compromise and sacrifice his last remaining soldiers; but Souham was inflexible. "No, no," said he; "the foot is raised—the step must be taken!" and the army accordingly proceeded on its march.

XX.

The advanced guard felt astonished at meeting with no enemy. The darkness of the night concealed from their view the plains on each side of the road, and strange noises arose at intervals in the distance. The soldiers thought that they were columns of the army of Fontainebleau that were marching with them on their right and left flanks; but the break of day showed them the batteries, battalions, and squadrons of the Russian army drawn up in battle array on both sides of the road. They had marched, since three o'clock that morning, between two invisible lines, ready to close behind them. Their indignation was extreme, all return impossible, and a cry of restrained fury broke from the ranks, which continued all the way to Versailles. The rear guard alone, commanded by General Chastel, discovered the snare by the light of the dawning day, before they had crossed the bridge of Essonne, and, halting immediately, hastily fortified this pass, to protect the Emperor

At Corbeil, General Lucotte refused to follow Marmont's army, and swore to die at his post.

XXI.

General Bordesoulle had no sooner arrived at Versailles than he wrote to Marmont to explain to him the motives which had decided his generals, without orders from him, on making the movement which it had been settled should be delayed until his return from Paris, and congratulated himself in this letter on the unanimity with which the troops had followed the impetus he had given; but even while Bordesoulle was writing, the soldiers, recovered from their astonishment, and dispersed through the town of Versailles and the surrounding villages, had congregated together in groups, interrogated each other, became indignant, accused their chiefs of the crime of a desertion which dishonoured their corps, and broke forth into acclamations for their Emperor, and imprecations on their generals. Colonel Ordener assembled at his house all the other colonels, who, revolting against the treachery of their generals, conferred upon him the command of their battalions. He accordingly ordered the cavalry to mount, and directed them on Rambouillet, that they might return by that circuitous route to Fontainebleau. The entire force, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, spontaneously seized their arms, and fell into the ranks, deaf to the voices of the generals, and hastened to follow in the steps of Ordener, to return to their Emperor; while the town, roads, and woods echoed with their fury and acclamations—the expression of their desperate and indomitable fidelity to their vanquished Emperor.

XXII.

The provisional government being informed of this revolt, and fearful lest it should win over the troops and the people, conjured Marmont to encounter the fury of his army, and recall it to its duty. The marshal hastened to comply, although death appeared inevitable; yet it would at least unravel the

complicated web of fault and misfortune in his unhappy position. He started on one of his fleetest horses in pursuit of Ordener, on the road to Rambouillet. "Stop!" he cried to that officer; "reconduct my troops to Versailles, or I will have you seized and tried for usurping the command." "I defy you," replied the colonel; "the troops are not yours; there is no military law which condemns them to obey the dictates of treachery;—and if there were, there is no soldier here so base as to comply with it."

The loud voices of the two generals, the agitation of the groups when they threatened and questioned each other, and the confused halt which suspended the march of the columns, drew the officers and soldiers around Marmont, whose voice they recognised, and whose fidelity they suspected, but whose courage they admired. He tore his uniform before them, showed them the scars of his wounds, recalled to their memory their exploits together in the same battle fields, and vindicated himself from the stigma of an order he had not given, but entreated them to decide between him and the insurrection, and assured them that the peace already signed would render their movement of the night before harmless to their companions in arms, and to the Emperor. He begged they would kill him rather than for ever disgrace themselves by abandoning their general. The soldiers nearest him were moved at his voice; they repented their breach of discipline, abandoned Ordener, and cried "Vive Marmont." Hurrying along the others, and following him, they resumed the road to their cantonments. Marmont harangued, reviewed, placed them again under the hands of their generals, and returned in triumph to Paris.

M. de Talleyrand, the ministers, and the allied sovereigns received him with open arms, and overwhelmed him with praises. A second time, they said, has he saved the blood of the capital. Surrounded and courted by all, at the conclusion of a dinner at M. de Talleyrand's, he was greeted with immense applause and clapping of hands; but yet, in the midst of the enthusiasm of his master's enemies, Marmont must have felt the pitiful reality of his defection.

XXIII.

While these events, which were crowded into the short space of a night and a morning, were taking place at Paris and Versailles, the Emperor, alone at Fontainebleau, waited in vain for Marmont and Mortier—the two last hopes of his fortune. Instead of these two marshals, whose fidelity he wished to try again in the hope of their winning over the rest, he received a private despatch from Caulaincourt, containing a copy of the secret convention between Marmont and the allies. An hour afterwards Gourgaud and Chastel hastened to inform him of the nocturnal defection of the whole army of Essonne. The acts and insulting proclamations of the Senate reached him at the same moment, and he was prostrated once more, only to rise again. But depressed as he was, he was determined at all events to bandy recrimination and invective with that servile Senate, that dared to raise its voice only against the vanquished; and, shutting himself up in his cabinet, he wrote the following order of the day to the army.

XXIV.

"Fontainebleau, 5th of April, 1814.

"The Emperor thanks the army for the attachment which it shows to him, and particularly because it recognises France in him and not in the people of the capital. The soldier follows the good and ill fortune of his general, his honour, and his religion. The Duke of Ragusa has not given proof of this feeling to his companions in arms; he has passed over to the allies. The Emperor cannot approve of the conditions on which he has taken this step; he cannot accept his life and liberty at the hands of a subject.

"The Senate has taken upon itself to dispose of the French government; it has forgotten that it owes to the Emperor the power which it now abuses; that it was the Emperor who

saved a part of its members from the storms of the Revolution, and drew from obscurity and protected the others against the hatred of the nation.

"The Senate relies upon the articles of the constitution in order to overturn it; and does not blush to upbraid the Emperor, forgetting that, as the first body of the State, it has taken part in all events. It has gone so far as to dare to accuse the Emperor of having altered the acts in the course of publication. The whole world knows he had no occasion for such artifices. A sign was an order for the Senate, who always did even more than was required of them. The Emperor has always been accessible to the remonstrances of his ministers, and he expected from them, in this emergency, the most complete justification of the measures he had taken. If enthusiasm was mingled in the addresses and public speeches, then the Emperor has been deceived. But those who made use of such language should attribute to themselves the consequences of their flatteries.

"The Senate does not blush to speak of libels published against foreign governments; it forgets that they were drawn up in their own breasts! So long as fortune showed herself faithful to their sovereign, these men have remained faithful, and no complaint was heard of the abuse of power. If the Emperor despised the senators, as he is accused of doing, the world will this day acknowledge he had reasons enough for his contempt. He held his dignity of God and of the nation; they alone could deprive him of it; he has always considered it a burden, and when he accepted it, it was with the conviction that he alone was worthy to bear it.

"The welfare of France appeared wound up in the destiny of the Emperor. Now that fortune has decided against him, the wish of the nation alone could persuade him to remain longer on the throne. If he must consider himself as the only obstacle to peace, he willingly makes this last sacrifice to France. He has, therefore, sent the Prince of Moskowa and the Dukes of Vicenza and Tarentum to Paris, to enter upon the negociation. The army may rest assured that its honour will never be opposed to the welfare of France."

XXV.

This address to his troops, nevertheless, covered another appeal to their compassion, under the semblance of a feigned resignation in giving up the Empire. He clung obstinately to hope, even while she deserted him. A carriage which drove into the court-yard arrived to dispel all remaining illusion. He rushed to the window in time to see Caulaincourt, Macdonald, and Ney descend from it, bringing to him the ultimatum of his enemies. Their features alone revealed to him the melancholy and inflexible nature of his destiny. Caulaincourt and Macdonald tempered the impression by their attitude of silent compassion; but Marshal Ney, although loyal, bore in his looks that fierceness of resolve with which it is useless to contend. He no longer struggled in his own mind. Already tired before he left Fontainebleau of a vain and unpatriotic contest between the Emperor and destiny, his sojourn and conversations in Paris had disposed him less than ever to favour this obstinate determination to reign; it appeared to him the insanity of a single man against the only salvation of the country. Mild at first, still obedient, always undaunted—worn out at last, he finished by becoming exasperated. All his past devotion turned to anger, which he could not disguise, and which his eyes, voice, feet, actions, and muttering betrayed.

XXVI.

Before seeing the Emperor again, Ney had fortified himself against any return of weakness or devotion, and had bound himself by a hasty and irrevocable act to the Bourbons.—"I went yesterday to Paris," he wrote to M. de Talleyrand, "with the Duke of Tarentum and the Duke of Vicenza, entrusted with full powers to defend, before his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, the interests of the Emperor Napoleon's dynasty. An unexpected event having suddenly stopped the negociations, which nevertheless appeared to promise the happiest results, I then saw that, to avert from our much-loved country the

dreadful consequences of a civil war, it only remained for the French to embrace the cause of our ancient kings; and impressed with this feeling I have this evening waited upon the Emperor Napoleon to represent to him the wishes of the nation. To-morrow morning I hope to receive from his own hands the formal and authentic deed of his abdication; and immediately thereupon I shall have the honour of waiting upon your most serene highness.

"Fontainebleau, 5th of April, eleven o'clock at night."

XXVII.

Ney's language to the Emperor was in conformity with the state of his mind; he withdrew all hope from the first word, and appeared determined neither to allow any further discussion, or to be moved to pity, nor yet to suffer his victim to linger on. "Well then," said the Emperor, "the affair is now at an end, and there is no other resource for the army, or for myself, or for you either," he added, looking at the two marshals, "We are called upon to capitulate without a single condition. Will the army consent to this? For my part, I never will!" and he proceeded to enumerate the scattered forces which he could re-unite or rally; 25,000 men at Fontainebleau, 20,000 under Augereau at Lyons, as many under Prince Eugene in Italy, the army of Suchet in Catalonia, and that of Soult at Toulouse; in all, 150,000 fighting men, with the Emperor at their head, and France in full insurrection by their side. Was this not more than enough to enable him to maintain the conditions of an abdication? And while doing so, aided by the chances of war, might it not, perhaps, be sufficient to enable him to recover empire and honour?

In vain Macdonald and Caulaincourt laboured to obtain by earnest persuasion that result which Ney had endeavoured to extort by brutal severity; but during the whole of that long night they found it impossible to conquer the obstinacy of Napoleon. He struggled for his posterity, and, pretending that he had sacrificed the present, clung desperately to the future. His son, his name, and race, once established on the throne,

The Emperor's desire to renew hostilities.

would be to him the renewal of his past glory, after having lost it. The agitation of his soul filled the palace with uncertainty, distraction, and treachery, and all around him wavered as he did himself.

XXVIII.

Caulaincourt remained alone with the Emperor, after the departure of the marshals, and the night was spent in bitter railings against destiny and mankind. Ambition will never acknowledge that men are sufficiently faithful, if they do not follow its dictates even to suicide. By turns he sat down, got up, walked about, and again sat down, speaking either to himself or to Caulaincourt, and then suddenly kicking away the chair on which he rested his legs, which were worn out with exertion, he darted towards the maps which lay open on the table, and with black pins marked out the plan of the campaign which was left him in the other half of France.

"Do they imagine that the treachery of a few cowards is the final decision of France?" said he to Caulaincourt, beckoning him towards him, and pointing out the course of the Seine, the Saone, the Loire, and the Rhone. "No, no! the nation has not ratified their treason; I will call the people to my aid! The fools know not that such a man as I am only ceases to be terrible when laid in the grave! To-morrow, at sunrise, and in a single hour, I can destroy all these plots which they are hatching around me. Follow me with your eye, Caulaincourt. At Lyons I will rally the remaining 150,000 men; I will adopt the watchword of liberty which is now raised against me, and inscribe independence and country on my eagles. If the enervated chiefs of the army are tired, let them repose in shame. I will find, beneath the worsted epaulette, new marshals and new princes, instead of those whose embroidered uniforms have made them forget the blue coat of the private soldier, while their most honoured titles shall adorn others!"

XXIX.

He desired Caulaincourt to take a pen, and write to Ney and Macdonald, who had returned to Paris, freed at last from their oaths, and little inclined to renew them; but Caulain-

court, whose patience, if not his devotion, was exhausted, refused to do so, remonstrated, and begged of him to reconsider. "No," cried Napoleon, "I have considered everything, and have but one course to take. The allies have rejected the personal sacrifice I offered to make to them two days ago. Well then I, in my turn, withdraw the abdication! Let the sword decide, and blood flow! and let it fall on the heads of those dastards who desired the humiliation of the country!"

Then feeling that he was losing himself in idle recurrences to the past, now impossible to recover, he allowed the pen to fall, of its own accord, from the hands of Caulaincourt. He appeared at last to give way to necessity, softened, and even deprecated his conduct. "We are very wretched" said he, to the only witness of his perplexities, "we are very wretched—for you are so, as well as myself. I know it, I know it, my friend! Go and take some repose; there is, henceforth, none for me. You will return. The night will perhaps have enlightened me."

XXX.

Caulaincourt retired, only to return immediately that the Emperor should send for him; but, already were Napoleon's most intimate friends, his oldest companions and nearest courtiers, preparing to leave him for ever. The sunshine of prosperity had set on the ancient chateau of Francis the First, and was about to rise in Paris with the dawn of another reign, and every one feared to be too late; for, to be suspected of too protracted a fidelity might become the crime of a whole life, and give a death-blow to that ambition which they had no idea of abandoning, together with the Emperor. It was evident that Napoleon was about to become the public enemy, the guilty one, on whom was about to be heaped every description of abuse and disgrace; in short, the great proscribed of Europe and of France; and all trembled lest they should be included in this ostracism. The marshals, with the exception of Macdonald, set the example; and when the sword wavered, how could it be expected that the rest of the court should resist following? for it is not in the saloons of a master that souls

become tempered, and characters hardened and proved. All that was wanting was a pretext to desert with decency, which Napoleon would not afford them by his obstinacy and vacillation; and the impatience to abandon was changed into anger at the stubbornness of their master. The courts, halls, corridors, and even the anti-chambers of the little apartment occupied by the Emperor, were filled with groups of his officers, dignitaries, and servants, who loudly descanted in terms of severity and contempt on his desperate struggle to reign; while the sound penetrated to the most retired part of Napoleon's apartment, like the voice of reproach, and seemed to increase in volume as each passing hour destroyed his last hopes. He was obliged, from time to time, to open the door, and in a voice by turns imperious or severe, order his chamberlain in waiting to silence these muttered sounds of disaffection. Even those with whom he was most intimate, and to whom he confided his reverses and his thoughts, immediately reported them in the conversations of the palace, and thereby increased the general fears and discontent. Every one tried to impress upon his neighbour the urgent reasons for flight which he entertained; so that the ingratitude, instead of being individual, might appear general, and already desertion was loudly and unblushingly spoken of. One party urged the uselessness of remaining in a palace now changed into a barrack, and about to become a prison; the others, the necessity of going to Paris, to protect their wives, mothers, or children, who were becoming alarmed. The latter showed letters from M. de Talleyrand or the senators, and the former suddenly recollected that their names belonged, in the first instance, to the ancient monarchy; and on its return to the Tuileries they could not think of being absent. All of them had certain affairs, interests, family concerns or duties of situation, which ought to outweigh the useless determination of sustaining a fallen soldier; and some of them being compromised as accomplices, thought it necessary to seek for pardon by evincing an inclination to betray, as a pledge of fresh fidelity to the rising power. At the doors of all the apartments, in the corridors, on the staircases, and in the yards, preparations for departure were making without re-

straint; the greater part leaving without the ceremony of a farewell; while every now and then the noise of a carriage rolling through the courts of honour gave notice of another desertion. In the morning the palace was nearly empty, even the domestic household of the Emperor having absconded. If by chance he summoned any of the dignitaries of his court, the officers of his staff, or of his household, he was told that they were gone. A bitter smile and expression of cold disdain passed across his features at each fresh proof of the baseness of interested attachments, and he seemed to fortify himself with that contempt which he had ever professed for mankind, and which, at the same time, justified their personal degradation. He had never loved anything; but had violated every feeling; how, therefore, could he have any claim on the hearts or good feeling of his followers? He met with no sympathy even from those old domestic servants, who, in familiarity and long habit, frequently attach to the person rather than the station. Richard had his Blondel, and Louis XVI. his Cléry; but Napoleon had not even his Mameluke. His court had corrupted all. The soldiers alone, and those of his officers least honoured and distinguished, and furthest removed from his favour, showed themselves faithful to him to the last moment; proving that the camp had at least sustained their honour, while interest had corrupted the court.

XXXI.

"Would it were finished!" was the general cry of those who still remained about him in the morning; but when they learnt that he was about to recall Ney and Macdonald, to break off the negociation and withdraw his word, the murmur increased to insolence, and even to outrage. The walls of the palace, which had beheld the *fetes* of his days of glory, had never re-echoed with adulation as they now did with imprecations, on the day of his fall. It was justly feared that there was no longer time to come to terms of capitulation with the Bourbons. The allied armies, relieved from the fear of a battle before Paris, by the defection of Marmont, who had

also outflanked Mortier, and by the successive espousal of their cause by the generals and corps that were at a distance from the Emperor, had manœuvred with perfect freedom to surround Napoleon completely in his last asylum. The roads to Fontainebleau were closed on all parts. The Russians extended before Paris to Melun and Montereau. Another army of Alexander's guarded Essonne and the passage of that river; the roads of Chartres and Orleans were intercepted by numerous corps. All the country between the Seine, the Marne, the Yonne, and the Loire, was occupied by the Austrian army, which had followed, from halting-place to halting-place, our retreat on Paris. The small army of Augereau, driven out of Lyons and thrown back on Franche-Comté, could no longer even disturb the rear guard of the Austrians; and the space was thus gradually narrowing around him who had ravaged the world; while 200,000 men, arranged in columns of attack for the last two days and nights, were about to pounce upon the last remnant of Napoleon's guard.

XXXII.

Informed of this resolution of the allies and of their manœuvres, Napoleon summoned Caulaincourt; and, whether sincere in his show of energy, or wishing it to appear that he only yielded on the advice of his friends, he stated his determination to extricate himself from this circle of enemies by a sortie at the head of his 30,000 men. Caulaincourt represented to him the extreme danger of such a step to the country, to the army, and to himself. "Danger!" cried the Emperor; "do you think I fear it? Ah! my life is a heavy burden, of which I should be happy to be relieved. An useless life without an object—a life which I will no longer support. But before involving that of others, I wish to question them as to their opinion of this desperate resolve. Call around me the marshals and generals who still remain. I wish to know, in short, if my cause is their cause, and whether the cause of my family is no longer the cause of France. I will be guided by their opinion!"

XXXIII.

This opinion had been sufficiently made known to him by the decisive scenes of the two first abdications, and the solitude which was forming around him, and it was evident he only wanted a pretext for again resigning himself, in apparent obedience to a moral violence, exercised against his own will by his last companions in arms. He wished to secure himself against the opinion of posterity and of France, that it might be said of him, and that he himself might be one day enabled to say: "I wished, and could still have fought and conquered, but they would not allow me to do so. The throne and country have been delivered up by them, not by me." For, if it had been otherwise, is it likely that so consummate a general would have allowed himself to be reduced to 20,000 men, abandoned by his lieutenants, and surrounded in a forest by 200,000 soldiers, before giving battle? History cannot accept as truths the pretences of pride when driven to the last extremity. In these cases the truth lies in deeds, not words, and the deeds of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, after the first day, give evidence of a disposition to negociate, not to fight, while his resolves exhibit the position of a diplomatist, not the manœuvres of an old general.

XXXIV.

Berthier, hitherto faithful, though wearied, came with the marshals and commanding officers. Their looks were constrained, sorrowful, and embarrassed. Their opinions had been given three days before, and they did not wish to repeat them, but rather desired to leave their confirmation to the course of events. Berthier asserted, in a few words and in an official manner, the growing and insurmountable dangers of their situation. "Fontainebleau will be completely surrounded in a few hours," said he. "I know it," replied the Emperor, as if the truth was unpleasant to him. "The question is not of the enemy, but of you and me. I have offered my abdica-

tion; but they now impose upon me the abdication of my family. They wish me to depose my own wife!—my son!—and all who belong to my family! Will you allow it? I have the means of cutting my way through the lines that surround me; I can traverse and arouse the whole of France; I can repair to the Alps, rejoin Augereau, rally Soult, recall Suchet, and reaching Eugene in Lombardy thus pass into Italy, and there found with you a new empire—a new throne—and new fortunes for my companions; until the voice of France shall recall us to our country. Will you follow me?"

XXXV.

The countenances of his generals had already expressed their sentiments; their voices now unanimously answered him, that what he proposed was to carry civil war from province to province throughout France, to draw the armies of Europe by millions into the last retreats of the independence of the country, and to change their native land into an universal field of battle and rapine! There could be no glory where all patriotism was wanting; and how could the conquerors of the world stoop to imitate the adventurers of the middle ages, by going in search of foreign thrones, after having abdicated that of the universe?

The Emperor irritated, or pretending to be so, desired them to leave him to his reflections.

The marshals accordingly left. "What men!" said he to Caulaincourt, again seating himself before his maps; "what men! they have neither heart nor soul! I am ruined by the selfishness and ingratitude of my brothers in arms rather than by fortune. All is at an end! Depart, and confirm the two abdications."

Caulaincourt set out a third time for Paris; and nothing now remained but to stipulate on behalf of Napoleon and his family for those conditions, more or less generous, which the allied sovereigns should feel disposed to grant, on this surrender of the world.

BOOK NINTH.

Treaty of Fontainebleau of the 11th of April—Return of Caulaincourt and Macdonald—Napoleon refuses to sign the treaty—Rumours of poisoning—Ratification of the treaty—Life of Napoleon at Fontainebleau—Journey of Marie-Louise—Her residence at Blois—Struggles of Marie-Louise against the brothers of the Emperor—Her departure from Blois the 16th April—She returns to her father—Last days of Napoleon at Fontainebleau—The farewell and address of Napoleon to his Guard—The Author's opinion of Napoleon.

I.

THOUGHTS crowded, and resolutions struggled with each other in the mind of the Emperor when left to himself. Caulaincourt had scarcely departed, when Napoleon sent an aide-de-camp after him to Paris, with a letter to this effect:—"Come back; bring me my abdication; I am vanquished; I am a prisoner of war; I yield to the fate of arms; no treaty; a simple cartel is enough."

In the evening another messenger conveyed to Caulaincourt the order to discontinue all negociation.

In the course of the night a third message reached him to this effect—"I order you to bring me my abdication. At all events no stipulation for money. 'Tis humiliating!" Seven couriers in twenty-four hours harassed Napoleon's negociator, with orders and counter-orders of this nature. He repented having abdicated. He had given authority, by his own consent, for his forfeiture and that of his family. He better liked the condition of a prisoner of war, and deposition by foreign arms, than a treaty and voluntary abdication. He might recriminate at a subsequent period upon the former, but he could not protest against the latter. He was right now, with reference to his future prospects; but, like all inconsistent men, he was right against himself. He had twice signed his own condemnation.

II.

His negociator at Paris, and the marshals who seconded him, listened no more to these tergiversations of his mind. They continued, in his behalf, to negociate for him and for his, conditions the most worthy of his past greatness, and best calculated for his future security. Their own honour required that these conditions should appear worthy of the man, whose life and honour they had guaranteed on forsaking his colours. On the 11th the treaty was signed at Paris by the allied powers, which gave to Napoleon an intermediate station between the condition of a king and that of a private individual: too great if he was no longer anything but a soldier; too narrow and too menacing if he was still a monarch; concession to the terror of his name, or imprudence from the magnanimity of Alexander. Diocletian, after the Empire, only wished for a garden in Illyria; Charles V. a convent in Estremadura. The blood of France and of Europe very soon effaced this treaty, which ran as follows. It marks a halt in the destiny of Napoleon and in the calamities of France.

III.

"Treaty of Fontainebleau of April 11, 1814.

"His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon on the one part, and their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the Emperor of all the Russias, and the King of Prussia, stipulating in their own names, as well as in that of all the allies, on the other; having named for their plenipotentiaries, viz.—His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, the Sieurs Armand-Augustin Louis de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, his grand equerry, senator, minister of foreign affairs, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Orders of Leopold of Austria, of Saint Andrew, of Saint Alexander Newsky, of Saint Anne of Russia, and of several others; Michael Ney, Duke of Elchingen and Marshal of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the

Treaty of Fontainebleau.

Iron Crown, and of the Order of Christ; James Stephen Alexander Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, Marshal of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of the Iron Crown:

"And his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, the Sieur Clement Wenceslas Lothaire, Prince of Metternich, Winebourg Sachsenhausen, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of the Royal Order of Saint Stephen, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Orders of Saint Andrew, of Saint Alexander Newsky, and of Saint Anne of Russia, of the Black Eagle, and of the Red Eagle of Prussia, Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Joseph of Wurzbourg, Knight of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem and of many others; Chancellor of the Military Order of Maria-Theresa, Curator of the Imperial Academy of his Royal, Imperial, and Apostolic Majesty, and his minister of state for conferences and for foreign affairs.

[In the treaty with Russia are the titles of Baron Nesselrode, and in the treaty with Prussia those of Baron de Hardenberg.]

"The plenipotentiaries above named, after having proceeded to the exchange of their respective full powers, have agreed to the following articles:—

ARTICLE I.

"His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon renounces, for himself, his successors and descendants, as well as for each of the members of his family, all right of sovereignty and domination, as well over the French Empire and the kingdom of Italy, as over all other countries.

ARTICLE II.

"Their Majesties the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Marie-Louise, will preserve their titles and qualities to enjoy them during their lives.

"The mother, brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces of the Emperor shall equally preserve, wherever they may be sojourning, the titles of princes of his family.

ARTICLE III.

"The island of Elba, adopted by his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, for the place of his residence, shall form, during his life, a separate principality, which shall be possessed by him in all sovereignty and property.

ARTICLE IV.

"All the allied powers engage themselves to employ their good offices to cause to be respected, by the Barbary powers, the flag and territory of the island of Elba, so that in its relations with the Barbary powers it should be assimilated to France.

ARTICLE V.

"The Duchies of Parma, of Placentia, and of Guastalla shall be given, in all property and sovereignty, to her Majesty the Empress Marie-Louise.

"They shall pass to her son and to his descendants in direct line. The prince her son shall take, from this time, the title of Prince of Parma, of Placentia, and of Guastalla.

ARTICLE VI.

"There shall be reserved, in the countries which Napoleon renounces for himself and his family, certain domains or *donnè des rentes* on the *grand livre* of France, producing an annual net revenue, deduction being made for all charges, of 2,500,000 francs. These domains, or *rentes*, shall belong in all property, and to be disposed of as it shall seem best to them, to the princes and the princesses of his family, and shall be divided amongst them in such manner that the revenue of each be in the proportion following:—

"To Madame Mère, 300,000f.

"To King Joseph and to the Queen, 500,000f.

"To King Louis, 200,000f.

"To Queen Hortensia and to her children, 400,000f.

"To King Jerome and to the Queen, 500,000f.

"To the Princess Eliza, 300,000f.

"To the Princess Pauline, 300,000f.

"The princes and princesses of the family of the Emperor Napoleon shall preserve, over and above, all property real and personal, of whatsoever nature it may be, which they possess in private right, and especially the income they enjoy, equally as private individuals, on the *grand livre* of France, or the *Monte Napoleone* of Milan.

ARTICLE VII.

"The annual income of the Empress Jósephine shall be reduced to 1,000,000f., in domains, or in *inscriptions* on the *grand livre* of France. She shall continue to enjoy, in full property, all her estates real and personal, and may dispose of them in conformity with the laws of France.

ARTICLE VIII.

"There shall be given to Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, a suitable establishment out of France.

ARTICLE IX.

"The estates which his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon possesses in France, whether of extraordinary or private domain, shall revert to the crown.

"Of the sums funded by the Emperor Napoleon, whether in the *grand livre*, or in the Bank of France, whether in canal shares, or in any other manner, and which his Majesty gives up to the crown, there shall be reserved a capital which shall not exceed 2,000,000f., to be disposed of in gratuities in favour of persons who shall be inscribed in the list that shall be signed by the Emperor Napoleon, and which shall be remitted to the French government.

ARTICLE X.

"All the crown jewels shall revert to France.

ARTICLE XI.

"The Emperor Napoleon shall cause to be returned to the treasury, and to other public chests, all the sums and effects

which may have been displaced by his orders upon the occasion of what accrues from the civil list.

ARTICLE XII.

"The debts of the household of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, as they exist on the day of the signing of the present treaty, shall be immediately liquidated out of the arrears due from the public treasury to the civil list, according to the statements which shall be signed by a commissioner to be appointed for this purpose.

ARTICLE XIII.

"The obligations of the *Monte Napoleone* of Milan, towards all its creditors, whether French or strangers, shall be exactly fulfilled, without any alteration being made in this respect.

ARTICLE XIV.

"All such safe-conducts shall be furnished as are necessary for the free journey of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, of the Empress, of the princes and princess, and of all the persons of their suite who shall wish to accompany them, or to establish themselves out of France, as well as for the passage of all the equipages, horses, and effects which belong to them.

"The allied powers shall furnish, in consequence, officers and men as an escort.

ARTICLE XV.

"The imperial guard shall furnish a detachment from 1200 to 1500 men, of all arms, to serve as an escort as far as Saint Tropez, the place of embarcation.

ARTICLE XVI.

"There shall be furnished an armed corvette and the vessels of transport necessary to conduct to the place of his destination his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, as well as his household. The corvette shall remain the full property of his majesty.

ARTICLE XVII.

"His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon can take with him, and keep for his guard, 400 men, volunteers, officers, sub-officers, and soldiers.

ARTICLE XVIII.

"All French persons who shall follow his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon and his family, shall be bound, if they do not wish to lose their quality of French subjects, to return to France in the term of three years, unless they are comprised in the exceptions that the French Government reserve the power of granting after the expiration of this term.

ARTICLE XIX.

"The Polish troops of all arms, which are in the service of France, shall have the liberty of returning to their own country, preserving their arms and baggage as a testimonial of their honourable services. The officers, sub-officers, and soldiers shall preserve the decorations which shall have been granted to them, and the pensions attached to these decorations.

ARTICLE XX.

"The high allied powers guarantee the execution of all the articles of the present treaty. They engage themselves further, that they shall be adopted and guaranteed by France.

ARTICLE XXI.

"The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications of it shall be exchanged at Paris in the term of two days, or sooner, if possible.

"Done at Paris, the 11th April, 1814.

(Signed)

"CAULAINCOURT, Duke of Vicenza.

"The Marshal Duke of Tarentum, MACDONALD.

"The Marshal Duke of Elchingen, NEY.

(Signed)

"The Prince of METTERNICH."

The same articles have been signed separately, and under the same date, on the part of Russia, by the Count of Nesselrode, and on the part of Prussia, by the Baron of Hardenberg.

IV.

Such was the treaty that liquidated the blood of a million of men, the Empire, the genius, and the glory of ten years. A little island of the Tuscan sea was now to shut up this man, which all Europe was too narrow to contain. Was it a definitive repose, or was it only a halt in the march of one whose life had agitated that of his age? This was the question that every body put to themselves the day after the treaty was signed. Napoleon himself evidently considered it but as a halt; and he was already preparing himself in thought to regain what had been taken from him by those very means which had still been left him. He knew the nature of men; he had experience of fortune; he felt his power in the army, and he believed in a morrow to every thing human. It was not doubted by men of deep penetration, any more than by himself, that this apparent expiation of his glory would speedily satisfy the resentment of the people against him; that exile would shield him against the unpopularity of his fall; that the faults and the difficulties of the new reign would cause a reaction for him of regrets, of excuses, and of comparisons in favour of an opinion that he was about to revivify, by acquiring new strength and vigour from misfortune, in the eyes of his partisans; that his glory, veiled but not extinct, would shine out with a splendour all the more fascinating from the distance; finally, that this rock, so near to Italy and to France, would become the refuge of all the hopes of his party, and a culminating point for all the internal factions. Athens never allowed the approach of Themistocles to his country till death had secured them from his arts; but Napoleon was greater than Themistocles. There were only two means for Europe to preserve itself from his genius—a distant and insuperable exile, or a diminished throne, which they might have allowed him to remount, and to struggle with the awakening liberties of his country. A treaty of peace

signed by him, after the occupation of Paris, and on the ruins of his empire, would have degraded him in the eyes of France; a treaty of banishment aggrandized and gave him fresh lustre. It is shame alone that can conquer glory. Alexander, in this treaty, showed himself magnanimous, but without a knowledge of history. He foresaw nothing, or he foresaw too much. Perhaps his counsellors thought it advisable to leave this living menace suspended over the reign of the Bourbons.

V.

Caulaincourt and Macdonald brought this treaty to Fontainebleau, without dissembling the difficulties they would have to encounter in obtaining Napoleon's signature to it; but they were resolved equally with Europe in having it accomplished, even against the apparent will of him whose fate it was to seal. People were tired of struggling with him and against him; honour and fidelity were satisfied, and, ratified or not, the treaty was thenceforward the law of destiny.

Napoleon received it with affected indignation, although he was previously made acquainted with all the details by the private reports which Caulaincourt had sent him from hour to hour. But it suited the future part he had to play to protest against it, even to the last stipulation. He seemed also to expect something further from time; and he did not wish to lose in his hurry what it might yet have in store for him. "Have you brought me my abdication at last?" he cried with a piercing voice, on seeing his plenipotentiary again. Caulaincourt, astonished, replied, that the first basis of any treaty at all was naturally the abdication remitted to the allied sovereigns, and that it had been long before consigned to the same publicity as other official documents. "Well! of what use is this treaty to me?" replied Napoleon. "I shall not recognise it; I don't wish to sign; I shall not sign it."

He thus consumed the whole day in contesting with his negociators; till, worn out with his subterfuges, and discouraged by his resistance, they deposited the treaty on the table, and retired, leaving him to the night and to his own reflections.

VI.

In the middle of the night the servants of the Emperor knocked at the door of Caulaincourt's apartment, and called him out of his sleep to go to their master. Caulaincourt found Napoleon pale and depressed, suffering from spasms of the stomach and nervous lamentations which had alarmed his domestics. His principal surgeon, Ivan, was in attendance on him; and it was whispered in the chamber that he had attempted to commit suicide by swallowing the poison of Cabanis, by which Condorcet, when imprisoned, had avoided capital punishment. The Emperor neither admitted nor denied this supposition, which would give a tragical motive to a slight indisposition, and a text for the tender supplications of his friends. His medical attendant contented himself with administering some cups of tea to his patient; by which he was relieved, and he fell asleep again without any other medicine. The doctor appeared so unconscious of the symptoms, and was so little alarmed at the consequences of this pretended poisoning, that he retired from Fontainebleau at day-break

VII.

On awaking, Napoleon, referring in ambiguous terms to the idea of the poisoning which fatality had prevented him from accomplishing:—"God would not permit it," he said; "I cannot die!" And as his servants, affecting to fear that he would still renew the attempt, spoke to him of his glory, of France, of his wife, of his son, who ought to attach him to life:—"My son," he exclaimed; "my son!—what a dismal inheritance I leave him! This child, though born a king, at present has not even a country! Why was I not allowed to die?"

"No, Sire," tenderly replied Caulaincourt, "it is while living that France should weep for you!"

"France has abandoned me," said Napoleon. "The ingratitude of men has made my head turn with disgust!"

With a violent gesture he drew aside his bed curtain, which had obscured from him the first rays of the sun. He appeared so full of life and of self-command, that a thunderbolt alone seemed capable of destroying him. "These few days past," he said, "I have experienced such a concentration and jarring of events within me, that I dread insanity. Insanity," he added, "is the abdication of humanity! Rather give me death!"

"I shall sign to day," he continued, after a moment's silence; "you may retire."

VIII.

These last words sufficiently explained the secret of the night. Napoleon wanted witnesses of the moral violence which had torn from him a concession which it was his intention one day to call in question. He would be said to have struggled even to suicide, and not to have yielded but to the impossibility of dying. No person of observation believed in this poisoning. The perfect possession of his faculties, attested by the obstinate diplomacy of his actions, of his words, of his negociation during these long days, the elasticity of his mind before and after the night scene, the lightness of his indisposition, the trifling nature of the remedies, the indifference of the doctor, the promptness of the recovery, all indicated either an accidental illness, or a premeditated tragical scene, to excuse him from signing, or to excite the pity and commiseration of the age. But the nature of Napoleon revolted against suicide: his mind was strong, his soul possessed neither tenderness nor human weakness; he only felt by intellect. His mathematical genius calculated everything, and never yielded to sensibility. A single tear, at the death of his dearest companions in arms, had never tarnished his eye or his judgment. He was broken by the present state of his affairs, exasperated at ingratitude, and humbled by desertion: but he was far from despairing of the future. Such a man never kills himself while an army remains to his hand, a glory to enjoy, and an Empire to re-conquer. Even the clauses of

this treaty, which he disputed one by one, sufficiently show that he did not consider himself as yet done with existence. The island of Elba, on which his thoughts were already bent, and whence he had in imagination already returned, was the very reverse of that death sought after at Fontainebleau. Moreover, Napolean was a Corsican; his fibres were tempered by the light and the air of the South; whereas suicide is a malady of northern climates.

But his nature was of a dramatic cast as well as his destiny. A great actor for the last fifteen years upon the stage of Europe and of the world, he arranged his attitudes, and studied his gestures and his by-play. An actor, even in the most rapid transitions of his fortune, he wanted a tragic scene at the catastrophe. If he did not plan it, at least he accepted it from chance. Such was the night of Fontainebleau.

IX.

When he had risen he called for Caulaincourt, whom he could hope to deceive less than any other; for this friend of his latter days had been confidentially charged by himself to prepare these conditions which he had affected to reject so haughtily.

"Now hasten the conclusion of all," he said to him; put this treaty, when I shall have signed it, into the hands of the allied sovereigns: let them know that I treat with them and not with the provisional government, in which I can see nothing but traitors and factionists!"

Macdonald and Ney having entered, he took the pen and signed. His features bore traces of the disquietude of the night, and of the real or pretended agitation of his mind. His forehead, concealed in his hands, was bent downwards; but he rose to thank Macdonald, who owed him least, and had done the most for him. By his bearing towards Macdonald he nobly avenged for the ungrateful rudeness or the rapid hurry of desertion of the others. "Marshal," he said, "I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I have been deceived as to your sentiments

towards me." "Sire," replied Macdonald, with the generosity of a great soul, "I have forgotten everything since 1809." "That is true,—I know it," added the Emperor; "but since I can no longer recompense you according to the wish of my heart, I wish at least to leave you a *souvenir* of me, which shall remind yourself of what you were in these days of trial. Caulaincourt," he said, turning towards his confidential officer, "ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt, by Mourad-Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor." The oriental weapon being brought, Napoleon, handing it to the marshal, "There," said he, "is the only reward of your attachment that I have to give you. You were my friend!" "Sire," replied the brave soldier, pressing the weapon to his heart, "I shall preserve it all my life, and if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance." "Give me your hand," murmured Napoleon, "and let us embrace!" The Emperor and his general embraced each other, and tears stood in the eyes of both as they parted.

X.

The signing of the treaty by Napoleon was a signal through the palace for almost universal desertion. Every one now began to think only of making his peace with the new government. All hastened to fly; every one dreaded that the Emperor would include his name amongst those whose fidelity he would invoke to accompany him in his exile. Maret alone, of all his old ministers, remained at his post, as secretary of state, with his master, now without power and without a court.

After Macdonald and Caulaincourt had taken the treaty signed to Paris, the allied sovereigns each appointed a commissioner to accompany the Emperor through France to the port on the Mediterranean. Schouwalof for Russia, Koller for Austria, Campbell for England, Valdebourg Fruchssefs for Prussia: formed the court of the exile, charged to superintend, to serve, and to honour the proscribed of Europe. The irritation of the south of France was such at that time, against Napoleon, that he required a safeguard amongst his own subjects. In

the departments of the centre and the east, on the contrary, his presence might awaken military enthusiasm, and give a chief to insurrection and the independence of the country. From these two considerations, the escort of the commissioners, and of an imposing armed force, was necessary to the sovereigns and to Napoleon himself. His death would have been the crime of Europe; his evasion and his call to arms would have been the renewal of a war without grandeur, but not without calamities.

Caulaincourt preceded, by a few hours, the arrival of the four commissioners at Fontainebleau, to prepare the Emperor to receive this foreign court. The palace already resembled a tomb: silence and vacuity reigned in the courts and in the halls. Here and there only, some groups of soldiers, less habituated to the spectacle of vicissitudes, and less used to human compassion, wandered round the walls and round the gardens of the palace, endeavouring to catch a glimpse, through the balustrades of the parterres and the balconies, of the fugitive form of their general, to comfort him with an acclamation. The Emperor appeared and disappeared alternately; he gave no sign of encouragement, nor even of attention to these groups and their cries: he seemed totally absorbed in himself: his body and his mind were equally devoid of rest.

XI.

At this moment he was walking alone and with measured steps, in the alleys of an enclosed parterre, scarcely yet covered with the young foliage of spring, resembling a monastic garden, enclosed between an advanced wing of the building and the walls of the chapel. The thick shadow of the forest formed the back of the picture, bordered with oaks, where the thoughts might wander amidst an unlimited solitude. It was there that his confidant found him. The voice and footsteps of Caulaincourt could hardly dissipate the reverie of the Emperor. He might be likened to the shade of Charles V., regretting the empire in the corridors of the monastery of Saint-Just. His heart had recently

been torn by a silent desertion more bitter than all the others. Berthier had departed by stealth; without waiting for permission, or even saying adieu. This marshal, the privileged companion of the Emperor since the Italian campaigns, was the Hephæstion of the modern Alexander. He slept in his tent, he dined at his table, he was the reflex of each of his thoughts, the organ of every order, his voice, his pen, his hand, his soul. But Berthier had nourished for fifteen years in his heart one of those passions at once simple and chivalrous, which form the guiding star and the fatality of a whole life. He loved a beautiful Italian, who had formerly fascinated him at Milan, and whom neither war, nor ambition, nor glory, nor the friendship of the Emperor could for a moment detach from his thoughts and his eyes. In his tent on the eve of battle the portrait of this beauty, deified by his worship, was suspended by the side of his arms, rivalling his duty, and consoling the pains of absence by the imaginary presence of her he adored. The idea of for ever quitting this beloved object, should the Emperor require from his gratitude his attendance in exile, had led astray the mind of Berthier. He trembled every instant since the abdication, lest his master should put his attachment to a too cruel test, by telling him to choose between his duty and his love. This proof he evaded by deserting in the night his companion in arms and his benefactor. Unfaithful to the exiled Napoleon, through fidelity to love, he fled, as if to bind himself in closer chains, by offering his infidelity to the Bourbons. Napoleon had not yet embarked for the island of Elba, when already Berthier, his major-general and his military confidant, was lavishing, under the canopies of the Tuileries and the white plume, his complaisance and devotion to the new reign;—another example of prostration at the shrine of Fortune. Napoleon had no right to complain, for he desired the abasement of all minds; and fidelity is the courage of the heart. But he did lament, however, this desertion of men to whom he had been hourly accustomed for so many years. This disappearance of his most familiar confidants was like the rending of his heart: it was, however, only the rending of his habits; for he habituated himself to them, but never attached himself.

Devotion of the soldiers and subalterns.

XII.

"Well" said he, endeavouring to give a tone of raillery to his voice, which, however, became elevated as he alluded to the recent desertion, "you then, at least, seemed determined to exercise to the very last your functions of grand equerry. Can you believe that Berthier is gone? Gone! without even bidding me farewell! He was born a courtier," he added with disdain; "and you will see before long my vice-constable will beg for employment at the court of my enemies!" Then running over the names of all the marshals and dignitaries of his kingdom who had followed the flight of fortune for some days past; "I am mortified," he exclaimed, "for human nature and for France, that men, elevated by me so high, should fall so low by the weight of their own characters! What must the allied sovereigns think of men whom I made the ornaments of my reign? Hasten, hasten my departure! I am ashamed of the turpitude of France. See the commissioners, and hurry them; let us go."

At the very moment he was thus accusing those whom he had associated with all his glories, with all his power, with all his spoils, the subaltern portion of his army, whose services, whose heroism, and whose blood he had squandered with criminal neglect and apathy—those whose bodies he had strewn upon every route in Europe—were devoting themselves to him with more heart than ever. His attendants introduced to him every moment, in the garden, brave subalterns or soldiers of his guard, who came to supplicate that they might be included in the small body of troops which the treaty had left him, soliciting exile with him more earnestly than the evening before they would have solicited a look, a decoration, or a promotion. Great attachments proceed from the masses, because they spring from nature. Nature is magnanimous, courts are selfish, and favour is corrupt.

XIII.

The necessity of ratifying in London the treaty of Fontainebleau, prolonged for some days the residence of the Emperor

in that palace. These days, which he sought to prolong artificially himself, as if to await some palpitation of France at his name, and as if to enjoy a remnant of imperial splendour, were silent, idle, and repining. Regret or gratitude brought but rare visitors from Paris or the army. These were desirous of being *en règle* with fortune: courtiers taking pride to themselves in bidding one party farewell before they saluted the other. But even these civilities of defection towards misfortune were by no means numerous. The crowd troubled themselves no more about the matter than to hasten by their impatience the prompt removal of him they had deified for ten years. It seemed to them that he would carry away with him, beyond the seas, the stigma of their ingratitude. The name and the shadow of Fontainebleau reached them too readily at Paris.

Macdonald, Mortier, and Moncey, soldiers of a period less servile than that of the Empire, returned to do honour to ancient loyalty and ancient fortune. The Emperor received them with gratitude, and their names formed a striking contrast with those of whose absence he complained. Cambaceres, he often exclaimed, Molé, Ney, Berthier, above all; Fontanes even! Fontanes, the proscribed, sheltered by the Consulate! Fontanes, the favourite of his sister! Fontanes, the poet of religion and the throne, the orator of prosperity, now the senator negociating with the Restoration the deposition of his imperial idol! He could not console himself for this desertion. Literature, which he had so much debased, now seemed to him the guardian of virtue and of the decency of characters. It has been in the ranks of the great men of philosophy or of poetry that great examples of fidelity have been found in ancient and in modern times. Fontanes, by his elevated soul, by his classical talents, by the dignity of his life, would have been worthy of perpetuating them. He had protected his rivals, while he was powerful, against the anger of the Emperor. He had nobly defended, in M. de Chateaubriand and in Madame de Staël, the generous independence of the mind and of the heart, and now he was already one of the favourites of the future reign. The secret of this position of Fontanes was not in his heart, but in his opinions. He had been a

royalist with Andrew Chenier, Delille, and Roucher, from indignation against the crimes of the demagogues, and from a generous compassion for the martyrdom of the Bourbons. He had then courageously struggled against the sanguinary tyranny of the people. He had braved the scaffold, and had been proscribed. On again finding the Bourbons, he had found the kings of his youth and the recollections of his first fidelity. The worship of the Emperor had disgusted him. He saw him replunge the country into barbarism and into the disasters of invasions and revolutions. He had thrown himself to the side of his country; but he had forgotten misfortune. There should have intervened at least some time between Napoleon and him, to have prepared him for inaction, silence, and mourning. He had flattered too much to anathematise; he failed in point of time; he appeared ungrateful towards his benefactor; but he was only inopportune in the acts of the Senate against Napoleon. Napoleon loved him for the classical elegance of his language and of his understanding; he saw in him a poet of the court of Augustus; he could not console himself at seeing him slide into the court of another. Thus were the hours passed at Fontainebleau in recriminations against the solitude which the deposition had spread around the Emperor.

XIV.

Two days before the 20th April, which was at length fixed as the day of departure, a general officer, obstinate in his desire to retain the Emperor in France, came to acquaint him with the sentiments of the French army, which had fallen back behind the Loire, and was ready to renew the struggle in his name.

"It is too late," said Napoleon; "I could have done it, and they didn't wish it; let destiny be accomplished!" He occupied himself no further, except in personal preparations for his departure, and with imaginary speculations about Elba; in which his fancy led him astray. The vacancy which the lost world had left in his soul was already filled up by this small and ultimate shadow of domination. To such a man, to live was to reign.

But he already occupied himself in taking pledges for a reaction in his destiny. That upon which he counted most was a speedy reunion with his wife and son. His wife, in his banishment, would secure to him the respectful compassion of the world and the private favour of Austria; his son would prolong his family and dynasty. He did not doubt, or rather he pretended not to doubt, that the allied sovereigns would leave him these two consolations in his exile and guarantees of liberty. He affected to speak and to write of it as if these two conditions were not essential clauses of the treaty: wherever the man goes his family go with him. But Napoleon was more than a man—he was a sovereign and a dethroned dynasty. He could not have forgotten what he himself had made of these family ties, with respect to the princes of the house of Condé, the royal family of Sweden, the royal family of Spain, the Duke d'Enghien, Gustavus IV., Ferdinand VII., and Pius VII., carried away in the darkness of the night from his palace, to languish, far away from his relatives and friends, in the very place where he was now himself recriminating against the tyranny of others. His wife, the young Marie-Louise, whom he now reclaimed with so much confidence and so much right—what was she herself, if not a conquest of military power, and a spoil of policy, torn from a family which had made a ransom of this princess? But these retributions on his own acts did not deprive him of his ardour to recover the Empress, to decorate his reign in the isle of Elba, and perhaps to become his personal protection, and his most eloquent and moving pleader in his journey through that part of France whose sympathy he was desirous of obtaining.

XV.

Let us now return to the fugitive court of Marie-Louise, and relate what was passing there, during this long decline of the Empire and the Emperor.

We have seen that Marie-Louise had left Paris three days before the occupation of that capital. Ten of the court carriages, filled with the ministers, the great officers and the ladies

of her suite, formed this cortège of a flying court, slowly directing its steps towards the old château of Rambouillet. The princess was weeping not only at this flight, a prelude to the catastrophe of her husband, but at the constraint imposed upon her of obeying those imperial councillors who were dragging her to the unknown extremities of the empire, and who might intend to make of her a centre and a provocation of desperate war. Her husband was in one place, her father in another, and her child with herself,—all these affections, all these destinies opposed in interest to one another; she herself a certain victim on whichever side she saw the triumph; a foreign court around her all sold to her husband, and from which he had pitilessly expelled every one, even to the humblest companion of her infancy, who might remind her of the language and the recollections of her country; and eyes everywhere which spied her tears and controlled her attitude in the presence of disaffected populations. There was in all this enough to fill with sorrow the heart of a young woman only twenty years of age. Cambaceres, imperturbable in his countenance, trembling in his heart, and uncertain in his thoughts, followed with the great officers of the crown.

XVI.

The cortège stopped for one night in the antiquated solitude of Rambouillet. The absence of news from Paris, and the dread of being outstript by some corps of the enemy's cavalry, made them hurry their departure the following day for Chartres. During the night Joseph and Jerome, the two already uncrowned brothers of Napoleon, arrived there with the Queen, the minister of war, Clarke, and other functionaries escaped from Paris. The Empress Josephine and her daughter had taken shelter on the same day in the chateau of Navarre in Normandy,—the appanage of this Empress after her repudiation. Two Empresses, two courts, two dynasties dispossessed, were already following this Empire, equally encumbered with grandeur and with ruin, ten years after its establishment.

At Vendome the Empress received the first letter from Napoleon since his departure from the Tuileries. This letter

announced to Marie-Louise the fatal news of the occupation of Paris, and the arrival too late of the Emperor at the village of Cour de France; it breathed still nothing but war, and encouraged the fugitive court to manifestations of authority, and defence to the last; it nourished the hope which Napoleon still had of a speedy and triumphal entry into Paris. These letters from the Emperor to his young wife succeeded each other frequently during these days of anguish; but however intimate such effusions might be, between a husband, 'falling from the throne of the world, and a wife, daughter of the Cæsars and mother of his son whom he was dragging down in his fall, they were written, not by the hand but under the dictation of the Emperor. More frequently even these letters were not dictated, but simply written by the confidential secretaries of Napoleon, to whom he negligently delivered the text. Such was in his mind the serious pre-occupation of his rank, that he interposed the coldness and official etiquette of courts between himself and the heart of his wife. The Empire had usurped the place of nature in that soul infatuated with power. It was from this rigorous sentiment of majesty and superiority, without intermission, in the interior of his domestic life as in exterior ceremonies, that he sat down alone at his table with the Empress. He proportioned the arrangement of seats also to his wife's dignity and his own. In the long soirées of the palace, whilst he alone reposed on an imperial divan, he kept his ministers, his marshals, and even the wives of men of the loftiest names and highest rank in his court standing before him. These were littlenesses of glory and of rank which, instead of aggrandizing the man, recalled the private origin of all the haughtiness with which he thus wished to dominate.

XVII.

Marie-Louise was obliged to remain eight days at Blois. The brothers and ministers of the Emperor, who imperiously appointed her places of residence and directed her movements, endeavoured to make this town the temporary capital of the roving government. The Emperor, who still influenced them,

communicated with them and the Empress by means of officers of his household, who went to Blois under various pretexts. The road to Fontainebleau, although rendered impassable to an imperial cortège, was not sufficiently so to intercept emissaries. The letters of the Empress, thus transmitted, appear sometimes to reveal the desire, whether real or merely apparent on her part, to rejoin her husband. She was evidently distracted between the desire to do what her duty as a wife commanded her, and the fear of compromising herself and her child by throwing herself as a hostage of the Bonaparte family, into the midst of a handful of warlike men, reduced to the last extremities of a sanguinary and desperate struggle. Not daring openly to avow this extreme repugnance to a suite of persons, devoted even to violence to the interests of the Empire, nor entirely to resist the constraint of the brothers of Napoleon, without a single confidant at her side, to whom she could unburthen her mind; dreading a spy in each of her intrusive courtiers; her anxieties, her sleepless nights, her contradictory resolutions, her concealed tears, the injunctions of her husband, who was calling her to his side, the voice of her son who kept her back, the memory and private warnings of her father, which enjoined her to suspend her intentions and to wait, had thrown her into a lowness of spirits and a prostration of physical power, which only revealed itself by spasms, despondency, and sobbing. She could not persuade herself that the Emperor of Austria, who bore her an affection so tender, and who had commanded this union with the authority of a father, would ever consent to dethrone his daughter's husband. She reserved herself as a beloved mediator, and a sure negociator, at the last moment between Napoleon and him. Such was the soul of this princess, wife, and mother, isolated and beset by so many opposite feelings and counsels during this regency of Blois.

XVIII.

With these ideas Marie-Louise sent M. de Champagny, a man reasonably devoted to her interests, and of some consider-

ation in both camps, to the Emperor of Austria, who was still at Dijon. M. de Montalivet, a minister of moderate faculties, in easy times and daily labours, but misplaced amidst these tempests, was appointed to the post of M. de Champagny, minister directing the semblance of an administration in the shadow of an empire. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, fanatically devoted to Napoleon, was sent some days after to the Emperor of Austria. This was an unfortunate choice, from his being so excessively compromised in the cause of imperialism. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely was of the school of Fontanes. An eloquent and courageous struggler against the excesses of the Revolution, he had driven it back even to despotism. He drew up the most absolute acts of the Emperor. His name had become latterly as unpopular as the tyranny itself. Faithful even to authority, though it crushed him, he did himself honour in not following the deserters; but he made the Empire unpopular by serving it. Soon after, M, de Saint Aulaire, a man of great name, of a diplomatic spirit. and a character which bent sufficiently to circumstances, followed in the footsteps of Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely. Finally, M. de Beausset, prefect of the palace, more especially devoted to the Empress, and more proper to intercede, went in his turn to offer tears rather than reasoning to the Emperor Francis. These negociators had no ascendancy over this sovereign, who had implicitly confided every thing to M. de Metternich, his prime minister. Banishment was therefore decreed; victory had pronounced it, and Marie-Louise was twice sacrificed.

XIX.

Meanwhile the two brothers of the Emperor, Joseph and Jerome, held her captive in the hotel of the regency at Blois. Guarded by a detachment of the troops of Napoleon, who was preparing a military expedition to carry her away, honoured in appearance with the majesty and the authority of Regent, presiding every day at the council of ministers, she was in reality subject to and superintended by Joseph and Jerome, and by those dignitaries who were the accomplices of their master.

They trembled, however, lest a sudden expedition of Russian cavalry to the city of Blois should come and wrest from them, with the Empress, this last pledge of Empire, and of negociation, which remained in their hands. They supplicated her, and summoned her more and more every hour to quit Blois, and to follow them into the provinces most distant from the theatre of war, and covered by the Loire. Marie-Louise expressed an invincible repugnance to follow them. She distrusted these dethroned princes, pushed into extreme resolutions by the ruin of their own ambition. She shuddered at the thought of becoming, in their hands, the hostage of their despair, and the property of a civil war. She formed courage in her terror: she put off, she refused, she exaggerated the failure of her strength, which made her prefer, she said, waiting her destiny, whatever it might be, rather than go to provoke it by new flights. She took refuge against the entreaties in the interior of her apartments, and even in her bed.

XX.

History ought here to avenge the rights of nature, and disclose the secret sentiments of the woman concealed beneath the conventional sentiments of the Empress. Her deep instinctive feelings, disregarded by the pitiless partisans of her husband's ambition, exposed Marie-Louise to reproach, injustice, and scorn. She has been condemned for not having been the theatrical heroine of an affection she never felt. Overlooking the feelings of a woman, her accusers forgot that the heart will make itself heard even in the drama of such an unparalleled destiny; and if the heart is not always a justification it is at least an excuse. Justice should weigh such excuses even when she condemns.

Marie-Louise never loved Napoleon. How could she love him? He had grown old in camps, and amidst the toils of ambition: she was only nineteen. His soldier's heart was cold and inflexible as the spirit of calculation which accomplished his greatness. That of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and pensive as the poetic dreams of her native land. She had fallen from the steps of an ancient throne; he had

mounted upon his by the force of arms, and by trampling hereditary rights under foot. Her early prejudices and education had taught her to consider Napoleon as the scourge of God, the Attila of modern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, the murderer of princes, the ravager of nations, the incendiary of capitals; in a word, the enemy against whom her prayers had been raised to heaven from her cradle in the palace of her ancestors. She regarded herself as a hostage conceded through fear to the conqueror, after the ungrateful and tolerated repudiation of a wife who had been the very instrument of his fortunes. She felt that she had been sold, not given. She looked upon herself as the cruel ransom of her father and her country. She had resigned to her fate as an immolation. The splendours of an imperial throne were to her as the flowers decking a victim for sacrifice. Cast alone, and without a friend, into a court composed of parvenu soldiers, revolutionary courtiers, and bantering women, whose names, manners, and language were unknown to her, her youth was consumed in silent etiquette. Even her husband's first addresses were not calculated to inspire confidence. There was something disrespectful and violent in his affection; he wounded even when he sought to please. His very love was rough and imperious; terror interposed between him and the heart of his young wife, and even the birth of an ardently desired son could not unite such opposite natures. Marie-Louise felt that to Napoleon she was only a medium of posterity,—not a wife and a mother, but merely the root of an hereditary dynasty. This master of the world could not boast even the inherent virtues of love,—faith and constancy to the one woman; his attachments were transient and numerous. He respected not the jealousies natural to the bosom of a wife; and though he did not openly proclaim his amours like Louis XIV., neither did he possess that monarch's courtesy and refinement. The most noted beauties of his own and of foreign courts were not to him objects of passionate love, but of irresistible, transient desire; thus even mingling his contempt with his love. Napoleon's long and frequent absences; his severe and minute orders so strictly observed by a household of spies instead of friends, chosen rather

to control than to execute the will of the Empress; his pettishness of temper on his frequent abrupt returns; morose and melancholy after experiencing reverses (her only recreation being ostentatious, tiresome and frivolous ceremonies);—nothing of such a life, of such a character, of such a man was calculated to inspire Marie-Louise with love. Her heart and her imagination expatriated in France, had remained beyond the Rhine. The splendours of the Empire might have consoled another; but Marie-Louise was better formed for the tender attachment of private life, and the simple pleasures of a German home.

XXI.

It is not to be wondered that a young woman, to whose natural disposition, family, and feelings, such great violence had been offered, and seeing herself on the eve of being rescued through the victory gained by her father, should not express any very sincere and ardent desire, at variance with her own will, to return to captivity, and be again at the mercy of her goalers of Blois. She knew neither how to dissemble nor play the part of a conjugal heroine, foreign to her nature, and which she did not feel. This was her only crime. She tremblingly awaited the fate which was to plunge her, alone at least, from one misfortune into another. She would not run to meet it.

The officers of Napoleon, and his two brothers, whom he had placed about her, to advise, or force her either to some desperate political measures to reign, or to an adventurous flight towards the Emperor, did not cease to prompt her to these measures, and to hint at a departure. She listened with repugnance, and took refuge in silence; she stole away from their importunities, and clung to her retirement at Blois. Passive resistance on the one side, baffled impatience on the other, events hastening to a crisis, and the continual reinforcements of foreign troops around her residence, must sooner or later bring to a violent issue that struggle, as yet confined within the bounds of decorum, between a young woman and her counsellors.

XXII.

On Friday the 8th of April, at an hour when the ladies' apartments are still inaccessible to the domestics of the court,

a commotion arose within the residence of the Empress at Blois. The noise of animated conversation, of commands, and resistance, issued from the inner apartments, where the young princess had been awakened from sleep. The waiting-women, the servants, and guards in attendance, were astonished at so unusual an occurrence in the palace at such an hour. Enquiring groups formed in the ante-chambers and in the courts. They spoke of moral restraint exercised over the Empress to force her to flee with the brothers of Napoleon towards the interior of France, or to Fontainebleau. Emotion and indignation were depicted on the faces, and expressed in the accents of the speakers; while as yet no one dared to openly give utterance to their feelings on beholding the scandal of such a restraint exercised over a foreign lady, who was isolated, and deprived of every means of defending, against force, her own liberty and that of her child.

XXIII.

M. de Beausset, a gentleman from the south of France, of a chivalrous character, and a heart full of respect for royalty, full of pity for weakness, was the intendant of the palace, and under this title attached to the court of the Empress.

The misfortunes and perplexities of this young woman redoubled in him his official attachment. He hastened to her on hearing the commotion, and, contrary to etiquette, entered the ante-chamber of the room where the princess slept; and from whence came the sounds. He learned, from the women in waiting, that Cambaceres, Joseph, and Jerome Bonaparte were with the Empress. He listened to the altercation with anxiety, and endeavoured to guess the cause, when Marie-Louise, in the disordered toilette of a woman who had been unexpectedly disturbed from sleep, opened the door which communicated between the two rooms, and ran towards M. de Beausset. Her steps were hurried, her cheeks flushed with the excitement of grief, her eyes full of tears, and her features haggard. The violence of her feelings overcame her natural timidity.

"Monsieur de Beausset," said she, in a trembling voice to the intendant, "of all the officers of the household of the Emperor who are here, you were the first with whom I was

acquainted, for it was you who received me at Brunau on my marriage,—may I rely on your assistance? My two brothers-in-law and Cambaceres are there," added she in a low voice, pointing to the adjoining room. "They have just told me that I must instantly quit Blois, and that if I did not consent willingly they would have me carried by force to my carriage with my son."

"What is your Majesty's pleasure?" demanded M. de Beausset with firmness.

"To remain here," replied the Empress, "and await letters from the Emperor."

"If such be your wish, Madame," answered M. de Beausset, "I dare answer that all the officers of your Majesty's household and of your guard will think as I do, and that they will receive no orders but from your Majesty. I will go and sound them."

"Go, I beg of you," in a low voice, murmured the timid but resolute young woman. "Go, and return quickly to let me know upon what I have to rely."

XXIV.

M. de Beausset, on quitting the room, encountered General Caffarelli, commander of the palace, and Count Haussonville, one of the chamberlains of the court. They were highly indignant, and rushing to the peristyle of the palace, in a loud voice summoned the officers of the guard, who were dispersed about the court. Scarcely were these brave soldiers informed of the restraint imposed upon a woman confided to their protection, than they with one voice protested against this violence, and boldly demanded to be introduced into the presence of the Empress, that they might express in person their devotion, and their readiness with their swords to defend her majesty. M. de Beausset preceded them to inform Marie-Louise of their wish.

"Enter," said she on seeing him, "and repeat to the princes what you have heard."

"The officers of the household, and the guard of the Empress," said M. de Beausset to King Joseph, "have declared it to be their firm intention to protect her Majesty against all compulsion that may be attempted to oblige her to quit Blois against her will."

"Repeat the very words they made use of," replied King

Joseph with an imperious obstinacy; "we must know the spirit which animates them."

"These words," replied the intendant of the palace, "contain nothing agreeable for you to hear, were I to repeat them. Hark! listen to the tumult in the corridors and courts of the palace—that murmur of indignation will tell you better than I can what you desire to know."

XXV.

Scarcely had M. de Beausset finished speaking, than groups of officers of the palace and guard, pushed open the door, and entered the room, expressing themselves to the Empress in terms of marked devotion towards her person, and of subdued anger against the oppressors of her liberty.

Joseph, then changing his tone and language, and turning with apparent respect towards Marie-Louise, said, with feigned conviction, "You had better remain, Madame! That which I proposed appeared to me most in accordance with your Majesty's interests; but since your Majesty thinks otherwise, I repeat, you had better remain." The brothers of Napoleon did not dare to renew the attempt. Despair had given this young princess courage. Indignation against such acts of violence had gained for her all hearts. All abandoned themselves to fate, and awaited at Blois the results of the negociations at Fontainebleau.

Some hours after this occurrence a Russian commissary without escort, came in the name of the sovereigns to convey away Marie-Louise and her son. There was neither resistance nor murmur. It was evident that the Empress had been prepared by her father to surrender herself to his allies. If she must endure captivity, she preferred that of her first family, and first country. Her imperial court immediately broke up. Ministers, councillors, of state, and courtiers all departed in haste, not towards Fontainebleau but for Paris. This place was now the new field of fortune. Even the minister of war merely sent his adieux to the Emperor, and hastened to offer his services to the new master.

XXVI.

The next day the Empress, under a Russian escort, was conducted to Rambouillet, by way of Orleans.

The Emperor continued to write to his wife, soliciting her to join him on the road to the isle of Elba. He described to her the place of his exile, fixed the number of chamberlains, maids of honour, and female servants which she should bring with her to this new residence. He had renounced none of the pomps and puerilities of courts. It would almost seem as if he had been born amidst these appendages of sovereignty, and that they had been so implanted in his nature, that he had no idea of any other than this artificial existence. He then asked M. de Beausset, in confidence, what were the real intentions of Marie-Louise with respect to rejoining him. Then he discussed with her about adding territories to Lucca, Piombino, and Carrara, which would be required to complete his states of Parma. He recommended her to re-establish a household for his son, the King of Rome, when she should arrive at Parma, where, he observed, there were plenty of high-born women. This pretension, (to clothe himself, as it were, with ancient aristocracy, in which he wished himself and all that belonged to him to participate,) he possessed even at his fall. The vanity of the upstart outlived the fall of the sovereign. He then inquired the best way of passing through Lyons, and the other great towns during the night, to avoid popular demonstrations, which might be raised against him by public resentment. He recommended her to bring several millions to establish herself with becoming splendour in Elba. He caused to be abstracted some of the diamonds of the crown which he claimed as private property. He ordered his treasures, amounting to many millions of gold, silver, and jewels, to be distributed in different conveyances and carriages of the Empress, to avoid confiscation or plunder from his enemies on the road from Paris to Italy. He ordered to be sent to him three millions for personal expenses during the journey that he was about to undertake. General Cambronne was charged with the conveyance of this sum from Blois to Fontainebleau. He opposed the idea of the Empress sojourning at Rambouillet; he urged her to proceed to her states in Italy, and evinced a lively apprehension at the idea of an interview between the Emperor of Austria and Marie-Louise. He evidently feared that paternal insinuations would separate her from him for ever.

He foresaw the difficulties that the sojourn of his wife and son, as hostages in the hands of Austria, would offer to the restoration of the Empire, about which he already had some confused idea.

XXVII.

With the exception of the orders concerning a portion of his treasures, all these letters were the useless result of his idle hours at Fontainebleau. Already the Empress, led as much by inclination as by force to her father, at Rambouillet, joined the Emperor of Austria in his residence, and placing her son in the arms of his grandfather, took the road for Vienna under an escort of the conquerors of her husband.

But while victory and indifference thus removed from him the wife which policy had given him, but which Empire could not attach to him, adversity brought back to him at Fontainebleau a young and beautiful foreigner, whose love neither defeat nor exile could extinguish. Among the numerous and fugitive objects of his capricious and illegitimate attachments, Napoleon had loved once perhaps with a tender and durable passion. At the summit of his success and glory, at a fête at Warsaw, the beauty of a young Polish lady, intoxicated with enthusiasm for his name, had made a lively impression on him. She was the young wife of a noble Sarmatian already advanced in years. She shone, for the first time, amid the pomps of a court. She adored in Napoleon—as what Pole then did not?—genius, victory, and the fallacious hope of the independence of her country.

Her countenance beamed with the adoration she internally felt. Napoleon saw her, understood her, loved her. Long resistance, violent struggles between passion and duty, and tears fanned the flame into a passion. The Emperor carried off the Countess Waleski from her husband, from her country. He conveyed her to his camps, and to his conquered capitals. A son was born,—the result of this attachment. A handsome residence at Paris, often visited at night by Napoleon, concealed from public view the ever-impassioned mother of this child.

XXVIII.

Adversity rendered her fault almost sacred, and his love more dear to her. She wished, by devoting herself to the

exile, to atone for her weakness for the conqueror of Europe. She wrote to Napoleon to ask for an interview, and to offer to accompany him wherever misfortune might lead him. He consented to the interview, and the last night but one which preceded the departure of the Emperor from Fontainebleau, the young wife was introduced by a back staircase into the room adjoining the bed-room of her lover. The confidential valet announced to his master the arrival of her whom he had consented to receive. Napoleon was plunged in that kind of dreamy stupor which had overcome him since his fall. He answered, that he would shortly call her who, on his account, had braved modesty and adversity. The young lady, in tears, waited in vain the greater part of the night. He called her not. She heard him, nevertheless, walking in his room. The attendant again reminded his master of his visitor. "Wait a little longer," said the Emperor. At length the night having passed away, and day beginning to dawn, there was some danger of the secret interview being revealed; when the young woman, repulsed, dejected, and offended, was re-conducted, in tears, to her carriage by the confidential witness of her last adieux. Whether it was that Napoleon had lost all sense of feeling in the agitation of his mind, or that he was ashamed to appear as the cast-down captive before her who had loved him as the victor and sovereign of Europe, he evidently had no compassion for her devotion. When the confidential servant entered his chamber in the morning, and described the hopes, the fears, and shame of the Countess Waleski, "Ah!" said he, "it is humiliating for her as well as for myself; but the hours passed without my being aware of them. I had something here," he added, touching his forehead with his finger. Despair, which softens the hearts of other men, rendered his hard and frigid.

XXIX.

The next day he ordered Caulaincourt to be called, and made some presents to his guards and the officers of his household who had remained faithful to him up to that time. "In a few days," said he, addressing them, "I shall be

established in the isle of Elba. I long to breathe more air, I am suffocated here. I had dreamt of great things for France; but time failed me as well as man. The French nation cannot support reverses. One year of disaster has made it oblivious of fifteen years of victory. France forsakes me, separates me from my wife and child; but history will avenge me."

He afterwards spoke, with apparent impartiality, of the Bourbons. "Between those of olden time, and the people renovated by revolutions, there is a vast abyss," said he. "The future is pregnant with events. We shall meet again, my friends. To-morrow I shall bid farewell to my soldiers."

XXX.

At length this morrow dawned. The commissaries, respectful even in the performance of their duty, requested the Emperor to name the hour for his departure. He had fixed mid-day.

All that remained to him of a court, that is to say, the generals of his body guard, a few officers of his household, Belliard, Gourgaud, Petit, Athalin, La Place, Fouler, and a few servants, assembled at ten o'clock in the saloon before his cabinet, together with the foreign commissaries; a poor and sorry train of attendants, in a palace formerly too small to contain his courtly retinue. General Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace, proud of a consciousness of fidelity above the other exiles, announced the Emperor. He came forth, with a countenance calm and composed. He passed down the line of his last friends, bowing to right and left, and extending his hand, which he withdrew moistened with tears. Not a word broke that silence. The impression was too deep for words to attempt to express. All the eloquence of that "adieu," gratitude, grief,—all was expressed by action.

That of the Emperor was worthy of the place—of his rank, and of the occasion; it was natural, sorrowful, and pensive. It was evident that he respected his own banishment; and it seemed as if his departure from the palace closed an epoch of fifteen years of glory and of misfortune for France; it was no longer the man but the Empire that departed. He went forth with the majesty of a great event

XXXI.

With measured step, and slow, followed by the guard and by his friends, he passed through the long gallery of Francis I. He stood for a moment on the landing of the grand staircase, and looked around on the troops drawn up in the court of the guard of honour, and on the innumerable multitudes, from the surrounding country, which had assembled to witness this grand historical event, that they might recount it to their children. What contending feelings agitated the breasts of that vast crowd, in which there were more accusers than defenders. But the greatness of the fall in some, the sorrow for misfortune in others, a regard to decorum in all, produced an universal silence. Insult at such a moment would have been cowardly,—the cries of "Vive l'Empereur" a mockery. The soldiers themselves experienced a feeling too solemn, of too religious an awe, to think of acclamation; they felt a deep sense of honour in their conciousness of fidelity even in adverse fortune, and felt that now the sun of their glory was about to set, and with their chief to sink for ever behind the trees of the forest, and the waters of the Mediterranean.

They envied the lot of those of their comrades whom fate or choice had favoured by allowing them to be the companions of their exiled Emperor. Their heads were bowed low, their looks mournful, and tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors. Had the drums been covered with crape it would have appeared like an army performing the obsequies of their general. Napoleon, after casting a martial and penetrating glance at his battalions and squadrons, had in his countenance an expression of tender regard unusual for him. What days of battle, of glory, and of power did not the sight of that army call to his mind? Where now were they who had composed it, when it traversed with him the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia? How many now remained of those millions in the remnant before his eyes? And yet those few were faithful; and he was going to leave them for ever. The army was himself. When he should no longer behold it, what would

he be? He owed all to the sword, and with the sword he had lost all. He hesitated a moment before descending, and seemed as if about to re-enter the palace mechanically.

XXXII.

He rallied, however, and recovering himself descended the stairs to approach his soldiers. The drums beat the salute. With a gesture he imposed silence, and, advancing in front of the battalions, he made a sign that he wished to speak. The drums ceased, the arms were still; and the almost breathless silence allowed his voice, re-echoed by the high walls of the palace, to be heard to the remotest ranks.

"Officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old guard," he said, "I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years have I ever found you walking in the path of honour and of glory. In these latter times, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of bravery.

"With men such as you, our cause would not have been lost; but the war was interminable; it might have been a civil war, and then it would have been worse for France. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of the country. I leave you. . . . . do you, my friends, continue to serve France; her honour was my only thought; it shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers.

"Grieve not for my lot! If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. . . . Adieu, my children; I would fain embrace you all. . . . . Let me at least embrace your general and your colours!"

At these words the soldiers were deeply affected; a shudder ran through the ranks, and their arms quivered. General Petit, who commanded the old guard in the absence of the marshals—a man of martial bearing but of sensitive feelings—at a second signal from Napoleon advanced between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon embraced him for a long time, and the two chieftains sobbed aloud. At this spectacle one stifled sob was heard through all the ranks. Grenadiers brushed away the tear from their eyes with their

left hands. "Bring me the eagles," resumed the Emperor, who desired to imprint upon his heart and on these standards the memory of Cæsar. Some grenadiers advanced, bearing before him the eagles of the regiment. He grasped these trophies so dear to the soldier; he pressed them to his breast, and placing his lips to them, exclaimed, in a manly but broken accent, "Dear eagle, may this last embrace vibrate for ever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers!

"Farewell again, my old companions, farewell!" The whole army burst into tears, and the only reply was one long-continued groan.

An open carriage, in which General Bertrand awaited his master and friend, received the Emperor, who hurried in, and covered his eyes with both his hands. The carriage rolled away towards the first stage of Napoleon's exile.

XXXIII.

The first Empire was at an end. Napoleon knew the power of imagination over mankind. He well knew also the part which the heart plays in history. In this scene, in the face of France and of the world, he had made a solemn offering of his own, and of that of his troops. To his very enemies this act appeared worthy of the greatest pages in the history of nations. It had required fifteen years of victories and of reverses to prepare the scene—an army and a hero to act it, the world for a spectator, and an exile to render it touching. This is the pathetic page in the Emperor's life. He had been a sovereign, never a man. In returning to nature, he again found greatness. This "adieu" to his army gained for him the admiration, the pity, and the heart of the people.

XXXIV.

Thus commenced the first exile of Napoleon. While he is on his way towards that island to which Europe out of vengeance, and France from sheer weariness, had condemned him, let us reflect a moment and judge.

History is not a mere drama; it is justice. Conquerors and despots would have too great an advantage, if they were only to be judged of, as has hitherto been the case with Napo-

leon, by the sounds of a great name, or the dazzling lustre of glory. There are flatterers of those who have gained renown, as there are of the powerful, because fame is also a power, and because, by placing themselves within the radiance of a great name, people imagine that they participate in its magic influence, and may be able to crush all before them by the authority of prejudice. It is the *væ victis* of the historian. But this power of the renowned *de facto* is an evil power, that we must have courage to resist to a just degree, for fear that posterity should bow down to it, as did the age in which it flourished; and that morality should be discouraged as independence, and that virtue should not have the power of protesting, or of being a witness.

XXXV.

Napoleon was a man of the school of Machiavel—not of that of Plutarch. His object was neither virtue nor patriotism, but an ardent thirst after power and renown. Favoured by circumstances which never fell to the lot of any other man, not even Cæsar, he sought to conquer and possess the world at any cost—not to ameliorate it, but to aggrandize himself. This, the sole aim of all the actions of his life, lowers and narrows them in the eyes of all true statesmen. God never said to man, "Seek thyself thine own good; thou shalt become the centre of all human things, and thou shalt make the world succumb to thy own purposes." On the contrary, he has said, "Thou shalt be, as far as it is in thy power, a means, an instrument, a servant to mankind; thou shalt devote thyself to the good of thy people; thou shalt be great, not in thyself, insignificant and ephemeral being as thou art, but in thy people, an universal being, whom thou shalt serve, ennoble, and elevate. This is the prototype of true grandeur. Sound policy and immortal fame are contained in this rule alone; for it exhibits the true virtue of a statesman, not only according to human history but in accordance with divine wisdom.

XXXVI.

Not so thought Napoleon; his views were just the reverse. This plan of life was opposed, and in contradiction to the plan of God with regard to humanity. Relying on this firm

truth, as on one's conscience, we may judge what has only been celebrated, without any danger of being mistaken. We feel within us the flexibility, not of the mind, but of the moral principle, and that we follow.

We have spoken of the general plan of the life of Napoleon, and we have also said that his scope was to possess the world at any price. Let us explain ourselves. We mean by plan of life, the general and continuous signification, or motives of all the actions of a man, who is the subject of history, the constant tendency of his thought and instinct manifested by his mode of acting. We do not attach to this expression the idea of premeditation from the cradle, or of a systematic study, under all circumstances, of every step, action, and word. Man is not thus constituted. He is not an abstract idea, a mathematical line—he is a man; that is, a compound of fickleness and changeableness,—a living inconsistency. The plan of life of a man worthy of history is his character. It is therefore in that character of Napoleon, which he most habitually developed in his actions and his thoughts, that we are to look for his morality or depravity, his littleness or his greatness, with the less dazzled and more impartial eyes of posterity. In a word, did his inspirations come habitually from the world to him, or from him to the world, from devotion to a cause, or from egotism, from above, or from below, from God, or from himself? These are the points into which we intend to inquire, by interrogating his memory, not to lessen it, but to prevent its misleading posterity.

XXXVII.

Napoleon was born in Corsica, at a time when that island, having lost its nationality, was struggling to retrieve its independence. He declared against Paoli, the liberator of his birth-place; he sought a country, and chose the one the most agitated, France. He foresaw, with a precocious sagacity of instinct, that great risks of fortune would be, or were, the grand movements of things or of ideas. The French Revolution broke out; he threw himself in the midst of it. Did Jacobinism govern, he extolled it, affected radical principles, and assumed all the exaggerated manners of the demagogues,—their language,

their costume, their displeasure, and their popularity. The "Souper de Beaucaire" a harangue fit for a club, he wrote in a camp. The tide of the Revolution rose and fell in proportion as the public of Paris was excited or calm. Napoleon rose and fell with it, serving with equal zeal, at one time the conventionalists of Toulon; at another, the Thermidorians of Paris. Sometimes the Convention against the demagogues; at others, Barras and the Directory against the royalists.

He yielded all to circumstance, and nothing to principle. With a foresight of who would be in power, he always joined the successful, rising indifferently with any or against any. As a youth, he was a true specimen of the race and times of the Italian republicans, who engaged on hire their bravery and their blood, to any faction, any cause, provided they did but aggrandize themselves. As a soldier, he offered his skill and his sword to the most daring or the most fortunate.

This and nought else is observable in all his rapid career of fortune. The source of this fortune was no other than the favour of the most influential of the Directory towards a beautiful woman, who enjoyed the familiarity of the powerful of the day. Barras gave Napoleon for dower the army of Italy. He loved, it is true, and was beloved in return; but his love was not disinterested; it was mixed with the alloy of satisfied ambition. From this command dates the display of his genius. He communicated its spirit to his troops; he diffused a youthful ardour in the antiquated camps; he remodelled the laws of military discipline, and introduced an entirely new system of tactics; he called into action the daring spirit—that all-powerful genius of revolutionary wars; he accelerated the movements of armies, and gained tenfold the time by his marches; he disconcerted the prudence and slowness of the pupils of a Frederic and a Landon. He conquered, made peace, and ratified treaties. Some nations he extirpated, others he respected; he negociated with those which, like Rome, had made a deep impression on the popular mind; and without pity, or a pretext, remorselessly swept from the face of the earth others which, like Venice, were too weak for defence. He usurped everything, in spite of authority, in spite of diplomacy, and of the very principles of his own government.

At one time he proclaimed, at another betrayed, and then again sold the dogmas of the French Revolution just as the opportunity presented itself, or the necessity for maintaining his personal popularity in Italy and at Leoben required. Here he re-establishes despotism,—there he consecrates the observance of theocracy; in another place he makes a traffic of the independence of nations, while he sells liberty of conscience. He is no longer the general of a revolution, the negociator of a republic; he is a man who has created himself, and himself alone, at the expense of all principle, of all the revolutions, and of all the powers that had invested him with authority. The labours of the human mind of the eighteenth century, of modern philosophy, and of the French Revolution, all alike disappeared. Bonaparte stood alone. It was no longer the age that moved—'twas a man who played with the age, and who substituted himself for an epoch. There was no France, no Revolution, no Republic; 'twas he! he alone! and for ever he!

XXXVIII.

The heads of the Revolution, embarrassed by his presence, sent him to Egypt, there to conquer or to die. Here we see another continent, another man, but still the same want of conscience. He announced himself as the regenerator of the East, who brought with him all the blessings of European liberty. At first he tried to persuade the people to allow themselves to be conquered. Mahometan fanaticism was an obstacle to his dominion. Instead of combating that faith, he simulated belief in it, declared for Mahomet, and denounced the superstitions of Europe. He made religion the medium of his policy and his conquests. The negociator, who had bowed before the Pope at Milan, now bent his knee to the prophet at Cairo. Distance gives an illusory effect to exploits against an enervated race,—exploits exaggerated by fame, but which remind one of the poetry of the Crusade. All he there thought of, was to imitate Alexander, and to gain his renown. No sooner, however, did he receive the first check at

St. Jean d'Acre, than he at once abandoned all thoughts of conquest, empire, and Asiatic dreams, and left his army, without being recruited, and without the power of capitulating as best it could. He put himself on board a swift-sailing vessel, and quitting the imaginary, came where all was reality. He preceded the rumours of his reverses, and took the popular feeling by surprise. He glanced around on the Republic, and soon saw that the time of anarchical danger had passed over; that its powers began to be regularly organised; that armies, commanded by his rivals, were triumphant; that the democratic government, bought by the nation at so dear a price, would soon become, if respected, an invincible obstacle to the life of a soldier. With armed force he conspired against that very government which had given him arms for its defence. To open violence he united stratagem, bribed his comrades, deceived the director, violated the laws of representation, ordered the decrees to be torn down by his bayonets, and took possession of his country. France before was a people, it was then only a man; and that man was Bonaparte.

XXXIX.

Having perpetrated this anti-national, this anti-revolutionary crime, it only remained to get it sanctioned by opinion. There are two opinions, one republican and progressive, which bears events down the current of truth, liberty, and civic virtue; the other, counter-revolutionary and retrograde, that works against the stream of improvement, and carries institutions and the human understanding back, to the counter-current of slavery, of prejudices, and of the vices of past ages. Napoleon chose not truth, but force. He saw that truth was on the side of liberty, but force went with the counter-revolution. To this he clung, in the hope that it might prepare for him a throne. He took advantage of inertness, bought the venal, intimidated the cowardly, and favoured the apostasy of the age. By feeding ambition, giving promotion, and raising to authority, he gained over the least liberal of powers—the military government. At length he prevailed over the country. The country disappeared in its turn beneath a throne, and on this throne was Napoleon.

XL.

To maintain this throne, he wanted some principle; and here again he might choose. He might render his reign a reign over the nascent germs of the new ideas of a more enlightened reason, and might reconcile them to the new world, and that world to them, through the benign influence of a protecting monarchy. He might be to philosophy and to the spirit of modern civilization, what Charlemagne was to Christianity,—the armed initiator and organizer of the unarmed nascent idea. On such conditions as these, the moral world, if it had not altogether excused, would at least have comprehended this military usurpation. But from the first day he repudiated the thought of acting the part of a beneficent genius,—the founder of an idea. He declared a war of extermination against all ideas, save those that were obsolete. He execrated thought in any form, spoken or written, as a revolt of reason against fact. He exclaimed, "Thought is the great evil; 'tis thought which does all the mischief;" and in this spirit he imposed silence on the tribunals, the censorship on the public journals; he devoted books to destruction, and writers to adulation or a reign of terror. He blasphemed against the light of intellect; he closed the lips against the slightest murmur of a theory; he banished all who would not sell to him either their eloquence or their pen. Of all the sciences he honoured only that which does not think—the mathematics; and he would have suppressed the alphabet if he could, so that figures alone should exist, as a medium of communication, between men, because letters express the human soul, and figures only material powers. He became excited in his horror of philosophy and liberty, even to the atheism of human intelligence. He anticipated a revolt in every sigh, an obstacle in every thought, a revenge in every truth. He refused the breath of freedom even to conscience. He made a league with God, in whom he did not believe, by renewing a treaty of church and empire with the sacerdotal power. He profaned religion in affecting to honour it. He turned the priest into a civil magistrate, and an in-

strument of servitude charged with bending all hearts to his will. He adopted the catechism of a state worship in the Empire, and placed the Emperor by the side of God in that catechism. He destroyed, one by one, all the civil truths established and promulgated by the Constituent Assembly and by the Republic,—equality by a new sort of feudalism,—domestic divisions of property by entail and the *majorat*,—an equality of manners by titles,—democracy by an hereditary nobility,—national representation by a legislative body, silent and subordinate, and by a Senate worthy of the Lower Empire, whose duty it was to vote him the blood of the people,—and, finally, the rights of nations by dynasties of his own family imposed upon foreign thrones. He turned into derision, and tyrannized over, all the independent institutions of the people, whose names he did not yet dare to efface. He renewed the past by commencing with its vices, and he restored it entirely to his adorers, on condition that this past should be solely comprised in himself.

XLI.

Every reign, however, must have a propelling spirit; and he accordingly sought one. Of all these principles, on which the founder of an empire might firmly establish his institutions, such as liberty, equality, progress, intelligence, conscience, election, reasoning, discussion, religion, or public virtue, he chose the most personal and the most immoral of all—glory, or renown. Not caring to convince, to enlighten, to ameliorate, or to improve the morals of his country, he said to himself: "I shall dazzle it, and by the splendour I reflect upon it I shall fascinate the noblest and the most easily seduced of all its instincts—national glory, or vanity. I shall found my power or my dynasty on a spell. Every nation is not possessed of virtue, but all have pride. The pride of France shall constitute my right."

XLII.

This principle of glory instantly superinduces that of conquest; conquest commands war: and war produces dethrone-

ments and the overthrow of nations. Napoleon's reign was nothing but a campaign,—his empire a field of battle as extensive as all Europe. He concentrated the rights of people and of kings in his sword,—all morality in the number and strength of his armies. Nothing which threatened him was innocent; nothing which placed an obstacle in his way was sacred; nothing which preceded him in date was worthy of respect. From himself alone he wished Europe to date its epoch.

XLIII.

He swept away the Republic with the tread of his soldiers. He trampled on the throne of the Bourbons in exile. Like a murderer, in the darkness of the night, he seized upon the bravest and most confiding of the military princes of this race, the Duke d'Enghien, in a foreign country. He slew him in the ditch of Vincennes by a singular presentiment of crime, which showed him, in this youth, the only armed competitor of the throne against him, or against his race. He conquered Italy, which had been again lost, Germany, Prussia, Holland, (reconquered after Pichegru), Spain, Naples, kingdoms, and republics. He threatened England, and caressed Russia, in order to lull her to sleep. He carved out the continent, made a new distribution of nations, and raised up thrones for all his family. He expended ten generations of France, to establish a royal or imperial dynasty for each of the sons or daughters of his mother. His fame, which grew incessantly in noise and splendour, imparted to France and to Europe that vertigo of glory which hides the immorality and the abyss of such a reign. He created the attraction, and was followed even to the delirium of the Russian campaign. He floated in a whirlwind of events so vast and so rapid that even three years of errors did not occasion his fall. Glory, which had elevated him, sustained him over the vacuity of all the other principles which he had despised. Spain devoured his armies; Russia served as a sepulchre to 700,000 men; Dresden and Leipsic swallowed up the rest. Germany, exasperated, deserted his cause. The whole of Europe hemmed him in, and pursued him from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, with a mighty tide of people. France,

exhausted and disaffected, saw him combat and sink, without raising an arm in his cause. Yet, when he had nothing against the whole world but a handful of soldiers, he did not fall. Everything was annihilated around his throne; but his glory remained, still soaring above his head.

XLIV.

As a diplomatist, he was eminently shrewd, while he had his ambition to serve, and his reign to establish. In his Italian campaign he fought with one hand, and negociated with the other. He daringly trifled with the instructions of the radical republicanism of the Convention. He treated with conquered Piedmont, which he had authority to destroy, and increased the republican army against Austria with the contingents of a monarchy. He negociated with the Pope, whom he was directed to expel from Rome, and enlisted on his side the feelings, the respect, and even the superstitions of the people. He treated with Modena for millions, and paid his soldiers with the treasures of princes. He negociated with Tuscany and with Naples, to divide his enemies, and to fight them, like the Horatius of old, one after the other. He soothed Venice, while he required her neutrality; but insulted, violated, and crushed her, when he no longer feared her power. He relumed the fire of revolutionary enthusiasm and independence in Milan; then resold Venice to Austria; and thus purchased the shadow of peace, with which he expected to make himself popular in France. Thus far his diplomacy was that of Machiavel, but of a patriotic Machiavel, who committed such treachery only as was useful to his country.

XLV.

But he was no sooner on the throne than all his negociations became a series of maelstroms as fatal to himself as to the solid greatness of his country. He threatened England, which he could not reach either by sea or land; and he declared himself her eternal though powerless antagonist. He thus created the hatred of a Hannibal against his nation and his

dynasty, thus placing the continent in the pay of that power, and the commerce of the world under its flag.

He alienated the whole of independent Germany, by territorial cupidity and family appanages, by which he multiplied princes, without obtaining support. He refused to Russia the Empire of the East, while he secured to himself that of the West. He declared the incompatibility of any other power whatever with that of his own, even at the extremity of the earth. He also declared himself a candidate for universal monarchy; that is to say, the common and universal enemy of all thrones and all nationalities. Thus, with his own hands, he combined England, Russia, Austria, Prussia,—all the world, in short,—in the league of the human race against him.

He fought battles, and his fame and genius gave him victory. He made treaties of peace, which were false, short, precarious, and menacing for those he had but half conquered;—treaties which allowed the parties to respire, but not to disarm. In the expectation of a newly premeditated war with Russia, he had the madness to throw the Ottoman Empire into the hands of that power, and thus to deprive himself of the only great and natural ally which remained to him for the day of struggle.

He conquered Vienna, and he re-established the Austrian monarchy; but he saw Hungary sighing for independence, and left it subservient to that power.

He conquered Berlin, but he did not extinguish Prussia. He saw Poland dismembered, palpitating with hope and patriotism towards him. He could recall her to life with a wave of his hand, make her the firm ally of France, the outpost of his armies, the arbiter of the North and of Germany, the barrier of Russia, and he sold her remains to the conquered powers, to purchase the favours and consideration of the old races for his dynasty of upstarts.

He saw Spain throw herself into his arms, accept his arbitrations, implore his guardianship, associate herself with France in a compact, natural and eternal, of the South against the conquering races of the North; but he preferred rather to humble than to attract her, and to conquer her for his brother, than to have voluntary possession for the good of his country.

Finally, he threw himself, with a million of men, into the heart of Russia, to invade, by an unnatural contradiction, the north by the south, and to possess himself of nothing but snow and ashes. Germany, which he imprudently left, armed and exasperated behind him, closed upon his steps, and he was taken in a trap which he had prepared for himself. He seemed to have had but one object in his policy for ten years past, viz., to unite all nations in a combination of shame and hatred against him; and to render France the irreconcilable enemy of the human race. This was the genius of his foreign policy—the genius of selfishness, which became, in his case, the genius of ruin.

XLVI.

He at length capitulated, or rather France capitulated without him, and he travelled alone, across his conquered country and his ravaged provinces, the route to his first exile, his only cortège the resentments and the murmurs of his country. What remains behind him of his long reign? for this is the criterion by which God and men judge the political genius of founders. All truth is fruitful, all falsehood barren. In policy, whatever does not create has no existence. Life is judged by what survives it. He left freedom chained, equality compromised by posthumous institutions, feudalism parodied, without power to exist, human conscience resold, philosophy proscribed, prejudices encouraged, the human mind diminished, instruction materialised and concentrated in the pure sciences alone, schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship or humbled by baseness, national representation perverted, election abolished, the arts enslaved, commerce destroyed, credit annihilated, navigation suppressed, international hatred revived, the people oppressed, or enrolled in the army, paying in blood or taxes the ambition of an unequalled soldier, but covering with the great name of France the contradictions of the age, the miseries and degradation of the country. This is the founder! This is the man!—a man instead of a revolution!—a man instead of an epoch!—a man instead of a country!—a man instead of a nation!

Nothing after him! Nothing around him but his shadow, making sterile the eighteenth century, absorbed and concentrated in himself alone. Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterising the age of Napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity but himself.

XLVII.

False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated,—he was only true in war; for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not; he loved not; he sympathised with none; he was a statue rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar: he resembled more the Hannibal of the Aristocracy. Few men have thus been moulded, and moulded cold. All was solid, nothing gushed forth, in that mind nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style. He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counter-part and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, or a colour wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature; it was the hand itself of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns dictated by Napoleon,—the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

XLVIII.

This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited, by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his, without lessening it; for it is equally incrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her; but what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world.

XLIX.

This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him therefore enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed, to accumulate, therefrom, on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue;—such is the man!

BOOK TENTH.

The Bourbons—Louis XVIII.—His life at the Court of Louis XVI.—His disposition—His understanding—His conduct during the Revolution—His flight from Paris—His residence at Coblentz—Treaty of Pilnitz—Manifesto of the French princes—Aspect of the Court of the Count de Provence during the Emigration—His opinions—His unpopularity with the Emigrants—Popularity of his brother the Count d'Artois—Letter of the Count de Provence to Louis XVI.—War against the Republic—The Count de Provence Regent—His intrigues in France and in Vendée—His manifesto on the death of Louis XVI.—His life at Verona—He quits Verona, and visits the army of Condé—His negociations with Pichegru—He leaves the army of Condé—His adventures and his life in Germany—He retires to Mittau—He is forced to quit it—His return to Mittau—He goes to England—He is received by the Duke of Buckingham—He retires to Hartwell—M. de Blacas—Life and meditations of Louis XVIII. at Hartwell—England and Louis XVIII. in 1813.

I.

WHILE Napoleon was thus travelling towards his first exile, whither we shall soon have to follow him, the princes of the house of Bourbon were approaching Paris. They were coming to occupy, or to form the circle round a throne which war had bestowed upon them after having raised it for another, and of which the Revolution and the counter-Revolution, then unanimous, were soon after to dispute the possession. These princes were known to France only by name.

Before we narrate the accession of the Bourbons, their attempt at reigning, and their second fall, we shall introduce the reader to the princes and princesses who composed this royal family, and who had been proscribed equally for twenty years from the memory and the soil. We shall also state the feeling with which these members of the sovereign dynasty returned to the kingdom of their sires, and the sentiments with which France regarded them, and hailed their return.

II.

The royal family was composed of seven princes and five princesses:—The King, Louis XVIII.; his brother, the Count d'Artois; the two sons of this prince; the Duke d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Berry; the Prince of Condé; his son, the Duke de Bourbon, and the Duke d'Orleans.

The princesses were the Duchess d'Angoulême; the Duchess d'Orleans, widow of Philip-Egalité; the Duchess d'Orleans, wife of Louis Philippe; Duke d'Orleans; Mademoiselle d'Orleans, sister of Louis Philippe; and finally, the Duchess de Bourbon, and the children of Louis Philippe, Duke d'Orleans; the Princess Louise, and the Duke de Chartres.

These were the personages whom exile had restored to their country.

In this return to the common mother land of old France (after so many years of adversity and sorrow, after so many mutilations from the royal trunk and its branches, by the revolutionary axe, or by the assassination of Vincennes, in this tardy reparation of proscriptions, in this astonishment of the palace on receiving its ancient lords, in this joy of the servants on seeing once more their old masters, in the unexpected happiness of this family, in treading at length, amidst the noise of acclamations and public rejoicings, the soil which might have long before devoured them)—there was so much heartfelt sympathy, foreign as well as French, for unmerited misfortunes, and touching reparations,—such an effusion of popular sensibility, associating itself with these royal impressions; in fine, such a benignity in the aspect of the country, that tenderness, astonishment, and family joy seemed, in some measure, a national spirit, and the imagination of the people appeared to participate in the adversities and in the felicities of a recovered portion of the old royal stock. This is the force of nature, when allowed to appear through political science: it is the spell of bygone recollections, when it mingles for a moment with future hopes; it is the awakening of traditions in the heart, when these traditions are personified

in a race returning from a lengthened exile; it is pity which avenges itself, and a popular coronation of the restored exiles. These were the only days they could call their own; but they were delightful, as combining at once the past and the future. The day after recommenced their difficulties and their perils; for impossibilities were required of them;—the adoption of interests and ideas repugnant to their hearts,—that which was and cannot be again, that which is to come, and that which is gone,—the illusion and the reality, the past and the present. But let us not anticipate these future trials of the royal family; a glimpse of them only was visible in their return: they were preceded by an immense favour—this was the power of feeling.

III

Louis XVIII. was bordering on the sixtieth year of his life; the age at which the understanding possesses all its maturity, and at which the body has yet lost none of its vigour in the powerful races of mankind. He was brother to Louis XVI., the Charles I. of France His father was the Dauphin, son of Louis XV., a prince who had had only a glimpse of the throne, and who seemed destined to adorn it with only obscure virtues. Louis XVIII., before the murder of his brother Louis XVI., bore the title of Count de Provence, and had married, when young, Josephine of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emmanuel III., King of Sardinia. He never had any children; and had lost his wife during the emigration. This prince, who has played with great good fortune, one of the most difficult parts in history on the throne, merits consideration. His understanding was equal to the requirements of his destiny, if his character was inferior to the work assigned him. He would have founded a dynasty, had he known how to maintain it. Let us examine his life; it will elucidate his reign

IV.

The Count de Provence, solitary and reserved at the court of Louis XVI., had surrounded himself with a little court,

distinct from that of his brother, which suited his character, which was studious, familiar, and somewhat feminine. Manliness was wanting to his soul, as well as to his body; it only displayed itself in his understanding. He possessed, though very young, some portion of that sagacity and penetration which distinguished the eunuchs,—the sovereigns of their sovereigns, in the Greek court of Byzantium: a Narses, born on the steps of a throne, delighting like them in knotting and untying the knots of policy in the mysterious intrigues of a palace; conciliating within the favour of courts, and without the popularity of public opinion; ambitious in desires, modest and restrained, in attitude; concealing their plots under the rigour of ceremonial, and under the puerilities of etiquette; surrounding themselves with philosophers, men of letters, comedians, and artists; affecting even a passion for women, but caring for nothing more than their suppleness, their grace, and the malice of their wit; seeking the friendship of men in the absence of love, and perpetually desirous of reposing their souls on a favourite. Such was the natural disposition of the Count de Provence

V.

He justly felt that he had a genius very superior to that of his brother Louis XVI., and to the superficial and unreflecting mind of his other brother, the Count d'Artois. He left to the first, with much external consideration, the enjoyment, the respect, and the responsibilities of the throne: he affected to conceal his superiority under a real devotion to him, and under a feigned indifference to power. He would have dreaded to overshadow with his merit by too much display, not Louis XVI., who was incapable of umbrage or rivalship, but the young and beautiful Marie-Antoinette, a princess of intense fascination, at once jealous and incapable of domination. With greater unwillingness, the Count de Provence left to his second brother, the Count d'Artois, idol of the Queen, of the court, and of the youth of France, the empire of grace, of volatility, and of public favour. Unable to equal him on these points,

he laboured to distinguish himself by a more solid superiority, and played the part of a precocious sage, and censor in a frivolous court, and an ill governed country He studied history, political science, the theories of economy, and the government of empires: he wrote much, and on all subjects; and he even cultivated light literature after more serious studies. He had an ambition for wit, and an appetite for glory of all descriptions. He published some of his poetry in the literary annals of the time; and he had some of his dramas represented in the popular theatres of Paris, under the names of his sycophants or of his secretaries. He enjoyed, like the Roman Emperor, his success upon the stage equally with his proximity to the throne. He surrounded himself with philosophers, theorists, and censors of government and religion. He allowed them to divulge in public his criticisms on the ministry, his ideas for reforming the kingdom, his accordance in heart and soul with the general spirit of the nation, which was evincing itself in complaints against the government, and in outbursts of enthusiasm, the precursors of a revolution. But he never permitted these murmurs and this enthusiasm to pass the bounds of external respect for religion and the throne. Although a sceptic in religion, and revolutionary in politics, he regarded the church and monarchy as two popular idols, whose divinity might be contested without removing their images from before the eyes of the people. There was etiquette and ceremony even in his convictions; for he believed in the divine right of established custom; and all reform which extended to his own dynasty appeared to him sacrilegious.

He foresaw a revolution, and thinking his brother unequal to the struggle of the times, believed his weakness would drive him to abdication; that the Count d'Artois would lose himself in vain resistance to the progress of the world; and that France, re-constituted on a new monarchical plan, would take refuge under his own government. He did not conspire to obtain, nor even desire this consummation; but he expected all. Nevertheless, he loved the king, his brother, as much as he was capable of loving any one ranking above him.

VI.

The embarrassments of the treasury, the dissipations of the court, the refusal of the clergy and nobility to relieve the financial necessities, the tendency of public opinion, expressed by the public writers, the complaints of the people, and the confiding faith of the king in the concurrence of the nation, induced the convocation of the Assembly of Notables, or, in other words, the friendly and officious grand council of the nation, around its king. The Count de Provence here displayed himself to the people as a popular and reforming prince; he ranged himself in opposition to the aristocracy, on the side of the masses, and of justice and right. The position he assumed, his votes and his language, promised at the same time a tribune and a moderation of the Revolution; and the popularity of his name was becoming formidable. This incense of public favour he inhaled with transport, and would never voluntarily give it up, so long as it only required from him the sacrifice of opinions; but the Constituent Assembly soon came to sap the ancient supports of the throne: and the church and aristocracy crumbled away under the hands of the *tiers état*, or national majority. The Count de Provence had favoured the supremacy of this numerical majority of the nation, by voting that the people should have a representation proportioned, not merely to its unity as an order of the State, but to its numbers as a population. By this vote he nationalized himself still more; he declared himself on the side of Mirabeau, and became popular, but wanted to remain a prince.

VII.

Direct insults to the throne soon warned the Count de Provence that the Revolution threatened even the monarchy; but he hoped it would at least respect the monarch. Still relying on his own popularity, he censured all premature emigration; and while his brother, the Count d'Artois, flying from Versailles, had left the country, and was hastening from Turin

to Vienna and St. Petersburg, to rally the military nobles of France and the European courts into a crusade against the Revolution, he, more firm, more faithful, and more politic, had followed his brother Louis XVI., when carried off from Versailles by the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October, to Paris. The people respected, cheered, and surrounded him with every mark of affection in his palace of the Luxembourg, and he appeared in the light of a conciliator between the court and the Revolution.

But he himself soon after became unpopular—the odium of an anti-revolutionary conspiracy, concocted by one of the officers of his military household, having fallen on him. This officer, the Marquis de Favras, had been commissioned to negociate considerable loans for his ancient master, and had at the same time plotted, either with the tacit consent of the Count de Provence, or unknown to him, a conspiracy, the object of which was at once to destroy the three chiefs of the Revolution, viz., Lafayette, Necker, and Bailly,—to carry off the king from his guardians, and conduct him to Peronne, and to elect the Count de Provence regent of the kingdom. Favras was accused, seized, and condemned to death, but died without betraying his confederates, and carried with him to the grave the enigma of the innocence or participation in guilt of the king's brother. Before he expired, however, he broke forth into muttered maledictions on the head of some powerful accomplice, who thus abandoned him to his fate; and public opinion, whether justly or unjustly, completed the revelation, and pointed out the Count de Provence. The mystery was buried in the grave of Favras; but the Count de Provence, fearing the consequences of such an accusation, anticipated them by a justification—at once timid and daring—before the council of the Commune of Paris. He went thither in great state, and spoke as one accused before the judges of the people. He described the extent of his connection with Favras, and specified its nature, separating the financial interests, which that gentleman had been authorised by him to forward, from any anti-revolutionary enterprises which he might have conceived on his own account.

He spoke with the accent of candour and the persuasion of truth. He did more: he loudly professed his revolutionary principles.

"Ever since the Assembly of Notables," said he, "where I voted in favour of the double representation of the people, I have felt assured that a great revolution was about to take place; that the king, from his well-meaning disposition, his virtues, and his exalted rank, should be the head of it; that the royal authority should be the bulwark of the authority of the nation I have a right to be believed on my word."

The populace, proud to behold the brother of the king recognise its jurisdiction and implore its acquittal, covered him with applause, and reconducted him in triumph to his palace But the pardon for Favras, which he had thus come to ask, was not granted him.

VIII.

Dangers increased every day, and the princes of the house of Condé and the king's aunts fled one by one from the soil of France. A report was spread of the approaching departure of the Count de Provence, and the people flocked to his palace to assure themselves of his presence. He caused his doors to be thrown open, and chatting familiarly with the women who were at the head of the mob, swore that he never would leave them. "But if the king should go?" asked one of the women. "For a woman of understanding," replied the prince, "you have put a very silly question." Thus eluding the answer, and giving it to be very well understood by his tone that if his brother should desert the throne, he, his successor, would not be so destitute of ambition as not to mount it.

The whole conduct and genius of this prince were comprised in this sentence

IX.

He displayed, at one and the same time, obstinacy, reserve, and courage, during the days of tumult, when the people invaded the Tuileries, and insulted the king and queen, but turned their anger from him to concentrate it upon the king. He shielded and consoled his brother, reciting, in the midst of

the tumult, those verses in which his favourite poet Horace boasts of the tranquil serenity of the fields, in opposition to the agitations of the palace and of public affairs. The misfortunes of Marie-Antoinette had reconciled him with her; he admired her from pity, and he won the confidence of his brother and sister-in-law. While he feigned, in the eyes of the people, the firm resolution not to desert his post, as a citizen and the eventual heir of the throne, he was preparing to save his head from the hands of the Revolution; and even, while putting the best face on the matter, to lull the alarm and suspicions of the people, the door of emigration was secretly opened behind him. Still more politic than brave, his courage was less adventurous than his intellect. The king confided to him his intended flight, which was fixed for the 20th of June; and the Count de Provence had so much sang-froid on the occasion, that he even made some grammatical corrections in the declaration which Louis XVI. had left upon his table, to protest against all the acts of the nation made during his absence. The fate of this King and his family is known. Arrested at Varennes, and brought back a prisoner to reign and die at Paris. More able, more fortunate, or less pursued, the Count de Provence succeeded where his brother failed. He has himself written an account of his flight with a curious puerility of literary minuteness, rather than with royal dignity. It is a somewhat grotesque commentary on flight and fear; and one would be tempted to smile in reading it, if the scaffold was not behind the fugitive. His measures had been taken with cleverness and cunning—feminine virtues which never failed this prince, in the embarrassments or perils that surrounded him.

X.

His favourite, Madame de Balbi, a lady whose wit he liked even more than her charms, and his friend Count d'Avaray, were his sole confidants. Count d'Avaray made the preparations for his flight. These being finished, the prince, as usual, went to the Tuileries, affected a free and unembarrassed air, remained till eleven o'clock with the king and queen;

received the last farewell of the king, of the queen, and of his sister, Madame Elizabeth, who restrained their tears for fear of betraying themselves. He then returned with his courtiers to his own palace, and even to his own bed-chamber, was undressed by his valet-de-chambre, who slept in the same room, and whom he distrusted. He went to bed, closed the curtains on one side, got out at the other without noise, slipped into a cabinet which communicated with a lobby of the palace, passed from thence to a lodge, where Count d'Avaray was waiting for him with a disguise; painted his eyebrows, assumed false hair over his own, and placed on his round hat a large tri-coloured cockade. He then descended into the court of the palace, where a hackney-coach was waiting for him. On the quay he found a travelling carriage with post-horses, got into it with his friend, and with English names and passports, passed the barriers without suspicion, and took the road to Soissons. There the axletree of his carriage broke, and retarded his flight. He affected an English accent, chatted with the idlers who surrounded the carriage, deceived them, and dallied with his peril, confiding, though by no means credulous, in a miraculous image, which had been given to him the evening before, by his pious sister, Madame Elizabeth. On arriving at Maubeuge, the last town in France on the Belgian frontier, he bribed the postilion to pass round the town, and tearing the tri-coloured cockade off his hat, he abandoned himself to joy on throwing away, at last, this sign of his oppression and of his terror. When they reached Mons, he pressed his deliverer Count d'Avaray in his arms, and threw himself on his knees to thank heaven for his safety. Then mingling his scenic and literary souvenirs with his self-congratulations on his escape, he parodied some verses of an opera, and applied their tragic meaning to the most burlesque accidents of his disguise and journey. Alas! while he was thus revelling in the isolated joys of his own safety, his wife, of whose fate he was ignorant, was running the same dangers by another route; and the king, the queen, their children, and his sister, overtaken on the road at Varennes, were going to pay, with their liberty and their lives, for this day which gave to him alone security on a foreign soil.

XI.

Madame de Balbi awaited him in the hotel at Mons, where anxiety as to the fate of his family did not make him forget, in his journal, the delicacies of the table or the goodness of the wine. The following day he departed for Namur, making notes as he went along, of the same puerilities of the table and the lodging house; the childishness of princes preserving, even in adversity, that worship of the person to which their courts have accustomed them. At length, near Luxembourg, a new accident retarded the progress of his carriage, and he seated himself, like a caliph in disguise, upon the trunk of a tree at the door of a cottage. Here he bestowed charity on a poor female cripple, and on a pretty young girl worn with hunger and fatigue. His liberality betrayed him; and the women throwing themselves at his feet, he recommended them to pray to heaven for the King of France and for his brother. "Behold his brother!" exclaimed Count d'Avaray, pointing the prince out to the villagers. "And behold my deliverer!" cried the prince, throwing himself into the arms of his confidant.

With this little theatrical scena, the Count de Provence terminated his journey, and commenced, as he says, his political career

XII.

He took refuge at Coblentz in the house of the elector of Trêves, Wenceslaus Prince of Saxe, his mother's brother. Coblentz, the centre of the emigration, became at once the camp, the court, the congress of the princes and the nobility, seeking to attach all Europe to their cause, and to deliver Louis XVI. out of the clutches of the Revolution. This prince, after being arrested at Varennes, and re-conducted to the Tuileries, in a captivity decorated with constitutional respect, was no longer anything but the passive instrument of the nation. His brothers and his partisans, assembled at Coblentz, no longer obeyed his public orders. They even acted in opposition to his instructions, and against his will, taking counsel only of

their own cause, and combining against revolutionary France all the enmities and all the terrors they could excite and rally together in Germany "If we are addressed in your name, on the part of your oppressors," wrote the Count de Provence to the captive monarch, "we shall listen to nothing. We shall, if it comes direct from you, but we shall steadily pursue our own course. Therefore, if those around you wish to send us communications or orders, do not trouble yourself. Be satisfied as to your safety. We only live to serve you. For this purpose we are working with energy, and all goes on well. Even our enemies have too much interest in your safety to commit a useless crime, which would complete their ruin."

XIII.

The Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the other German sovereigns signed, under the eyes and at the instigation of the French princes, the treaty of Pilnitz, by which they embraced, with arms in their hands, the cause of Louis XVI as the cause of all crowned heads. The French princes, believing themselves thenceforward the arbiters of France, drew up and published a manifesto, which may be considered as the ultimatum of the exiled aristocracy. They enjoined Louis XVI. to refuse his sanction to the constitution which his revolted subjects were desirous of forcing from him.

This manifesto, as powerless to save the King as to intimidate the people, did not stop either Louis XVI or the nation. "Hope for nothing but from abroad," next wrote the Count de Provence to his brother. "Thence only can you have assistance. You are surrounded only by men resolved on betraying or destroying you!" In accordance with these words, two armies of French emigrants were formed upon our frontiers; the one at Coblentz around the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois; the other at Worms under the three military princes of the house of Condé. But the Count de Provence, who was nothing of the soldier, but all the diplomatist, appeared from that period more calculated to reign than to combat. Without taking as yet the title of regent of

the kingdom, he in reality exercised its functions; while his age and eventual claim to the crown conferred upon him this position. His superiority of intellect over the Count d'Artois made him the statesman, the negociator, and the publicist of the emigration. The little fugitive court, which exile and hatred of the Revolution had gathered around him, attracted into his council all the writers of the exasperated aristocracy of France and Europe. Their conversations, their writings, their league against the new principles, soon quickened the very active and very intelligent mind of the Count de Provence to the systems and the polemics of the war of ideas. It was the rendezvous and the origin of the monarchical, aristocratical, and paradoxical school of the De Maistres, the D'Entragues, the Bonalds, the Montlosiers, the Chateaubriands, and the Burkes. Monarchy, still more assailed in the minds of the people than on the field of battle, felt the necessity of interrogating, of justifying, and of defending itself in speeches, books, pamphlets, and journals It sometimes called reason and tradition, sometimes sophistry and prejudice, to its assistance. Amongst the writers some deified the theocratical form of government, and placed aristocracy, monarchy, and the establishments and riches of the church in the rank of dogmas. Others concentrated their monarchical faith in the servile adoration of absolute and hereditary government, and in the avowed contempt of the people. Others again threw their eyes over the different systems of government which prevail in Europe, and selecting from each of these governments that which appeared analogous to their own thoughts, combined these principles in a sort of general conciliation of interests and castes, and presented the aristocratic, democratic, and representative monarchy of England as the type of institutions. The Count de Provence, from the nature of his situation and his intellect, inclined by turns to each of these theories, according as they gained proselytes, or lent arguments and strength to his cause,—a theocrat with the princes of the church, an aristocrat with the nobility, and a constitutional and liberal with the partisans of the English constitution. This prince, who had only the etiquette of faith, lent himself without difficulty to all

systems. The only thing in which he profoundly believed was himself, his blood, his tradition, his right, his necessity. He adopted everything that could serve him. But at the bottom his understanding was too prompt, and his judgment too well exercised, not to know that a great revolution was accomplishing in the human mind; that this revolution, after having transformed ideas, was transforming things; and that the prince who understood best the nature, the direction, and the regulation of this movement in France, would be the inheritor of the coming tempest, and the genius of the age. He ridiculed, in his own mind, those prejudices of emigration which he was compelled, by the part he had to play, to loudly applaud, and he was already combining, in his thoughts and his conferences, the final and various plans of a monarchical and constitutional Restoration, which he might one day be called upon to attempt.

XIV

The emigrants, therefore, loved him but little, and they distrusted him. They recalled to mind his popular temerities at the Assembly of Notables, and at the States-general, and paid him only the forced respect due to his rank, reserving their enthusiasm for the Count d'Artois. This young prince had not ideas enough to decide between several systems. An invincible repugnance to all concessions from the throne, which he called weaknesses, a brilliant and external parody of the ancient chivalry, his age, his grace, his enthusiasm, his lively but unmeaning language, his giddiness, and even his want of reflection, constituted him the idol of the emigrants. He represented them admirably by his prejudices, his confidence, his disdain and his illusions; and they attached themselves to him as their own proper image.

The Count de Provence entertained no jealousy of this younger brother, more favoured than himself by the opinion of the army of Coblentz. He knew of his fidelity and goodness of heart, and he also foresaw that the shallowness of his mind would appear but too soon through this surface of rash resolutions. The tastes of the Count de Provence, his obesity, already

irksome, and his premature infirmities prevented him from ever pretending to the heroic part of a soldier in the cause of kings; but he took greater umbrage at the extreme popularity of the Prince de Condé, of the Duke de Bourbon, and of the Duke d'Enghien, his grandson, with the army of Worms. These three princes appeared to attract all the French nobility to their camp. They belonged to a heroic race; they were brave; they were born soldiers; they were closely allied to the throne. Victories, too independent and too personal, might place France and the monarchy under their names and sovereignty

XV.

The National Assembly having forced Louis XVI. to recall his brothers and the princes of his family, whose presence, amidst the counter-revolutionary armies, was offensive and troublesome to the country, the Count de Provence replied in the name of all: "I have read your letter," said this prince to the king, "with the respect I owe to the writing and the sign manual of your majesty The order it contains to repair to your majesty's presence is not the free expression of your will; my honour, my duty, my affection even, equally forbid me to obey." He formed his guard, and gave the command of it to Count d'Avaray, his friend, and the companion of his flight.

The Empress of Russia, Catherine II., having decided on defending the cause of the nobility and kings which her patronage of the philosophers had so much sapped, accredited an envoy to the princes, and wrote to the emigrant nobility that she was going to assist Louis XVI. as Elizabeth of England had assisted Henry IV. "In embracing the cause of kings, in that of the king of France," she said, "I only follow the duty of the rank I occupy on earth." France replied to these demonstrations and to these menaces of the princes, by declaring the Count de Provence deposed from his right to the regency. The revolutionary war then commenced.

The princes were removed from the immediate scene of operations, and consigned to the rear of the army, to divest hostilities of the character of a war of Restoration. The cam-

paign was tame, undecisive, mingled with incomplete successes, immense reverses, and shameful retreats. The princes of Condé and their army alone took any active part in it. The Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois continued to foment the war in the courts; but they scarcely ever showed themselves in the field. Dumouriez stopped them in the defiles of Argonne; and the Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the combined Prussian armies, fell back before our battalions. A unanimous cry of indignation and of treason rose from the army of the emigrants, and from the council of the French princes on this retreat; for it cut them off from Paris, France, and the Restoration. This was the first retrograde step of Europe before the revolutionary genius of France. Dumouriez, victorious at Verdun by tactics, conquered at Jemmapes by valour; and the Count de Provence, flying before the Belgian insurrection, repassed the Rhine, and took shelter at Dusseldorf. He and his brother had negociated a loan of some millions in Holland, which kept in pay their household, their guard, and their court; and thence, with heavy heart and moistened eye, they looked on at a distance, while the funereal drama was accomplishing at Paris:—the 10th of August, the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple, the proclamation of the Republic, the trial and execution of Louis XVI. The Count de Provence then assumed the title of Regent, which, until then, the emigrants themselves had refused him. He acknowledged as king the child then a captive, who was being slowly immolated in the Temple. He gratified the friends of his brother, the Count d'Artois, by appointing him lieutenant-general of the kingdom,—a painful but politic division of that ideal authority which these two princes were going to exercise in exile. Recognised by the army of Condé, and by the Empress of Russia, he addressed solemn proclamations to Europe and to the army of Condé, at each tragic blow struck by the Convention against the members of the royal family. He fomented, with all his efforts, the troubles, the insurrections, the civil wars of the South and of La Vendée. He received all the distinguished negociators from France, and all political adventurers who

throw themselves between two causes, less to serve them than to serve themselves. His court and his council were the perpetual focus of plans, of chimeras, of conspiracies, real or imaginary, of the corruption of generals, of the venality of the tribune, and movements of the people, with which the men of intrigue amused the idleness, or flattered the importance, of the exiled courts. He there imbibed the feeling and the taste for those secret reports, for that confidence in underlings, for those intrigues of diplomacy, of police, of government, for that domestic favouritism, and that personal labour which afterwards distinguished him on the throne. He there maintained that royal attitude, and that distance between him and the crowd, which he never allowed to be violated, except by a few confidants. He knew the prestige of distance for men and for things, and constantly withdrew from events and from observation, to maintain a more imposing attitude. He assiduously studied there the history of his country and his race, in order to personify in himself the power, the kings, and the grandeur of his house and to recall some day, in himself alone, all the illustrious men, or at least all the mementoes of his race. He prepared himself incessantly for the throne, never doubting that he would be recalled to it, by the vicissitudes of human affairs; and not wishing that his reign should find him for a single day deficient in dignity. Little sought after, and less beloved, but commanding respect from others by the respect which he affected for himself, such was this prince, from Coblentz to the end of his long exile.

XVI

This exile led him sometimes to Verona, sometimes to Mittau, and finally to England, when he had been driven from the continent by the victories of the French, and the terror felt by other powers, in proportion as the Revolution occupied more space on the soil of Europe, and kings felt more intimidated at its progress. During these different halts of the emigrants, Louis XVIII., then King himself by the death of the Dauphin, frequently fancied he held in his hands the clue to a counter-

revolution at Paris. His agents, his emissaries, his correspondents flattered him incessantly, sometimes with bargaining with Danton, sometimes with directing Robespierre, sometimes with influencing Tallien, sometimes with bribing the committee of Clichy, and placing the Republic in the hands of a second Monk, Pichegru: sometimes with negociating with Barras to betray the Directory, and to re-establish royalty; sometimes, finally, with preparing Bonaparte himself to recall the legitimate monarch, after having subjected the monarchy to his own sword.

With the exception of Mirabeau, who sold not his conscience but his services for a little gold, and with the exception, also, of Pichegru, who permitted the presence of negociators of treason, but perhaps never thought of accomplishing it himself, all these bargains, all these pretended negociations, had no other existence than in the dreams of those officious intermeddlers of impossible venalities. They every day sold what they could not deliver, and thus obtained confidence, missions, titles, and money from the cabinet of Louis XVIII., and subsidies, for the most part fraudulent, from the English government. They feigned a traffic of opinion and conscience at Paris, between them and the influential men of the Revolution; but on searching closely into these negociations and corruptions, elevated to the importance of political plots by their authors, it is evident that they were really nothing more than fraudulent and venal intrigues. Neither Danton, Tallien, nor Barras ever listened seriously to these supposed intermeddlers between them and the exiled monarchy. Revolutions are not sold like courts; they carry away the men who traffic with them, instead of being carried away by them. These great impassioned movements of opinions and masses exhaust themselves sometimes, but never betray themselves. Nobody possesses a revolution, but the revolution possesses all the world. One may look to the hour of their lassitude and decay, but they can never be corrupted. And what purpose would it serve to corrupt the chiefs of the ringleaders? They themselves have the prevailing opinion for their chief, and are swept along by the torrent of the time. Mirabeau being dead,

Danton swallowed up, Robespierre guillotined, Tallien cast aside, Picnegru transported, and Barras deposed, would the revolution fall from their hands into the hands of the monarchy? No; these men in selling it would sell nothing to Louis XVIII. but their own heads, their honour, and a shadow. La Vendée alone revolted, but revolted of itself. It was neither the emissaries of Louis XVIII. nor English gold, which stirred up the peasants of Brittany; it was the double fanaticism of their manners and of their faith: they died for their God, and not for intrigues. The memoirs of these agents of intrigue have in this respect deceived history. On a close examination, it is evident that neither D'Entragues, nor the Marquis de la Maisonfort, nor Fauche-Borel, nor Brottier, nor their correspondents at Paris ever held in their hands the revolutionary defections they pretended to hold, and with which they were trafficking with the court.

XVII.

With greater reason the king attempted to correspond with Charette, the hero of La Vendée, the Hannibal of the Republic; but his letter itself attests that Charette had stirred up his country without waiting for either the signal or the approbation of royalty. "At length, Sir," the King wrote to him with his own hand, "I have found the opportunity I so much wished for; I can communicate with you direct. I can speak to you of my admiration, of my gratitude, of the ardent desire I have to join you, to share your perils and your glory. I shall accomplish it, should it cost me my blood; but in expectation of this happy moment, the union between him whose exploits make him the *second founder of the monarchy*, and him whose birth calls him to govern it, will be of the greatest importance. My voice should be heard in every place where the people are armed for God and the King. Should this letter reach you on the eve of a battle, give for the order of attack the word *Saint Louis!* and for the order to rally, *The King!* I shall begin to be amongst you the day on which my name shall be associated with one of your triumphs!"

The King, his brother, and the princes were, however, never there but in name. The chiefs, divided amongst themselves by the absence of a superior authority which would reduce their rivalship to a unity of action; the peasants, weary of shedding their blood for King and princes always invisible, tore one another to pieces, after having torn the country, and were eventually conquered. No Restoration can be made by arms, but on condition of having a hero for its chief; whereas the Bourbons were only kings.

XVIII.

Louis XVIII. and his brother, always ready to fly to the battle-field of La Vendée, where their partisans were dying for them, fought, after all, only by their manifestoes and their proclamations. Louis XVIII. excelled in this pacific talent. His letters to the sovereigns of Europe, to reproach them with their ingratitude and their cowardice towards his race, his declarations to Europe in the great crisis of his exile, his addresses to Bonaparte to demand of him the throne, and promising him glory and gratitude in return; finally, his addresses dated from exile to his people to recall their king, by their style are worthy of his rank, of his dignity of soul, and of his misfortunes. He thus took a pleasure in reigning, at least, by correspondence with the world. None of the faithful but mediocre courtiers, by whom he was surrounded, had capacity enough to draw up these pieces. He wrote them himself, with the double consideration for the part he was playing before posterity, and for his talent as a literary man before himself. No king, since Dionysius of Syracuse, or Frederic of Prussia, has ever spoken or written better, whether in exile or on the throne.

XIX.

The manifesto that he published, on the occasion of the death of the Dauphin, and of his own accession to the throne, is an evidence of his style and of his views.—"In depriving

you," said he to his people, "of a king who has only reigned in fetters, but whose infancy promised a worthy successor to the best of kings, the inscrutable decrees of Providence have transmitted to us with the crown the necessity of snatching it from the hands of revolt, and the duty of saving the country, which a disastrous revolution has placed upon the declivity of ruin. A terrible experience has but too well enlightened you on your misfortunes and on their causes. Impious and factious men, after having seduced you by lying declarations and by deceitful promises, have drawn you into irreligion and revolt. From that moment a deluge of calamities has poured upon you from all parts You were unfaithful to the God of your fathers; and this God, justly irritated, has made you feel the weight of his anger. You were rebels to the authority that he had established to govern you, and a frightful despotism, and an anarchy not less cruel, succeeding each other by turns, have torn you incessantly with a still increasing fury. Your property became the prey of robbers the moment the throne became the prey of usurpers. Servitude and tyranny invaded you, when the royal authority ceased to cover you with its ægis. Property, safety, and liberty, all disappeared with monarchical government You must return to that holy religion which had conferred upon France the blessings of Heaven. You must re-establish that government which, during fourteen centuries, was the glory of France, and the delight of the French nation, which had made of your country the most flourishing of kingdoms, and of yourselves the happiest of people. The implacable tyrants who keep you enslaved, alone retard this happy moment. After having taken from you everything, they paint us in your eyes as an exasperated avenger! But learn to know the heart of your King, and repose upon us the duty of saving you.

"We not only see no crimes in simple errors, but even the crimes that simple errors may have caused shall obtain mercy at our hands. All French people who, abjuring fatal opinions, shall come and throw themselves at the foot of the throne, shall be received by it. Those still under the influence of a cruel obstinacy, who shall hasten to return to reason and duty, shall

be our children! We are French! This title the crimes of villany shall not be sufficient to debase! There are crimes, however (why can they not be effaced from our memory, and from the memory of men?), the atrocity of which has passed the bounds of clemency,—those of the regicides. Posterity will not name these monsters without horror! France, universal France, invokes upon their heads the sword of justice. The feeling which now makes us restrain the vengeance of the laws within such narrow bounds, is a certain pledge to you that we shall suffer no private revenge. Who will dare to avenge himself when the King pardons?"

XX

After the treaty of Bâle, which disarmed Spain and Prussia, he solicited the English government for assistance in men and armaments, which might enable him, he said, to re-conquer his kingdom.

He wrote to the Duke of Harcourt, his envoy in London, an ostensible letter, full at once of address and enthusiasm, with the double intention of offering an excuse for not throwing himself into La Vendée, as he had promised Charette, and to demand of England, in an ostentatious manner, an army, which he very well knew would be refused him.

"My situation," said he, "is like that of Henry IV., except that he had many advantages which I do not possess. Am I, like him, in my own kingdom? Am I at the head of an army obedient to my voice? Have I gained the battle of Coutras? No; I am shut up in a corner of Europe. A great number of those who are fighting for me have never seen me. My forced inactivity gives my enemies occasion to calumniate me: it even subjects me to unfavourable opinions on the part of those who remain faithful to me. Can I thus conquer my kingdom? You will be told that the victories of my brother, the Count d'Artois, who is permitted to make a descent upon Brittany, are decisive, and that I shall be restored to my kingdom. Heaven is my witness, and you know it, my dear Duke, you who know the very bottom of my heart, that I shall listen

with pleasure to the cry of the Israelites, 'Saul has killed his thousands, and David his tens of thousands! But my joy as a brother will not save my glory as a king · and I repeat, that if I do not acquire personal glory, my reign may be tranquil, from the effect of the general apathy, but I cannot raise a durable edifice. Do not imagine it is the blood of Henry IV which runs in my veins, that prompts me to speak in this manner No, I have deeply reflected. My life is not indispensable to the monarchy. I have a brother, and nephews of an age to reign after me. If I were killed, far from my faithful subjects being discouraged by my death, my vestments, stained with my blood, would be the most attractive standard! I am removed from the army of Condé, which is now inactive. What remains for me? La Vendée. Who can conduct me thither? The King of England. Say to his ministers, in my name, that I demand of them my throne and my tomb!"

XXI.

This language, solemn and theatrical, was admirably calculated to impress upon the Vendéans the conviction of a heroic desire to fight along with them, and to set off in the eyes of the world, by language becoming his position, a state of inactivity which must appear to be forced, that it might not seem to be voluntary. There was nothing at that time to prevent a desperate prince from flying to that field to which the humblest gentleman in his kingdom repaired without difficulty. La Vendée was still in the brightest flame of its enthusiasm, and England was at that very moment throwing subsidies into it by millions, and sending thither squadrons, reinforcements, and munitions of war. But Louis XVIII. had nothing of Henry IV. about him but his subtle and eloquent intellect. He had neither been created nor brought up for the adventures, the perils, and the privations of civil war. A consummate politician, the throne, study, and the delicacies of life were his camps, and the pen his sword. He excused himself, in throwing all upon fortune, for that absence from fields of battle, which suited the effeminacy of his tastes.

XXII.

He bore at that time the title of Count de Lisle. Confining himself to his residence with five or six courtiers, chosen from friendship rather than merit, he sat from morning till night in full dress, and girt with his sword, in all the formality of royal etiquette. He passed his mornings alone, occupied in reading his voluminous correspondence, or in writing to his agents in all the courts. He took a pleasure in deceiving himself as to the inanity of his occupations by the appearance of a government. He gave audiences in the middle of the day; he charmed his visitors, and, above all, men of letters, by the grace and the solidity of his conversation. He was as careful of his fame as of his person. He hid himself in his retreat from the eyes of the people, and he surrounded himself with mystery, which prevents the disrespectfulness of public opinion. He rarely went out, and then always in a carriage. In the evening he enclosed himself within his familiar circle, and he either had read to him, or he read himself, the remarkable works of the age and the journals of the day. Count d'Avaray, an affectionate and disinterested gentleman, governed his house. The King had lost his wife during his exile, and he had united his niece, the daughter of Louis XVI., to his nephew, the Duke d'Angoulême. He treated her like a beloved child. He adorned his ideal reign, and sweetened his real adversity with this victim of the throne, and this orphan of regicide. He even arranged his misfortunes with majesty. He lived on a small pension of 20,000 francs per month, conferred upon him by the Bourbons of Spain, of which he distributed the greater part in salaries to his friends and to his servants. He had preserved the habit of royal alms-giving even amidst this indigence; for he thought that the hand of a king should never show itself to his people without conferring a benefit, however trifling might be the gift. He thus preserved, with lofty susceptibility of manners and language, the dignity of his blood and of his rank.

XXIII.

The Venetians, intimidated by Bonaparte, having hinted to the King, their guest, that he should leave Verona, a town belonging to the Venetian States on the main land:—"I will leave," he replied, with disdain and indignation, "to the envoys commissioned to convey to him this order,—I will leave but on two conditions: the first is, that you present to me the golden book in which the name of my family is inscribed, that I may with my own hand efface that name from it for ever; the second is, that you will return to me the armour of which my ancestor Henry IV., in his friendship, made a present to your Republic."

Expelled from Venice, he again visited, for a short time, the army of Condé, and reviewed the army of his own gentlemen. He also wrote to Pichegru, general of the army of the Republic, with whom his agents had led him to believe that negociations had been concluded to regain him to his cause. "History," said he to this general, "has already placed you in the rank of great generals, and posterity will confirm the judgment which Europe has already pronounced upon your victories and your virtues. From the earliest hour you have known how to combine the bravery of Marshal Saxe with the disinterestedness of Turenne and the modesty of Catinat. You have ever been connected in my mind with these names so glorious in our annals, and your glory will eclipse theirs; so confident am I that you will accomplish the high destinies that await you. The Prince of Condé has testified to you how deeply I have been gratified by the proofs of devotion which you have given me; but that which it has been impossible to convey to you, is the impatience which I feel to set forth your services, and bestow on you the most brilliant marks of my confidence. Should circumstances ever oblige you to leave your country, your place is assigned between the Prince of Condé and myself."

This negociation with Pichegru was in fact merely an attempt at corruption on the part of certain agents, whose

interest it was to make themselves appear of importance, and to take advantage of the credulity of the exiled court. Pichegru, in all probability, made use of these agents himself, to ascertain and anticipate the movements of the enemy's generals; for he never pledged himself in any way, never wrote anything, and never entered into any of the combined measures with the Prince of Condé, as reported by these agents. The means of restoration which were proposed to him, through the defeat of his own troops and the ruin of his own glory, were as impotent as they were ridiculous, and could only have been conceived by a madman. Pichegru was in a state of hesitation and disaffection to the Convention; but he possessed ability, and was prudent. In his guarded conversations with the officious agents of the princes, he allowed certain inclinations to transpire—whether real or feigned—favourable to royalty; but with no less vigour did he combat with his would-be friends, and disperse their army and that of the Austrians; and if he contemplated the part of a Monk, he performed that of a general of the Republic. Genuine history should destroy these pages of fiction; for, on applying after a number of years to the evidence of facts, it will always be found in the end that probability is in all things the best symptom of the truth.

XXIV.

After a sham campaign, made during a few days with the army of Condé, and confined to a few marches in advance and retreat in the neighbourhood of Fribourg, on the banks of the Rhine, the King made a pretext of this retreat, and the danger of being surrounded by Pichegru, to leave the army abruptly. Arriving at Dillingen, a small town in the electorate of Trèves, on the Danube, he was, according to the writers of emigration, the victim of a mysterious attempt at assassination. The ball of a musket, fired either by chance or with a criminal intention, grazed his head as he breathed the fresh night-air, on the balcony of a hotel, surrounded by his courtiers. This unaccountable attempt, in a German town belonging to the states of his uncle, where no one had either interest or pre-

judice against a fugitive prince (who, in the event of his death, would be replaced by six other princes of the same blood, in succession,) gave occasion for a royal joke which showed the self-possession of the prince. The Count d'Avaray and the Duke de Grammont, hastening round the King—with every expression of horror at the ball having touched so near a vital part—"Well, my friends," said the prince, smilingly, "if the ball had struck an inch lower the King of France would now be called Charles X." The circumstances of this attempted crime, and the remarks and self-possession of the King, were reported throughout the army of the emigrants. "What pleasure," wrote the King to the Prince of Condé—"what pleasure this wound would have given me on the field of battle of Frisenheim! Say, on my part, to my brave companions in arms, that I am equally affected and astonished at this feeling they have evinced on hearing of my accident. At all times and places, and under all circumstances, in me they shall have a father!" The King was too much in want of a pretext, and this assassination was too necessary to give a motive to his removal by the feeling of his personal danger, not to be open to suspicion. It imparted an interest and a tragic air to the ever-theatrical drama of royalty.

XXV

This little interlude furnished him with an opportunity of advancing still further into Germany, to Blankenbourg, a little town in the mountains of the Duchy of Brunswick. There, in the modest house of a brewer—narrowly accommodated as the guest of a day, surrounded by his two young nephews, the Dukes d'Angoulême and Berry, his niece, his ministers, his great officers, his courtiers, his friends, his captain of the guards, the Dukes de Villequier and Fleury, Count d'Avaray, Count de Cossé, commandant of his Swiss guard, the Marquis de Jaucourt, the Duke de Vauguyon, Marshal de Castres, by his gentlemen, his almoners, and by all the appendages of the church and the court which he included in his suite—he still represented in miniature the showy

royalty of Versailles. Differing from Dionysius of Syracuse, who taught children at Corinth, he only knew the business of a king, which he exercised even amongst the peasants of Brunswick. It might be said, that this long exile was only the rehearsal of a reign. The same solemnity presided at every act and every step he made. The ceremonies of worship, the levées, the councils, the public dinners, the assemblies, the play, were all assigned to their respective hours with the uniform etiquette of the palace. From thence he conferred powers on his commissioners in the provinces, and withdrew them, as he thought fit, reigning in idea over the map of his dominions, which always lay open before him. He encouraged the armies at a distance by proclamations, and the chiefs by a smart saying. He wrote to Marshal Broglie in a style full of epic allusions about his son, who had distinguished himself on the Rhine: "Ancient chronicles inform us that the Cid was the last of the sons of Don Diego de Bivar, and that he surpassed him in the opinion of all Spain. Adieu, my marshal."

XXVI.

Discouraged in the hope of restoration by arms, the King thought himself on the point of restoration by intrigue. An anti-republican re-action broke out in France; and Pichegru, who had become a member of the representation, but was always a soldier, promised, against the Directory, a general to the anti-revolutionary committee of Clichy. The King and his friends did not doubt that the overthrow of the republican power by the conspirators would be the signal of the Restoration. He did not see the people and the army between France and himself; he only saw the Directory. Barras, by a sudden and resolute movement, baffled the conspirators, and with the aid of the republicans sent them all into exile. The coup-d'état of the 18th Fructidor, which was justifiable because it was defensive, saved the Republic, and deferred the hopes of the King to an indefinite period. Barras could not give a more violent disavowal of the ambition and the venality by which the lying agents of Louis XVIII. pretended they had bound him;

for he seized, tried, and shot the most active of these ring-leaders. The King, as if he could only have attributed these reverses, arising from the force of events, to the incapacity of his secretary for foreign affairs, the Duke de Vauguyon, had a change of ministry, and gave his confidence to Marshal de Castres and to M. de Saint-Priest. One may judge how much opinions in France, the government at Paris, and the manœuvres of our armies on the continent were influenced by the changing of the two ministers of the obscure reign in the house of the brewer of Blankenbourg. The King, however, did not the less pursue his ideal policy, affecting to play his imperceptible part of sovereign of France in the affairs of Europe, which hardly knew even the place of his retreat. This was a long dream of royalty.

XXVII.

He affected to believe that all the Deputies proscribed by the 18th Fructidor, at Paris, were victims devoted to his cause. "If you know the place," he wrote to one of his agents at Lyons, "to which some of your worthy colleagues have retired, be my interpreter to them. Tell them that they have a share in the sentiments that I have expressed towards you. Add that this new reverse has not subdued my unshaken constancy, any more than my tender affection for them; and that I have a pleasing and firm confidence that their courageous devotion to the true principles of the monarchy will not be any more shaken by it than mine."

The victories of France in Italy, and the treaty of peace between the Republic and Austria at Campo-Formio, having forced Germany to refuse, in a dastardly manner, further hospitality to the fugitive court of the King, Russia offered it an asylum at Mittau, the capital of Courland, where the prince was received like a monarch. The Emperor Paul, at that time exasperated against France, avenged himself by crowning, unassisted by others, the sovereign who had been rejected by his own subjects, and betrayed by the rest of Europe. He undertook the payment of his guard, surrounded him with becoming ceremonial, built him a palace, and assured him of his friend-

ship and constant alliance. The palace, situated outside the city, on the bank of a river, on the road to Russia, was a melancholy asylum, but majestic and suitable to banished royalty. A subsidy of 600,000f. offered to the King by the hospitality of Paul (added to the subsidy, nearly equal, from the court of Spain) permitted him to increase his court, and to resume the pomp of sovereignty. Deputations from La Vendée, and royalist committees, real or pretended, from the south and from Paris, flocked to receive his orders. He bore a verbal part in all the transactions of the time; and, above all, he affected, out of regard for the religious character of his partizans in the west of France, to mix up his cause with that of the Church, and to vindicate the title and the sentiments of the most Christian King. When Pope Pius VII. was carried away from the Vatican by the French, and shut up by them in La Chartreuse of Florence, the king wrote him a letter which he had published in France and in Europe. "Permit the tender and respectful voice of a son," said the King to the persecuted Pontiff, "to raise itself, and express what I feel in my own breast. My sorrow would be less profound, if the attempts made against your Holiness had been by any others than the French. But, most holy Father, they are children gone astray. They deny in me their proper father, and we are not consequently to wonder that they also should deny the common Father of the faithful. Deign, therefore, not to accuse them, and still less to lay the blame on France. That is and always will be the most Christian kingdom, as your Holiness will always be the successor of Saint Peter. The only guilty ones are the tyrants who oppress my people. Do not confound their victims with them; and direct your prayers to Heaven, more agreeable than ever to God in these days of grief and trial, in favour of this nation, which experiences, in so terrible a manner, the effects of Heaven's displeasure."

This was at the moment when France, collecting all the forces that had sprang from the Revolution, in an effort of foreign conquest, had subjugated western Italy, was in possession of Rome, had dethroned the sovereign of Naples, had conquered Belgium and Holland, dictated peace to Prussia and

Austria, formed an alliance with Spain, and was everywhere prosperous and victorious. The King alone protested, in the name of the past, against the fortune of France.

Suwarrow, on his march past Mittau to fight the French in Italy, presented himself to Louis XVIII., and swore to him that he would conquer or die in his cause. But Trebbia and Zurich falsified these promises of the savage lieutenant of the Emperor Paul.

XXVIII.

Nevertheless, everything escaped him again in France; everything yielded in Europe to the ascendant which Bonaparte inherited from the Revolution. La Vendée was pacified. Georges, one of its last combatants, went to Paris, and had a private audience of Bonaparte. "You cannot remain in the Morbihan," the first Consul said to him; "but I offer you the rank of General in my army." "You would cease to esteem me, if I accepted it," replied Georges. "I have sworn fidelity to the house of Bourbon; and I shall never violate my oath." He departed for England, after this refusal, with M. Hyde de Neuville, whose fidelity was proof against death, but not capable of crime. Happy would it have been, if Georges had never returned to dishonour his devotion by enterprises unworthy of a soldier.

XXIX.

The plains of Marengo had become for Bonaparte the plains of Pharsalia; and he had returned from it, like Cæsar, the conqueror of the enemy and the master of his own country. Louis XVIII. wrote to him through the Abbé de Montesquiou to tempt him with the part in the great drama of the restorer of royalty. Bonaparte replied by the establishment of his own throne, and by the conquest of Europe. Nay, more, he accused Paul of the crime of hospitality to the Bourbons; and the Emperor of Russia yielding to the enthusiasm for Bonaparte, or to the terror of his arm, Louis XVIII. was expelled, in the midst of winter, from his residence at Mittau, and suffered, during a long and painful journey, all the intem-

perance of these frozen climates, and all the severities of fate. His niece, the Duchess d'Angoulême, was obliged to sell her diamonds to relieve the indigence of her uncle. Prussia received him at Warsaw; but very soon, at the imperious solicitation of Bonaparte, the King of Prussia proposed to his majesty to renounce the throne of France, in exchange for a considerable territorial indemnity in Italy.

"I do not confound M. Bonaparte," nobly replied Louis XVIII., "with those who have preceded him. I esteem his valour and his military talents. I owe him much good will for several acts of administration; for the good that is done to my people shall be always dear to me: but he deceives himself, if he thinks to induce me to compromise my rights. Far from that, his very proposition would go to establish those rights, if they were at all questionable.

"I am ignorant what may be the design of Providence with respect to me and my race; but I know the obligations it has imposed upon me by the rank to which I have been born. As a Christian I shall fulfil these obligations to my last breath. As a descendant of Saint Louis I shall, after his example, make myself respected even in fetters; and, as the successor of Francis I., I hope, at least, to be able to say with him, 'We have lost every thing but honour!'"

XXX.

Misfortune could not be honoured with firmer language; it was, at once, a feeling and a vengeance; for it plainly told the kings who had abandoned him, that his adversity was less cowardly than their power.

It was in vain that he was menaced with indigence and European proscription; "I do not fear poverty," he replied; "if necessary I can eat black bread with my family and my faithful servants. But I shall never be reduced to that. I have another resource, which I do not think it right to make use of so long as I have powerful friends; it is to make known my situation in France, and to hold out my hand, not to the usurping government, which I shall never do, but to those

whose hearts are faithful to me in France, and I shall very soon be richer than I am!"

Bonaparte replied to these acts and to this language by the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. Louis XVIII. protested against the Empire. "This new act requires that I should confirm my rights," he wrote in a public declaration. "Accountable for my conduct to all crowned heads, whose thrones are shaken by the same principles; accountable to France, to my family, and to my own honour, I should only destroy the common cause by keeping silence on this occasion."

He sent back to the Spanish Court, which had recognised the Emperor, the insignia of his orders, and the subsidy that he had received up to that time from that part of his family, still in possession of their crowns. "It is with regret," he wrote to the King of Spain, "that I send you back the Golden Fleece, which your father, of glorious memory, had conferred upon me. There can be nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed upon my throne; since he has had the barbarity to stain it with the innocent blood of a Bourbon, the Duke d'Enghien. Religion may induce me to pardon an assassin; but the tyrant of my people must always be my enemy. In such an age as the present, it is a greater happiness to merit a sceptre than to bear one. Providence, for reasons incomprehensible to our understandings, may condemn me to finish my days in exile; but neither posterity nor my contemporaries can say that, in the days of adversity, I have shown myself unworthy to occupy, even to my latest breath, the throne of my ancestors."

XXXI.

The only answer vouchsafed to language so truly royal, was the imprisonment, in a Prussian fortress, of one of the King's councillors, Imbert Colomès, and of the Count de Précy, the intrepid defender of Lyons against the National Convention. The King of Sweden, alone in all Europe, calculated on the right, not the power of thrones. Louis XVIII. and his brother, the Count d'Artois, went to confer with this

prince, the chivalrous but powerless avenger of kings, in his dominions at Calmar. After this interview he drew up a new declaration to his people, in which he at length admitted a political compromise between the absolute power of legitimate sovereigns, and the right of representation of the people. This declaration had two objects: to negotiate with the spirit of an age which alienated public opinion far from the prejudices of the right divine of monarchies, and to conciliate the favour of public opinion in England, which could only take up arms for constitutional monarchies.

XXXII.

The assassination of the Emperor Paul, and the accession of the Emperor Alexander to the throne of Russia, restored for a short time to Louis XVIII. the asylum of Mittau. From thence he again disseminated, through his agents in France, complaints of his misfortunes, and also the new principle which he intended to introduce as the soul of his government. "What further would you have me say to my people?" he wrote to his secret emissaries at Paris. "It is thought in Europe that nothing can be done for me. My friends in France, on the other hand, accuse me of abandoning everything. Placed between the two parties, I speak to them in vain. What instructions can I give? I am called upon to speak anew. To whom? and in what language? Is not everything comprised in my declaration from Calmar? Should the object be to reassure the military? their rank shall be confirmed; they shall have promotion in proportion to their services, and an abolition of the privilege of the nobility to the rank of officers; for the civil service, continued employment; for the people, abolition of the conscription, and of personal impost. Is the question about the new proprietary of national estates? I declare myself the protector of the rights and interests of all. Has it reference to guilty persons, I forbid prosecutions, I declare amnesties, I open the door of repentance to all. If I ever find myself like Henry IV., in a condition to redeem my kingdom, I shall then give powers; but at this moment what can I do?"

XXXIII.

The youthful monarch Alexander, on departing for the campaign of Jena, paid a visit to his guest at Mittau. The two sovereigns mutually presented their friends to each other, and they conversed in confidence a long time together. The age and infirmities of Louis XVIII., his experience of misfortune, and his superior intellect, imparted to the exiled King the attitude of a father giving counsel to his son. Alexander was moved, and promised to serve with his arms the cause abandoned by the world, and taking shelter in his dominions. Victory, however, turning against him, changed his thoughts, and made him wish to be relieved from the embarrassment of a hospitality which excited the suspicions of Napoleon. Tho feeling of this abandonment weighed thenceforward on the soul of Alexander He blushed at his weakness, and the remorse he unconsciously felt for it made him abandon the cause of the old monarchies, and devote himself entirely to the friendship of Napoleon From this day the Emperor of Russia felt more repugnance to, than pleasure in, the restoration of the Bourbons.

XXXIV.

The King understood his position, and removed from an asylum where hospitality was no longer honoured by friendship The King of Sweden lent him a frigate, his last movement to take him to England. He disembarked there with all his suite; but the British government, tired of the intrigues of the emigrants, and the assistance, always useless, that it had given to their enterprises in La Vendée, saw with regret the arrival of the King. It was apprehensive of engaging in his cause beyond its own interests and its political views on the continent. It wished to consign him to Scotland, to the old palace of Holyrood,—that Saint-Germain of un-crowned sovereigns. The King, who had arrived at Yarmouth, declared that he would return to brave all the exiles of the continent rather than consent to this forced residence at Holyrood. He claimed the simple right of all private citizens on the free soil of England.

The Marquis of Buckingham offered him his residence of Gosfield Hall, in the county of Essex, and he lived there as an independent guest of the English aristocracy, without the government embracing his cause, or recognizing his title of King. Study, his family, and rural pleasures there softened down his longings for the throne, and he became less impatient at the good fortune of Bonaparte. It discouraged hope; but it did not wear out the peaceable obstinacy of Louis XVIII., in believing that he should eventually return. This fortune at length began to break down with its own weight; and the King, foreseeing that its decay would be as rapid as its elevation, drew nearer to London to exercise a closer observation on forthcoming political movements. He established himself in Buckinghamshire, at Hartwell, a rural and modest residence belonging to Mr. Lee, a private gentleman. The fortune of the prince, diminished by the Spanish and Russian subsidies, nobly returned by him, did not now exceed the income of a simple country gentleman. His almost indigent court spared from its luxuries the means of alleviating the miseries of its exiled companions in England. It became the obscure centre of all the proscribed princes of the house of Bourbon. The King was unknown in England, and forgotten in France; all his communications with his partisans being cut off by the war, or discovered by Bonaparte's police. His friend, Count d'Avaray, obliged by bad health to seek a milder air at Madeira, had left his place, in the heart and government of the King, to the Count de Blacas. This prince, when in prosperity, required a favourite; not because nature had endowed him with sensibility, but because he was born with a theatrical disposition, and wished a distance to be preserved between the public and his person; and in adversity he required a confidant, because he was incessantly contriving some political scheme, and wanted a hand to tie and untie the knot of his negociations. He was, moreover, faithful and persevering in his friendships: with him they settled into fixed habit, and these friendships became so dear and tender, that he even imposed them on his court and family. He wished every one to respect and submit to his own authority

in that of his favourites. Count d'Avaray, a man of a gentle disposition, of modesty, and retiring manners, had tempered this inward reign of the favourite by the grace of his unassuming disposition. The Count de Blacas felt more strongly the pride of the rank to which the king's friendship had elevated him, and made the weight of it be still more felt by others.

The part he was called upon to play in the Restoration, requires a more lengthened notice of his character and antecedents.

XXXV

Count de Blacas was a member of a family formerly sovereign in the South: but whose name, long forgotten, was confounded with the names of poor noble families of Provence, whose original lustre had not been revived. He was an emigrant, idly passing his time in Germany, when he was brought into contact with Louis XVIII by Count d'Avaray, his protector. Gifted with a handsome countenance—a necessary advantage near the person of a prince who judged of persons by his eyes,—implacable against a revolution in which he only saw the insolence of the people against the nobility, and a sacrilege of the age against kings, the Count de Blacas was employed by the King in some confidential negociations at foreign courts. On his return he naturalized himself in the house of the exiled prince, assisting M d'Avaray in his service and his labours in the cause of his master The death of M d'Avaray, to whom he succeeded, naturally left him charged with his functions, and promoted to his rank of minister. He had won the familiarity and confidence, and very soon possessed the unbounded friendship of his master; which he only merited by his honour and his fidelity:—inwardly devoted, but possessing a proud exterior; seeing everything in the king, and nothing in France; of conceited intellect, but *mediocre*, without cultivation, hermetically closed against the ideas, which for an age had been operating upon the world; incapable of comprehending the age by its intelligence, or of bending to it by inflexibility of character;

carrying with him into an obscure exile, and into a reign of compromise, all the pride and haughtiness of the old absolute courts; a courtier of Louis XIV. after a revolution, presenting the sceptre to a new people, as the yoke is presented to the vanquished; equally a stranger to the manners and sentiments of revolutionary France, as this France itself was a stranger to its posthumous aristocracy; harsh to the immediate servants of the King, onerous and hostile to his family, having all the fidelity but all the selfishness of jealous favouritism; allowing no one to approach or to love his master; loaded with his titles, his gifts, his munificence; building up for himself a splendid fortune with his favours, but redeeming all these vices of situation by a fanatical attachment to the monarchy, and by his constancy to misfortune:—such was this favourite, so agreeable to Louis XVIII in his retreat of Hartwell, and so fatal to him in his palace.

XXXVI.

Louis XVIII., following with his mind's eye at Hartwell the shocks and reverses of Napoleon, suspended every active manœuvre during the last year of the Empire, allowing the ambition of Napoleon to act, and the vengeance of outraged nations to flow back upon France. He merely read the French journals with an intelligence, sharpened by age and patience, which enabled him to discern, under the adulation of the press (sold to the police of the Empire), the symptoms of ruin and disaffection. The more he was certain of the fall, the less he seemed in a hurry to precipitate it. He did not hide from himself any of the weakness of victorious Europe, disposed to the last moment to sacrifice the cause of the Bourbons to peace. Neither did he dissemble the difficulties of his own reign; but the faith he had in the indispensable necessity of a Restoration, made a religion of his ambition. The re-establishment of a Bourbon on the throne of France appeared to him to be a duty of the Deity himself, and he awaited the hour as a justification of Providence. That hour was at length about to strike "His brother, the Count

d'Artois, contested with and almost devoured him," he said, "for the attainment of this reign, even before it was assured to either.'

XXXVII.

Age and exile, the lessons of experience, the light of study, the silent experience in little affairs and great designs, his residence in England, that soil of political science, above all had increased, matured, and consummated this intelligence. In this country of free people, of liberal aristocracy, and debatable monarchy, one respires political science with the air. Louis XVIII. was impregnated with it. His ideas were modified: they had returned, after the lengthened wanderings of Coblentz, of Verona, of Mittau, of absolutism, of theocracy, and of emigration, to their starting post of 1789. He had learned that, to trample upon the conquest and the despotism of Napoleon, it required the refluence of Europe; but that, to extinguish the Revolution, liberty was essential: only he had measured it in his own mind with reference to concessions restrained and always revocable, made by authority royal, superior, and anterior, and placed as a dogma above the sphere of storms and of discussions.

At this epoch of 1813, England almost unanimously confirmed the King in these thoughts. Indignation against the Reign of Terror, pity for its victims, the murder of the princes and their wives, the long anarchy, the doctrines of Jacobinism; finally, the struggle with despairing forces against Bonaparte, had thrown the public opinion of England into the hands of the Tories; that is to say, the monarchy and the aristocracy leagued with the great mass of the people against the excesses and the despotism of the Revolution. The British spirit was the soul of Europe excited against the tyranny of France. Mr. Pitt, in his long and celebrated administration, had been the minister of this anti-revolutionary reaction,—the Hannibal of the anti-French European patriotism. His party survived him, and the statesmen of England have frequently prided themselves on carrying out his political principles in

succeeding administrations. The monarchical principle prevailed throughout London over that of the popular party, and this unanimity of opinion encouraged the Bourbons to believe in the sacredness of their legitimacy. The Whig or popular party was repudiated as the fomenter of the continental disorders, and as preparing for England itself the anarchy and revolutionary mania of France. Mr. Fox and his friends, connected, without choice and without measure, with the democrats, and even with the demagogues of Paris of 1792 and 1793, had frightened and scandalized their country, by their eloquent but excessive praises of men, and of acts the most revolting to the conscience of the English people. They had made of the French Revolution, in its most sinister periods, an element of popularity, and a theme of parliamentary eloquence; in fact they had Jacobinised the popular party of Great Britain; but they had also, by that means, weakened and contracted it. It is a peculiarity of the English orators and political parties, to interest themselves, without sufficiently understanding them, in the national and political affairs of the continent. Mr. Fox, in so long advocating the Jacobinism of Paris, had injured for a long period the cause of constitutional and republican revolution. The abilities of this orator were over-rated on the continent; for he had nothing of the statesman but the eloquence. A leader of opposition and a seeker of popularity, above all things,—a feeble echo of Mirabeau, misplaced in an English Parliament,—a powerless rival of Mr. Pitt, the true impersonation of the opinions and interests of his country,—he had wearied without conquering him. The good sense of England had supported Mr. Pitt against the opposition of Fox, the champion of ultra-popularity, and the idol of the clubs; and this temporary exultation of the liberalism of England, at the moment that Louis XVIII. was meditating his approaching government in the gardens of Hartwell, was eminently calculated to deceive him as to the disposition of Europe, and to inspire him with an exaggerated faith in the monarchical principle with which he was imbued, but which Europe would not long share with him.

XXXVIII.

Nevertheless, these ideas far transcended the ordinary range of thought inspired by solitude. Being a man of reflection, and divested of those prejudices of birth and education which influenced his brother, his nephews, and his courtiers, he had an extent of thought on a level with the horizon which was opening before him. Had he been more alone, he would have had greater freedom and strength of opinion; but the circle in which he lived cramped his thoughts; and he was obliged to feign, out of complaisance and indulgence for his household, more hatred and contempt for the Revolution than he really felt. He was in reality very well inclined to pardon a Revolution which would bestow upon him a throne, and would co-operate with him for its consolidation by the influence of the new political spirit. His mind had been regenerated by reflection, in proportion as his body had grown old in years; he was a king of the past, but a man of the present time: his memory was one of routine, and his presentiment that of genius. Providence seemed to have formed and reserved him with the design of connecting the past and the future, to conceive a Restoration, and to fail in it, not from a want of understanding, but from the fault of his name.

He exhibited to observation, in his external appearance, this struggle of two nations and two tendencies in his mind. His costume was that of the old regime, absurdly modified by the alterations which time had introduced in the habits of men. He wore velvet boots, reaching up above the knees, that the rubbing of the leather should not hurt his legs (frequently suffering from gout), and to preserve at the same time the military costume of kings on horseback. His sword never left his side, even when sitting in his easy chair,—a sign of the nobility and superiority of arms, which he wished always to present to the notice of the gentlemen of his kingdom. His orders of chivalry covered his breast, and were suspended with broad blue ribands over his white waistcoat. His coat of blue

cloth participated by its cut in the two epochs, whose costumes were united in him,—half court, half city. Two little gold epaulettes shone upon his shoulders, to recall the general by birth in the king. His hair, artistically turned up, and curled by the implement of the hair dresser on his temples, was tied behind with a black silk riband, floating on his collar. It was powdered in the old fashion, and thus concealed the whiteness of age under the artificial snow of the toilet. A three-cornered hat, decorated with a cockade and a white plume, reposed on his knees, or in his hand. He seemed desirous of preserving upon all his person the impression and public notice of his origin and of his time, that in seeing him the present age might look up, with material glance as well as with the eye of thought, to the foot of the throne, and that ceremonial should command respect through astonishment. He generally continued in a sitting posture, and only walked occasionally, supported on the arm of a courtier or a servant.

XXXIX

But if his antique costume, and the infirmities of the lower part of his body, recalled the decay of the past century, and the debilitating advance of age, it was not the same with respect to his general aspect. The serenity of his countenance was astonishing; the beauty, the nobility, and the grace of his features attracted the regard of all. It might be said that time, exile, fatigue, infirmity, and his natural corpulence had only attached themselves to his feet and his trunk, the better to display the perpetual and vigorous youth of his countenance. The observer in studying never got tired of admiring it. His high forehead was a little too much inclined to the rear, like a subsiding wall; but the light of intelligence played upon its broad convexity. His eyes were large and of azure blue, prominent in their oval orbits, luminous, sparkling, humid, and expressive of frankness. His nose, like that of all the Bourbons, was aquiline, his mouth partly open, smiling, and finely formed. The outline of his cheeks was full, but not so much as to efface the delicacy of form and the suppleness of

muscle. The healthy tint and the lively freshness of youth were spread over his countenance. He had the features of Louis XV. in all their beauty, lit up with an intelligence more expanded and a reflection more concentrated, wherein majesty itself was not wanting. His looks alternately spoke, interrogated, replied, and reigned, pointing inwards, as it were, and displaying the thoughts and sentiments of his soul. The impression of these looks was, like a thousand others, engraved in the memory, and there was no occasion for speech to make them easily recognised. At any expression displayed upon his countenance, at once pensive and serene, abstracted and present, commanding and gentle, severe and attractive, no one could say, "This is a sage, a philosopher, a politician, a pontiff, a legislator, or a conqueror;" for the repose of nature and the majesty of quietude removed all resemblance to these professions, which wrinkle and make pallid the features; but one would say, "'Tis a king!" but 'tis a king who has not yet experienced the cares and lassitude of the throne; 'tis a king who is preparing to reign, and who anticipates nothing but pleasure from the throne, the future, and mankind in general.

Such was the King at Hartwell, the eve of the day on which Providence sought him in his exile to restore him to royalty.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

The Count d'Artois — His character — His position at Court and in France in 1789—His flight from Versailles—His travels in Belgium, Italy, Germany, and Russia—The Count d'Artois and the Count de Provence at Coblentz—Their respective positions during the emigration—War against France—The Count d'Artois retires to England —His intrigues—He leaves England to make a descent upon Brittany—He stops at l'Isle Dieu—His return to London—Letter from Charette—Attempt of the Emigrants of London against the life of the First Consul—Death of Madame de Polastron—Grief of the Count d'Artois — Influence of this death upon the character and politics of the Count d'Artois—The Duke d'Angoulême—The Duke de Berry—The Duchess d'Angoulême—Her life in the prison of the Temple—Death of her brother—She is released from prison, and goes into Germany — Her marriage at Mittau — The Duke d'Orleans—The Prince de Condé—The Duke de Bourbon—The Duke d'Enghien —His character—His love—His life at Ettenheim—Napoleon has him watched—The kidnapping of the Duke d'Enghien—He is conducted to Strasbourg—His letter to the Princess Charlotte—His diary—He is taken to Paris, and imprisoned at Vincennes.

I.

THE Count d'Artois was younger in point of age than his brother Louis XVIII.; but had he lived a century he would always have been inferior in intellect. His was one of those natures that never come to maturity, because they only possess the qualities and defects of youth. In his adolescence the Count d'Artois had been the idol of his family, of the court, and of Paris. His handsome person, his gracefulness, the thoughtlessness of his character, even the frivolity of his mind, the better corresponded with the mediocrity surrounding him. He had an open and good heart, a prodigal liberality, an integrity of disposition, and chivalric fidelity to his word. His passion for the fair sex—a vice considered excusable, and often honoured in heroes,—the appearance rather than the reality of mili-

tary taste—a quick and ready wit in repartee—that fertility which his flatterers called the genius of the French—had rendered this young prince popular amongst the aristocratic party; and they had held him up in contrast to his brother, the Count de Provence. The more the Count de Provence had shown himself favourable to the reforms of the kingdom and the popular inclinations of Louis XVI., the more had the Count d'Artois declared himself the disdainful opponent of all concessions, and the determined conservative of the vices and rottenness of the government. He affected to look upon the impending Revolution as one of those transient commotions of the lower orders which should be suppressed and not discussed. None of those ideas which then filled the rest of the world had ever entered into his soul; for these ideas pre-supposed intelligence, and he never reflected.

II.

Spoiled by the court, flattered by a circle of the young aristocracy, as frivolous and unreflecting as himself, held forth to the army and nobility as the prince who would shortly rally them around the standard of absolute monarchy, and who was to dissipate, with the point of his sword, all the liberal dreams of the nation, and all the cowardly concessions of the throne,—this prince was blind to the Revolution. He went on hunting, acting, loving, finding fault with the court, feeding on the air of anti-revolutionary opinion, and recommending to Louis XVI. such violent or daring measures as his counsellors suggested to him. The Revolution, which had long ascertained the impotence of this senile foolery in a young prince, treated it with contempt, while it forgave him his antipathy to itself, not fearing him sufficiently to hate him, and either forgetting him, or considering him of secondary importance. Mirabeau, the Duke d'Orleans, Barnave, the constitutional party, and the Jacobins were all satisfied that there was to be found, in this young prince, neither resource for the government nor serious danger for the Revolution. He was looked upon with indifference. The Queen alone, and those of her own court, such as the Polignacs, the Bezenvals, Lamballes, Vaudreuils, Coignys, Adhémars, and

Fersens, secretly fomented the imaginary heroisms of the Count d'Artois and the young noblemen who surrounded him. The King loved but never consulted him. The Count de Provence pitied his boastings, and both wished he would quit the court, and thereby remove the unpopularity which he drew upon the King his brother; while the party most opposed to innovation desired still more strongly to constitute this young prince the ambassador of absolute monarchy and the French aristocracy in Europe, to collect around him the emigrants on the frontiers, and establish him, as *he* had already established himself, the heroic liberator of the throne, and its avenger on the audacity of the nation.

III.

The antipathy which the people of Paris felt towards him, the first popular disturbances, the sitting of the *Jeu de Paume*, the taking of the Bastile, the ministry of Necker, who had been forced upon the crown, as a foretaste of the dangers and insults the court would be subject to, soon decided him on adopting the last resource of emigration and war against his country. He fled from Versailles at the end of 1789, went to Brussels, and from thence to Irwin, to his wife's family, where he solicited succours and subsidies from the court of Sardinia, collected around him some few members of the discontented French nobility at Chambéry, on the extreme frontier, dispatched some agents to Lyons and through the south of France to agitate in his behalf, failed everywhere, re-crossed the Alps, had some conferences at Mantua with the Emperor of Austria, to induce him to form one of a league of the sovereigns against his country, obtained nothing but promises, met with nothing but tardiness, and at last went to St. Petersburg to Catherine II. This princess, who saw at a glance the bearing of the insurrectionary principles of the Revolution on all nations, was in search of a hero to oppose to the popular leaders. All that had been told her of the Count d'Artois, of his opinions, of his ardour and impatience for the combat, led the Empress to hope that he would prove to be the Maccabeus of thrones. She received him as the future restorer of monarchy in the west, bestowed on him sub-

sidies and encouragements, and prepared for him contingents of troops for the Coalition, in which she wished to induce Prussia and Austria to join. She presented him with a sword studded with diamonds, and addressed him in words that enhanced the value of this gift, signifying a declaration of war with France; but she was not long in discovering that the young prince was possessed only of the heart and outward appearance of a hero, and that his intelligence, dissipated by a court life, and enervated by the adulations of his flatterers, would be wasted in unsatisfactory attempts and empty boasts, unprofitable to the common cause; and having thus seen him she no longer hoped for anything from his efforts.

IV.

The Count d'Artois visited in this manner all the courts of Europe, leaving behind him everywhere a favourable impression as to his agreeable manners, his vivacity, and honesty of purpose; but at the same time, a conviction of his insufficiency; and then returning to the banks of the Rhine, he became the hero of Coblentz. The emigration, increased by terror at each fresh attack of the Revolution, and now become almost a fashion amongst the nobility in the court and in the army, had gathered around him with all its fears, its threats, and its imbecilities. He was the prince that suited its fallacies, while he reigned over it by right of self-delusion and short-sightedness, and possessed that popularity which is derived from community of cause and of folly. He drew around him all those unpopular persons and professors of doctrines, whom a sense of their incompatibility with the state of the nation obliged to desert their native land; his was a court composed of the aged and the youthful. The old emigrants talked, wrote, and intrigued for him; the young ones devotedly proffered him their arms and their lives. This little fugitive France in a strange land imagined itself sufficiently strong to combat, hand to hand, with the Revolution, and to subjugate revolted France to their young Coriolanus.

V.

The intrigues and threats of the Count d'Artois compromised Louis XVI. in the eyes of his people, and immensely aggravated his embarrassment and his danger in Paris. The young prince was inciting all the powers of the North, and of the German Empire, to war; at the same time that the king, a hostage to France, in the Tuileries, was negociating peace. This unfortunate monarch knew too well that the war, demanded by the Jacobins and Girondists with cunning obstinacy, would give a decisive impetus to the slumbering Revolution, and that the first reverses which France suffered would be the signal for all sorts of accusations and outrages against his family and himself. Robespierre was the only one at this time who, with more policy than the Jacobins and more honesty than the Girondists, opposed the universal impulse in favour of war, and seemed to second the king in his efforts to preserve peace. The fact was, that Robespierre had a theory to work out, and the Jacobins and Girondists nothing but interest and ambition to gratify. The determined tribune, which was destined later to make such criminal use of the axe, was at this time in dread of the sword. He felt, with all the accuracy of instinct, that if the war was unsuccessful, it would crush the Revolution; and that, if it was successful, it would quickly turn the army against the National Assembly, create an armed populace, which is the worst of all for a democracy, and cause arms to dominate over ideas. But the King and Robespierre, by themselves, could not control the Count d'Artois, the emigrants, the Jacobins, and the Girondists, who all believed their interest lay in a war, to which they all sacrificed the King, and war accordingly broke forth.

VI.

The Count d'Artois left the conduct of the war to the Prince de Condé, the Duke de Bourbon, and the young Duke d'Enghien, who was born a soldier. He had been rejoined at

Coblentz by the Count de Provence, who was older, graver, and more experienced than he; and these two princes, who distrusted one another, and neither of whom would give way to the other before their partisans, divided between them, in almost equal parts, their claims and the authority they arrogated to themselves abroad, in the name of Louis XVI. Each of them had his court—his policy—sometimes in common, but more frequently separate,—his agents, and his intrigues in France and the various courts; and from that time forward, when the Restoration was but a distant dream, the friends, publicists, and envoys of the Count d'Artois distinguished themselves from those of the Count de Provence by a display of more incurable prejudice against the spirit of the time, and irreconcilable hatred against all popular principles, and all concessions to the Revolution.

VII.

The war was tame on the part of the emigrants. After the attempt of Prussia to invade France, the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, the victories of Dumouriez, the 10th of August, and the imprisonment and death of Louis XVI., the Count d'Artois was disheartened, and lost all hope on the continent. Not wishing to remain subordinate to his brother, he continued to wander through Europe, and at last withdrew to England with the empty title of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, which Louis XVIII. had conferred upon him, to gratify his ambition, and satisfy his apparent desire for activity in affairs. From that time forward, surrounded by the same friends that had so badly advised his youth, he continued incessantly to hatch plots for the restoration of royalty, in La Vendée, Brittany, and Normandy; but his friends would never allow him to make a descent himself. Almost an eye witness of the insurrections, the devotion, the prodigies of valour of Charette, La Rochejaquelein, Lescure, and their intrepid and undaunted soldiers, he contented himself with forwarding them, from time to time, arms, subsidies, proclamations, and emissaries. Another Henri Quatre, or a French Gustavus Vasa, might then have given a unity of purpose and impetus to such an enthusiasm for war against

the worn-out and exhausted Convention, from which, if the Restoration had not conquered, the monarchy would at least have fallen gloriously.

VIII.

At last the English government, which had been vilely calumniated by the emigrants, as to the unlimited assistance which it had lent to them, consented to land the Count d'Artois on the coast of France, with a squadron and regular forces worthy of a Pretender. The bravery and genius of General Hoche, however, disconcerted and destroyed the debarcation of the advanced guard of this expedition at Quiberon. The Count d'Artois was called upon by the royalist armies of Brittany to join them; but, after having passed several weeks in sight of the coast, or at l'Isle Dieu he seemed to dread the soil that had invited him. He allowed himself to be carried away, with a show of pretended violence done to his courage by the English Admiral, and arrived in London, without having put a foot on that land of France which he had been menacing with his presence for so many years. The emigrants, on their return, broke out into invectives against the English government, which they accused of a wish to deliver them into the hands of the republicans. The truth was for some time obscured by ingratitude, but it appeared at last. The prince had shown either a want of prudence, in soliciting an invading expedition, or of resolution in not landing to join Charette and the Vendéan armies. Charette, who was indignant, disdained to conceal his anger; and he wrote to say that he knew how to die even for those who were afraid to fight.

The following is the letter, in which he put to the blush the timid counsellors of the Count d'Artois for their desertion. In civil war cowardice is an additional crime.

"Sire,

"The cowardice of your brother has ruined all. He could only appear upon the coast to lose or to save all. His return to England has decided our fate. In a short time nothing more will be left me but to perish uselessly in your service.

"I am, with respect, your Majesty's, &c."

IX.

Other attempts, equally unfortunate, were made at the instigation of this little court, after the fall of the Directory and the accession of Bonaparte to power. These attempts, in which Georges and Pichegru, and their respective friends took part, and which deprived the young Polignacs of their liberty, had nothing more than the desperate and isolated character of forlorn hopes. The honour and piety of the Count d'Artois shielded him from even the shadow of complicity in the concoction of the infernal machine, and in the forcible abduction of the First Consul, which Georges was planning at Paris. But if the suite of the Count d'Artois had no concern with assassins, they had some connection with the brave adventurers of Restoration, who, being unable to conquer France, attempted to take it by surprise.

X.

This prince, wearied with frustrated hopes on earth, had some time past taken refuge in the hopes of heaven,—a cruel loss, bitterly felt, having entirely detached him from this mundane sphere. The motive, the energy, and the perseverance of his change of life, discovered in him a force of passion and a constancy of resolution that the world did not expect under the effeminacy and the inconsistency of his character. He proved that if he had been better directed by those who surrounded him, he might have displayed political heroism, as powerfully as he developed the heroism of love and piety.

The young prince, in the society of the Queen, had become attached to the sister-in-law of the Countess Jules de Polignac, the favourite of that princess. This young lady, possessed of beauty that rivalled that of the Countess de Polignac, had married the Count de Polastron, and her amour with the Count d'Artois, which had commenced in the fêtes at Trianon, was resumed and continued in foreign lands. The Count d'Artois, consoled and intoxicated by the charms and the tenderness of

this accomplished woman, had renounced, in his passion and fidelity for her, all the trifling liaisons which his personal beauty had formed around him in his youth. He only lived in future for Madame Polastron, who was for him the model of living tenderness, and the adored souvenir of his youth, of the court, and of his country. A decline, aggravated by the humid climate of England, seized on Madame Polastron, and she beheld death slowly approaching her, in all the freshness of her charms, and all the delights of a mutual flame. Religion, however, consoled her, as it had consoled La Vallière, and she wished to impart its consolation and its immortality to her lover. He became a convert, at the voice of that love which had so often and so delightfully dissipated his serious thoughts. One of his almoners, who has since become Cardinal Latil, received, even in the chamber of the repentant beauty, the confession and the remorse of the two lovers. "Swear to me," said Madame de Polastron to the young prince, "that I shall be your last fault and your last love upon earth, and that after me you will love only the object of whom I cannot be jealous—God himself." The prince took the oath with his heart and his lips, and Madame Polastron, thus consoled, carried with her last embrace his oath to heaven. The Count d'Artois, kneeling at the bedside of his mistress, repeated his oath to her shade; and he kept it, although young, handsome, a prince, and a king, still beloved, through a long life even to the tomb.

From this day he was an altered man.

XI.

But that probity of heart which he found in love, and that piety which he drew from death, only changed the nature of his weaknesses. His new virtues had from that day, for him, the effect of his ancient faults. They contracted his understanding without elevating his courage. They delivered him over entirely to ecclesiastical influences, which piously took advantage of his conscience, as others had done of his levities. His policy was nothing more than a blind devotion to the temporal restoration of the church, in whose eyes the Revolution

was no less culpable than in those of the throne and the aristocracy. He wished to redeem the unbelief of his youth by services to the faith in his mature age. With all his heart he devoted his future reign to that one object, and he retained near his person, as experienced councillors, the emigrant bishops of his court, who had been the witnesses of his grief, and who had blessed his adieux to the woman that he had given them. M. de Latil and M. de Couzée, the one a future cardinal, and the other already bishop of Amiens, the Abbé de Bouvans, and other members of the clergy, refugees at London, inspired more and more his policy. His intimacy with them recalled the exiled and devout court of James II. at St. Germains. The throne and the altar were the two countersigns of his councils and of his agents. He thought that the divine protection, which the sincerity of his faith and the holiness of his designs would assure to his cause from on high, would dispense with all human sagacity, and give the triumph by miracles to the policy of the King, now identical with that of God. The worldly thoughts and earthly policy of his brother Louis XVIII. appeared to him almost a concession to the impiety of the times, and a fatal acceptation of the philosophical and revolutionary doctrines of the eighteenth century. He separated more than ever from him, and lived in London in a sphere devoted to private friendship, pious offices, and anticipated opposition to the future reign. He looked out eagerly for the moment when the Empire should fall to pieces, to be the first to enter France, through the breach made by the allied armies, to outstrip his brother there, to justify his reputation as a military and adventurous prince, and to take there, under the title of Lieutenant general of the kingdom, an initiative, a part, and a party which would ensure him a great influence on the Restoration. The circumspect and serious character of his brother, the infirmities which condemned him to inaction, the title of King which forbade him to expose himself in camps, left to the Count d'Artois and his sons this advantage, if they wished to take it, over the court of Hartwell. His manly youth, his noble and elastic figure, and his royal countenance, at once recalled to mind Francis I., Henri IV., and Louis XIV. His handsome

features, his readily extended hand, his frank and martial tone, and his graceful horsemanship, eminently calculated him for engaging the attention of the people, and forming the living programme of a Restoration.

XII.

This prince had two sons, the Dukes d'Angoulême and Berry. The Duke d'Angoulême was one of those men of ordinary minds, excellent hearts, modest pretensions, and cool courage, of whom nothing would ever be remarked but their virtues, if they were not pushed forward by their birth into positions too elevated for their obscure qualities. He had never known the pleasures of youth. Recalled from the camps of the emigrants by his uncle Louis XVIII. to marry the daughter of Louis XVI. he had always lived under the eyes of the Count de Provence, and under the dominion of his wife, who was more intelligent and more energetic than himself. He had readily admitted these two superior qualities; and bowing with all his heart to the magisterial wisdom of the King, and to the ardent piety of his wife, he had thought through the one, and acted through the other. He was only fitted by nature for the part of an obedient disciple of a master whom he admired, and the faithful husband of a woman who had been his first and only love. Louis XVIII. took a pleasure in forming him for the throne, which he was one day to occupy. He was the Telemachus given by exile to this sage, out of whom he wished to fashion a king; but Nature did not second his efforts, for she had only given the Duke d'Angoulême the materials of an honest man. Even his external appearance unfortunately belied his character as an hereditary prince, destined to raise the hopes of the people around the throne of an old man. Being the son of a princess of the house of Savoy, he bore in his features and in his demeanour the impress of those rough-hewn and unintelligent natures that are to be found in the high valleys of the Alps. This false aspect was not, however, the real expression of his mind, which was, on the contrary, sound, reflective, and studious;

but it was the misfortune of his physiognomy. His eyes blinked in looking at an object, as if they dreaded the light; his mouth displayed convulsive smiles, not in accordance with his thoughts; his head shook, as if badly balanced on his shoulders; and he walked with a waddling gait, keeping his eyes fixed on the points of his toes. He stammered in speaking, and was intimidated at everything except a sword; for he was as brave as if born a soldier. He loved the camp; but the camp could not love him, until he was thoroughly known in it. He lived at Hartwell, docile to his wife and to the King. His opinions were constitutional.

XIII.

The Duke de Berry, his brother, was altogether different in his nature, his character, and his tastes. He had all the impetuosity, the turbulence, and the roughness of a vigorous prince, abandoned to his own exuberance and juvenile errors: all the vivacity and headlong qualities of youth, increased by premature independence, and by the flattery of his father's courtiers. He had signalized himself, when a mere child, in the army of the princes, by a rash and headlong bravery, which had won him the love of the young emigrant nobility. Idleness had thrown him into London, where he lived amidst all the pleasures and the amours of his race and of his age. He had nothing of the reflection of the Duke d'Angoulême, nothing of the political doctrines of his uncle, and nothing of the devotion of his father. Surrounded by friends and mistresses, he recalled rather the youth of Charles II., mingling frivolity and voluptuousness with the adventures of exile; but he had neither the seductive manners nor the grace of that prince. Short in stature, corpulent, with broad shoulders, like Du Guesclin, a short neck, a large head, flat features, a jerking gait, his large blue, and intelligent eyes alone recalled the Bourbon race, and his smile their goodness. His mind was uncultivated, but he was prompt in lively sallies,—those fire flashes of the soul. His rudeness and his temper were repaired by his generosity. He wounded, but he quickly healed the wounds he made. He

was born a soldier; he loved arms, horses, and troops; but these he knew not how to win. His hand, in all things, was like his spirit, too rough and too rude; but his bravery was impetuous. He was born to shed his blood, for a throne and for a country, elsewhere than under the porch of a theatre, and by the poignard of an assassin.

XIV

The Duchess d'Angoulême was the connecting link between the court of the Count d'Artois and the rigid court of Hartwell. She was the daughter of Louis XVI., the orphan abandoned in the dungeons of the Temple, after the murder of all her family, and after the long sufferings of her young brother, the infant king, and martyred Louis XVII. There has never been, either in ancient or modern times, so tragical a destiny as the life of this princess displays. I have delineated it in the "History of the Girondists," from her cradle at Versailles to the execution of her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, to whom her mother, Marie-Antoinette, had bequeathed her, on quitting her prison to mount the scaffold. I resume her history from that time, to follow her rapidly to the period when she was drawing nigh to the throne. The pity of France and of Europe had not lost sight of her since her separation from it. The misfortunes, the dungeons, the mournings, the executions, the tears of this young princess, suffering for the wrongs of her race, of which she was innocent (the victim of a revolution which immolated her father, her mother, her brother, her aunt, and left her alone in the vaults of a prison crowded by their shades,) had all made a deep impression on the memory and the feelings which connected the imagination of France with the absent Bourbons. It seemed to all generous hearts as if a deep remorse weighed upon the country at her name, and that the French people owed her a secret expiation. When outraged nature speaks so loudly in the souls of men, of women, of mothers, daughters, and young generations, nature resumes her place in national policy. The Duchess d'Angoulême was the feeling that influenced the cause of the Restoration.

XV.

The day after that on which her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, the young sister of Louis XVI., had suffered on the scaffold, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, amidst the respect of the forty companions of her execution, who kissed her hand before they offered their necks to the executioner, the young princess, then under fifteen years of age, inquired of all the gaolers for her mother and her aunt, without the least suspicion that she was separated from them by death. She thought they were in another prison, or detained by the interrogatories of a tribunal. She was in hopes that the door of the tower of the Temple, on opening, would restore them to her solitude and to her tenderness. The gaolers were not cruel enough to undeceive her. Time alone and prolonged absence revealed to her the dreadful truth. She asked permission to send to them the clothes and linen which the two victims had left in the press of their chambers; the gaolers were affected, and held their tongues. The poor child was astonished, and began to suspect that her mother and her aunt had no further occasion for their prison clothes in this world. She melted into tears, without, however, entirely despairing of their return. This hope subsiding, day after day and month after month, in addition to the melancholy faces of the gaolers, at length convinced her that she must hope no more.

Her mother and her aunt, on leaving the prison, had said to her, "If we do not return you must ask the Commune of Paris for a woman to assist you in the dungeon, that you may not be alone amongst all these men." She obeyed out of deference to them, she says, but without any hope that her request would be granted by her hardened masters. They told her, in fact, that she had no occasion for a woman to dress her before those walls. They affected to think that her loneliness and despair would drive her to suicide, which the piety of the young girl looked upon as the greatest of crimes. They accordingly took away from her those little knives which were at that time in use to remove the powder from the foreheads of ladies,

her scissors, her needles, a bodkin, and even the most harmless implements of iron or steel requisite for female work, by which she might have relieved the idleness of her solitude, or mended her clothes, which were now in rags. They took from her even the flint and steel, with which she could occasionally dispel the darkness, and cheer her long sleepless nights; but even light seemed a luxury of heaven too great for the young captive, and she was forbidden to light the stove which warmed her prison.

XVI.

The only consolations she enjoyed were sleep, the sight of heaven by day through the bars of her prison window, and a few visits to the Dauphin, her brother, a captive in a neighbouring dungeon, already reduced by sickness and the ferocity of his guardians. The turnkeys who conducted her in these visits were sometimes moved to pity, and were merciful, but often inebriated and brutal. The appearance and conversation of her brother only served to increase her consternation.

This child, eleven years of age (auspiciously born, and, when he entered the prison, beautiful as his mother,) was reduced, fallen away, and prematurely faded. He had been torn at too juvenile an age from the care of his mother and the affection of his father, and delivered over to paid fanatics, to kill in him what they called the *Young Wolf* of the throne. He had been taught obscene songs, and popular insults against his own family; his innocent hand had even been forced to sign an incestuous deposition against his own mother, the impious meaning of which he did not comprehend. They had brutalized him, not only to dethrone him, but to deprive him even of his childish innocence and human intelligence.

"This poor child," wrote his sister, "lay wallowing in his infected dungeon, amidst filth and rags. It was swept out only once a month. His sense of feeling was obliterated; he had a horror of the place, and lived like an unclean reptile in a common sewer. Nobody came near, but at the hour they brought him his nourishment: some bread, lentils, and a morsel of dried meat in an earthen porringer, but never fruit or

wine. Such was the food of the child in his lonely cell. After the death of Robespierre these brutalities were softened in some degree, but they were still frightful

XVII.

"We found him," said Harmand, representative for La Meuse, "in a little dungeon, without any other furniture than an earthen stove, which communicated with the next room. In this place was his bed. The prince was sitting before a little square table, on which were scattered some playing-cards; some bent into the forms of boxes and little chests; others piled up in castles. He was amusing himself with these cards when we entered; but he did not give up his play. He was dressed in a sailor's jacket of slate-coloured cloth; his head was bare. There was a truckle-bed near his, on which slept his keeper, Simon, a cobbler, whom the municipality of Paris, before the death of Robespierre, had placed in charge of him. It is well known that this Simon played cruel tricks with the sleep of his prisoner. Without any regard for an age when sleep is so imperative a want, he repeatedly called him up in the course of the night. "Here I am, citizen," would the poor child reply, bathed in perspiration, or shivering with cold. 'Come here, and let me touch you,' Simon would exclaim; and when the hapless captive approached him, the brutal gaoler would sometimes give him a kick, and stretch him on the ground, crying out, 'Get to bed, you young wolf!'

"I approached the prince; but our movements seemed to make no impression upon him. We begged him to walk, to talk, to amuse himself, to reply to the doctor whom the Convention had sent to see him; but he listened with indifference, seeming to understand, yet making no reply. We were told that since the day when the Commissioners of the Commune had obtained from his ignorance infamous depositions against his parents, and when he understood the nature of the crimes and the calamities of which he had been thus made the unthinking instrument, he had come to a resolution never to speak again, for fear they should take advantage of him. 'I have

the honour to ask you, Sir,' repeated Harmand to him, 'if you wish for a dog, a horse, some birds, or one or two companions of your own age whom we will send to you? Would you like to go down now to the garden, or go up on the towers?' Not a word, not a sign, not a gesture did he return, although his face was turned towards me, and he was looking at me with astonished attention." "This look of his," added the commissioners, "had such a character of resignation and indifference, that it seemed to say to us:—'After having made me depose against my mother, you no doubt think of making me depose against my sister. For two years you have been killing me, and now that my life is gone, of what use are your caresses? finish your victim!' We begged him to stand up; his legs were long and small, his arms slender, his bust short, his chest sunk in, his shoulders high and narrow; his head alone was very beautiful in all its details, the skin white but without firmness, with long, curling, flaxen hair. He could walk with difficulty, and sat down after taking a few steps, remaining in his chair, and resting his elbows on the table. The dinner which was brought to him, in a red earthen porringer, consisted of some pulse and six roasted chesnuts, a tin plate, with no knife and no wine. We ordered him better treatment, and had some fruit brought in to improve his meal. We asked him if he was satisfied with this fruit, and if he liked grapes, but received no answer: he ate without speaking. When he had eaten the grapes we asked him if he would like more, but he preserved the same silence. We demanded if this obstinate silence had been really preserved since the day when that monstrous deposition against his mother had been violently forced from him: they assured us that ever since that day the poor child had ceased to speak. Remorse had prostrated his understanding."

XVIII.

The young princess, whose prison adjoined that of her brother, got a glimpse of him sometimes by the indulgence of her gaolers. She saw him perishing, and was herself dying with a double agony. Thus early was the hapless child

slowly travelling towards death, like a plant drooping without sun and air.

"The Convention," she said, "on hearing of his approaching dissolution, sent a deputation to ascertain his condition. The commissioners took pity on him, and ordered him better treatment. Laurent, a more humane man than Simon the cobbler, whom he had succeeded, took down a bed from my room into the hole occupied by my brother, his own being full of insects. They bathed the poor fellow, and purified him from the vermin with which he was covered; but they still left him in total solitude. I begged of Laurent to acquaint me with the fate of my mother and my aunt, of whose death I was ignorant, and to let me know when we should meet again; but he replied, with an air of mystery and compassion, that he had no information to give me on that subject.

"The following day some men in scarfs, who came to see me, and to whom I put the same question, replied only by the same silence. They added that I was wrong in asking to rejoin my parents, since I was very well where I was. 'Is it not frightful,' I said to them, 'to be separated for twelve months from my mother and my aunt, without hearing any news of them?' 'You are not ill?' said these men. 'No,' I replied; 'but can there be a worse malady than that of the heart?' 'Hope,' they said to me on going away, 'in the justice and the goodness of the French people!'"

Was this pity, or was it irony?

XIX.

Thus passed away days, months, and years for the captive of sixteen, in the tower of the Temple. At the beginning of November, the Convention, in a moment of mercy, sent a man with a kind heart to Laurent, to take care of the child. His name was Gonin, and he acted towards him as a father. The poor fellow was at last allowed to have a light in the evening in his prison, and Gonin passed whole hours with him to amuse him. He took him down sometimes into a saloon on the first floor of the tower, the windows of which having no shutters,

allowed the sun to enter, and permitted him to see the leaves; and occasionally he took him into the garden to recover the use of his legs. But the stroke of death had been given. Gonin might retard his dissolution; but he could not renew the spark of life in this hapless victim of four years solitude and destitution. The winter passed by in this manner, with tolerable uniformity; the princess having been allowed fire in her prison, and being also supplied with the books she named, that she might, at least, converse with the dead and with her God. She was only debarred from all information as to the fate of her parents.

At the commencement of spring she was permitted, from time to time, to ascend to the platform of the tower, whence she could see the horizon of Paris, and even some of the surrounding country. What were her feelings, on perceiving the roofs of the Louvre, the Tuileries, the cathedrals, and the palaces of her ancestors? Her unfortunate brother, the Dauphin, was now rapidly dying, but the young princess was not permitted to attend upon, or even to see him. She only learned from his gaolers the progress of the disease, which was consuming this poor child, and from whom she was only separated by a partition.

XX

He died at length without pain, but without uttering a word, on the 9th June 1795, in the middle of the day. The doctors who attended him in his last moments had never seen him until the final hour. They could, therefore, only state one fact in their report to the Convention, namely, that a sick child had been presented to them, under the name of the son of Louis XVI., and that this child had died in their presence. It does not appear that the young princess had been admitted to see her brother during the last period of his existence, nor during his illness, nor after his death. Hence suppositions and conjectures have arisen, which have neither been verified nor contradicted, on the substitution of a silent and suffering child for another in the tower of the Temple, on the escape of the real son of Louis XVI., and on the existence of a legitimate but unknown king. These suppositions, for a long time, in-

flamed the imaginations of the lovers of the marvellous; and though they were very improbable, they were, nevertheless, sufficiently possible to encourage credulity and fiction. It may be admitted that some influential members of the National Convention, wishing to secure, for a future day, a title to the gratitude of thrones, or that devoted partisans of the royal family, concealed under the uniform of guardians of the Temple, might have succeeded in replacing in prison one child by another, and consigning their pious substitution to the grave. But that the child thus delivered from fetters, at an age when memory impresses everything so deeply on the heart,—should never have recalled the circumstances of his early years, and his escape from prison,—that the agents of this substitution should never have claimed the merit of their devotion,—that the young princess (to whom this brother, again found, could have given a thousand unquestionable testimonies of his identity by his features, by his memory, by the confidence of a life of eleven years mingled with the life of his sister) should never have spoken,—these would indeed be miracles of silence, of discretion, and of moral impossibility, more astonishing even than the miracle of escape itself.

The silence of so many agents connected with this deliverance, and the silence of the delivered child himself, belie this supposition. To admit it, we must admit other improbabilities, still more unlikely than the deliverance itself. It must have happened that the instruments of this substitution had all died before the hour of revelation had sounded for them. It must have happened that when dying they had not confided their precious secret to any member of their family, or even to a friend. It must have happened that the child delivered, had himself died before he had spoken a word about his previous existence: and it must have happened that the persons to whose care this child would have been confided, whether in France or elsewhere, had never themselves whispered to the world the secret of this mysterious deposit. All this is possible, no doubt; but of a possibility so extreme and so contrary to nature, that the existence of Louis XVII. may serve as food for the imagination, and as a text for fancy, but never for the serious research of

history. It is one of those enigmas that men are eternally proposing, and which are not to be solved but by probability or by Providence.

XXI.

The princess blessed this death as she wept for it, for God at length had delivered her brother and her king from his long punishment, and she bore hers in silence. From the day that the Convention had nothing more to apprehend from a Pretender in the Temple, public pity was permitted to approach her. Nine days after the death of Louis XVII., the city of Orleans, formerly saved by a young heroic girl, dared to intercede for the innocent young daughter of Louis XVI., and sent deputies to the Convention to pray for the deliverance of the young princess, and her restoration to the bosom of her family. "For who amongst us," said the deputies from Orleans, "would wish to condemn her to inhabit a place still reeking with the blood of her family?" Nantes followed this example; and Charette had also demanded, in the name of La Vendée, as a condition of the pacification of these provinces, that the daughter of Louis XVI. should be restored to her relations. The Committee of General Safety, composed, since the fall of Robespierre, of men glutted, or disgusted with proscriptions, ordered the guardians of the Temple to allow her to go down for the first time into the garden. She walked there, followed by the only companion of her four years' imprisonment, the dog of her father, Louis XVI., which that prince had given into her charge when he went to the scaffold. Ladies of the old court, attached to the princess before her misfortunes, and who had escaped themselves the scaffolds and dungeons of the Revolution, Madame de Chantereine, Madame de Mackau, Madame de Tourzel, and her daughter Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel, companion of the earliest days of the princess, were authorised to visit her. Misfortune, in the tender breast of these ladies, had added pity to respect; while the windows of the houses which surrounded the garden of the prison were opened, as during the first days of the king's captivity, filled with friendly faces, and poured forth flowers and verses at the feet of the young captive. The pam-

phlets and journals of the day descanted on this moving theme to their softened or repentant readers. "The daughter of Louis XVI. is at length free," said these periodicals, "to walk in the courts of the Temple. Two commissioners watch over her steps, and only approach her with civility. They treat her with the respect inspired by the memory of what she was, and the melancholy sight of what she is at present. A goat, which she has been permitted to rear, occupies her attention, and the tame animal follows her with fidelity. A dog is, above all, the inseparable companion of the young prisoner, and appears to be very much attached to her 'Tis the king's dog, at present without a master, and which still appears to love him in his child."

XXII.

M. Hue, an old servant of the king's, hired one of the windows which overlooked the garden, where he used to sing, like Blondel, the servant of another royal captive, consolatory lays to the daughter of his sovereign. By means of signals he succeeded in putting her in possession of a letter from her uncle, Louis XVIII., to which the princess sent a reply by the connivance of the commissioners, who shut their eyes on the occasion. Charette, also, transmitted her, through this medium, the wishes and the devotion of his army. Everything, in short, announced the approaching termination of her captivity. The 30th of July, the Convention, on the report of the Committee of Public Health and General Safety, decreed that the daughter of Louis XVI. should be exchanged with Austria for the representatives and the ministers whom Dumouriez had given up to the Prince of Cobourg, at the time of his defection,—Drouet, Semonville, Maret, and other prisoners of importance in the hands of Austria. She left no other trace of her captivity and tears in her prison than these two lines, engraved by herself on the stone sill of her window, during the long idleness of her seclusion:—

"O my father! watch over me from heaven!
O my God! pardon the murderers of my father!"

XXIII.

At midnight, on the 19th December, 1795, which was her birth-day, she was released from prison; and the Minister of the Interior, Benesech, to prevent any commotion of the populace, conducted her on foot from the Temple to a neighbouring street, where his carriage awaited her. The carriage proceeded by deserted roads, at that time scarcely formed, on the outskirts of the Boulevard, and stopped on a vacant piece of ground behind the Porte Saint-Martin. There a post-chaise, occupied by Madame de Soucy, under-governess of the royal children of France, and by an officer of gendarmerie, received the princess. The minister enhanced the value of restored liberty by the respect and pity he evinced in language and manner; to which the young princess could only reply by her tears. She left behind her, in addition to the four years of her youth spent in the gloom of a dungeon, the bodies of her father, of her mother, of her aunt, of the Princess de Lamballe, of her brother, of princesses of the court; of all, in short, that she had known and loved from her cradle. The wheels of the carriage never appeared to her to be rapid enough, to fly from a soil which had drunk so much blood, devoured so many victims, widows, wives, and children—so much innocence and virtue, for the crime of loyalty. The long agony of the son of Louis XVI., the execution of his sister, and the captivity of his daughter, will be eternal remorse in the hearts of the people, and funereal stains upon the Revolution. It has taken fifty years and a purer revolution to restore to liberty its innocence. These unmerited executions, these decapitations of women, the protracted immolation of a child, and of a young girl, for four years enduring agonies worse than the axe itself, under the eyes of a nation renowned for its generosity, make the hand which recounts them to tremble. Can it be true that extreme civilization, amidst these human sacrifices, loses itself in extreme barbarism? No, certainly, the people were emerging from a long ignorance, and avenged themselves on innocent objects. They had not yet learned that vengeance springs

from vengeance, and that God never grants a durable liberty but to the justice and magnanimity of the people.

XXIV.

The name of Sophie concealed her real name, but did not hide her features. The resemblance of this young girl to the image of Marie-Antoinette, engraved in the minds of the people, caused her to be suspected, or recognised, three or four times on the road. But there were no longer, as at Varennes, national guards to take her back to captivity; there were only humid eyes to admire, and friendly hands to applaud her deliverance.

XXV.

Beauty had triumphed over sorrow and seclusion, and the physical superiority of the Bourbons had developed her charms amidst the gloom of the Temple. Waving tresses, a flexible neck, a graceful figure, blue eyes, features at once majestic and delicate, the tint of adolescence on a countenance matured beyond its years by solitude, the pride that springs from blood, the sadness that arises from memory, the soul in mourning on a face all radiant in youthful beauty, fixed and enchanted every eye. No one could look on her without seeing, in her intelligent expression, all the evils that had crossed her destiny, and all that still beset her path. It was the tragic apparition of the Revolution flying from the executioner's axe, with feet stained with parental blood, and seeking in exile refuge from death. She was everywhere received with this impression. People knelt to her in Germany, on her passage, as though they beheld a resurrection from the tombs.

The Emperor of Austria, her uncle, had prepared an apartment for her; and all the imperial family crowded to receive her at the door of the palace, where she was treated in every respect as an archduchess. She was now seventeen years of age, and the Emperor proposed to give her in marriage to his brother the Archduke Charles, the hero of Austria; but she recollected that her father, Louis XVI., had destined her for

her cousin the Duke d'Angoulême, eldest son of the Count d'Artois, and she wished to obey his last will. She left Vienna for Mittau, whither the king, her uncle, called her for this family union. She threw herself at his feet, and embraced them, as if in him she had again found her father. The prince presented to her the Duke d'Angoulême, as one who was affianced to her in heaven: he then conducted her to the Abbé Edgeworth, who had received the last prayers and the last confession of Louis XVI., and who only quitted him on the scaffold. A few days after this venerable ecclesiastic, sanctified in her eyes by the recollections he recalled, performed her marriage ceremony with the young prince. This union was not blessed with a family. The axe by its terror, and captivity by its torture, had stricken the posterity of the throne even in this last surviving branch.

The Duchess d'Angouleme followed the exiles, the changes of country, and the fortunes of her uncle in all his vicissitudes. This prince loved her from feeling as well as from policy, and prided himself on her beauty, her youth, and the sympathy she excited in the eyes of Europe. He called her his Antigone, and he exhibited himself, supported on the arm of his niece, as royalty protected from on high by the angel of sorrow. She resided along with him at Hartwell, remembering France with bitterness, but the throne and her country with pride and the innate majesty of her blood.

XXVI.

The Duke of Orleans, son of Philippe-Egalité, had separated his cause and life from the elder branch of the Bourbons. Devoted to the Revolution from his father, and brought up and trained to war by Dumouriez, he had fought with that general at Jemappes against the emigrants; he had followed his chief in his defection and treachery to the Convention, and had passed over with Dumouriez and his staff to the enemy. Though an emigrant now in his turn, his name and supposed opinions had prevented him from seeking an asylum

in the camp of the princes or in the courts of the sovereigns, and he had vegetated in obscurity in Switzerland and America, under an assumed name, and in the pursuit of ordinary occupations. His mind, which was of the common order, but sagacious, had become sharpened by the difficulties of life; he had conquered the obstacles that his birth and antecedents opposed to his fortune, by dint of caution and temporising. At one time a prince, and at another a citizen, he had rendered himself equally acceptable to the cause of liberty and to the crown. During the reign of Bonaparte, he had effected a reconciliation with the Bourbons, and disclaimed the defections and votes of his father, and during the war of independence he had gone into Spain, and, like Moreau, offered his sword against Napoleon; but the Bourbons and the Spanish Cortés were afraid of accepting service from a prince of their blood, which would pledge them too deeply to gratitude towards a future pretender to the crown. The Duke d'Orleans had then gone to Sicily, where the patronage of the English, and the relationship of the kings, had obtained for him the hand of a princess of the house of Naples. A young family grew up around him, and he appeared to have forgotten France, when the fall of Bonaparte and the secret hope of taking some part in the Restoration recalled him. His opinions, hidden as his soul and his ambiguous origin, rendered him as likely to aid in as to compete with a Restoration.

Louis XVIII. and the Count d'Artois, since his visit to London, looked upon the Duke of Orleans as nothing more than a worthy gentleman, entirely devoted to the cares of a family. They imagined that, by restoring to him his rank of first prince of the blood, with his immense fortune, they could attach him without danger to a monarchy which had so much to forgive to his name; but appearances deceived the shrewdness of Louis XVIII. himself. The Duke of Orleans was more upright in his actions than honest in his pretended self-denial. It was not his part to conspire, but to await his opportunity; and to await, in certain cases, is equivalent to conspiracy.

XXVII.

The Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Bourbon, his son, although not much in favour with Louis XVIII., and more liked in the camp than at the court, lived in London, and assumed the attitude of first soldiers of the monarchy.

Since the great Condé and Rocroy, the heroism of the blood of the Bourbons seemed to have been perpetuated in this line, and it was the only branch of the family which devoted itself exclusively to the sword. The military glory of their ancestor was to them a second nobility, which they preferred even to their connection with the throne.

The Prince of Condé, an old warrior of the school of Frederic II., had taken part against that prince in the scientific seven years' war, and even our reverses had been a source of glory to him. Our cannon, saved by him at Rosbach, ornamented his magnificent gardens at Chantilly. Louis XV is said to have loved, amongst many other ladies, the Princess of Hesse, mother of the Prince of Condé, and the favour he always showed the son led to the belief of a more close and dearer consanguinity than the mere relationship of family. This prince, from the first, had pledged his fidelity and pride to concede nothing to the views of the Revolution. It seemed to him unworthy of his race to address a people otherwise than sword in hand. In 1789, he had emigrated with his son, the Duke of Bourbon, and his grandson, the Duke d'Enghien, and had planted the standard of monarchy on the banks of the Rhine. The French nobility had joined him as their chief, Germany had adopted him; his army had taken his name, and become the camp of the aristocracy armed in a foreign land, and endeavouring to reconquer its native country, with the aid of the armies of Prussia and Austria.

After the campaigns of 1792 and 1793, so unfortunate for the Coalition, the army of the Princes of Condé had passed into the pay of England, and remained still united, but inactive, before the armies of the Republic, watching the course of the civil war, to take part in it, and that of foreign war, to turn it

to their advantage. Courageous, but undisciplined and inexperienced, and under the command of three intrepid chiefs, the army of Condé had yet been unable to achieve any decisive results. The renown of the Condés had increased, but the anti-revolutionists had not gained one step on our frontiers. This kind of life was greatly to the taste of the Prince of Condé. He treated with the German courts, tried to tamper with Pichegru, addressed the Republic on terms of equality, counter-balanced, by his renown and popularity in the emigration, the rank and title of the Count of Provence, and of the Count d'Artois; and, for the maintenance of his noble military display, he is said to have drawn largely on the subsidies furnished by Russia, Spain, Germany, and England, for the support of his soldiery.

Germany once conquered, this army passed into the pay of the British government, was dispersed through Spain, La Vendée, Russia, and indeed everywhere, while some returned beggared and dispossessed of their property, to France. The Prince of Condé and his son withdrew to England, and retired to a magnificent country seat, where they gave themselves up to the pursuit of the hereditary passion of their family for the chase, and where the prince at last married the beautiful Princess de Monaco, whom he had loved and carried off by force before the emigration; thus, like the great Condé, blending love with war and exile.

XXVIII.

The Duke of Bourbon, his son and his lieutenant in the army, equalled him in intrepidity. This prince, at fifteen years of age, falling in love with his cousin, sister of the Duke of Orleans, had carried her off from the convent in which the princess was shut up; and the Duke d'Enghien, his son, was the fruit of these precocious amours. The Duchess of Bourbon, his wife, had since separated from him, and was residing in England in a state of profane liberty mingled with evangelical piety. The Duke of Bourbon had astonished the republican army, in the campaign of 1792, by acts of temerity and daring exploits in the vanguard, which constituted him the

Roland or the Murat of the emigration. Ever since the assassination of his son, the Duke d'Enghien, this prince, losing all hope for his house in the future, had given himself up to a state of inactivity and melancholy listlessness, from which he was only to be aroused by the sound of the hunting horn in the English forests. Even glory seemed to him no longer worthy of an effort, since that glory must die with his name.

The two Condés had lost, in their son and grandson the Duke d'Enghien, the memorial of the past, and the hope of the future. Two generations mourned the death of this young prince, who had escaped the dangers of the Revolution and the battle-field, to perish the victim of ambition.

It now remains to be told by what catastrophe this prince was cut off from the Restoration, otherwise nearly complete, of the Bourbons, who had been emigrants since 1789; for his absence made a more vivid impression on the imagination and heart of Europe than his presence could have done. The sensation which was caused by the crime to which he fell a victim created, in a great measure, the interest felt for his family, and the antipathy which reflected on his murderer. God has so formed the human heart that a single spot of crime will obscure the brightest halo of glory, and justice ever avenge itself in an unconquerable feeling of compassion for the victim.

XXIX.

The Duke d'Enghien, as we have already said, was the first and only fruit of the amours of the Duko of Bourbon, then fifteen years of age, and his cousin Bathilde d'Orleans. This princess had been carried off by him from the convent after marriage, in spite of the families of both, who wished to separate the lovers. Poetry, in the course of time, availed itself of this court drama, and rendered it popular on the stage in music and in verse. But this too premature union had not continued long a happy one. The Duchess of Bourbon had become the object of a new love, upon the occasion of a formal duel between her husband and the Count d'Artois, for an impropriety at a bal masqué.

The Duke of Bourbon adored his son, and brought him up to war from the earliest age, as a child of the camp, under the tents and in the campaigns of the emigrants. Nature had fitted the young prince in every way for a soldier; he was born a soldier, and breathed nothing but heroism; he wished to purchase with his sword, and by the shedding of his blood alone, his rank in the army of his grandfather, whose aide-de-camp he was, and the esteem of his companions-in-arms and in exile. His handsome features, in which were blended the feminine grace of the Orleans family and the martial enthusiasm of the Condés, his blue eyes, his aquiline nose, and the Spanish ovality of his face, the expression of frankness on his lips and in his gestures, the youthful bloom of his cheeks, his affable and friendly disposition towards the young men of his age, his graceful horsemanship, his tall stature when on foot, his bravery in battle, and his ardour in the pursuit of pleasure,—had made him the favourite of the army. In vain did his grandfather and father, in the skirmishes of the outposts, recommend him to the care of the veterans; they could not restrain him. He was impatient to spill his blood for the cause in which he had been nurtured, and already it had been shed on three occasions by the bullets or the sabres of the Republicans. At the age of twenty-two the Duke d'Enghien possessed the practised instincts of war, and the *coup d'œil* of a general. At that early age he already commanded the cavalry of the army.

XXX.

On the disbanding of the army of Condé, he conducted a detachment of it into Russia, and the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan, whom he loved, and whom he voluntarily carried with him through all the chances of war, followed him on this journey, and returned with him. The love which he cherished for her, and his passion for war, prevented him from following his grandfather and father to their retreat in London. He wished to remain in retirement, far away from courts, but always in sight of France, and near the scene of war, should it again break out. He travelled through Switzerland with the com-

panion of his youth, and returned to settle with her at Ettenheim,—a village in the territory of Baden. He here reposed in obscurity, in love, and in rustic employments, after the seven years of fighting and activity which had matured him at so early an age. Several friends of his house, left behind by his father, and some of the aides-de-camps of his wars, lived retired in the same village, and shared his simple and innocent amusements.

XXXI.

Ashamed of his inactivity, he at one time was possessed of the idea of entering into the service of one of the European powers; but his father wrote to him to recall him to a sense of his dignity: "Such is not your destiny, my dear son," said the Duke of Bourbon to him; "never has any one of the Bourbons taken such a course. All the revolutions in the world will never prevent you being, to the end of your days, what you are, and what God made you. Rest assured of this. At the commencement of the war, which I believe I carried through with credit, I refused to accept any rank in a foreign service; and it is thus that you also should act. Any other conduct may perhaps render you the ally of the rebels of France, and may oblige you to fight against the cause of your king!—As it is, you will lead an obscure life in your retirement, awaiting the accomplishment of your glory. Adieu! I embrace you."

XXXII.

The prince had obeyed his father. Being a stranger to all intrigue, and believing himself free from all danger in the states of the Grand Duke of Baden, he gave himself up, in the forests of that prince, to the pleasures of the chase, for which he had such a predilection. It is said that, carried away by the imprudence of his youth, a feeling of his innocence, and that instinct of exile which gives a zest even to the danger with which he treads his native soil, he sometimes crossed the Rhine, and came to witness, incognito, the performances at the theatre of Strasbourg; but this report, disseminated without

any proofs by his murderers as an excuse, was contradicted after his death by his friends, who never quitted him.

However this may have been, his grandfather, the Prince of Condé, became alarmed at this thoughtlessness, the report of which had even reached him in London.—"I am told," he wrote to his grandson, "that you have been making an excursion to Paris,—some say only to Strasbourg. It must be allowed that this is risking your life or your liberty somewhat uselessly; for as to your principles I feel perfectly easy, being assured that they are graven as deeply on your heart as on ours. It appears to me that you may now confide to us what is past, and tell us, if the report is true, what you have observed on your journey. Touching your safety, which is so dear to us all,—you are very near France. Take care; do not neglect any precaution necessary to enable you to effect your retreat speedily, in case it should enter the Consul's head to have you carried off! Do not imagine that there is any courage in braving everything on this point. It would be an unpardonable imprudence in the eyes of the world, and would have the most dreadful consequences. Therefore, I repeat to you, take care of yourself, and re-assure us by replying that you are perfectly aware of the necessity for the precautions we conjure you to take, that we may be easy on your account."

XXXIII.

"Assuredly, my dear papa," replied the Duke d'Enghien, "they must know very little of me who have said, or sought to make others believe, that I have placed my foot on republican ground, otherwise than with the rank and in the position in which chance caused me to be born. I am too proud to basely bow my head. The First Consul may perhaps succeed in killing me, but he shall never make me humiliate myself. I may travel unknown amidst the glaciers of Switzerland as I did last season; but when I re-enter France I shall have no occasion to hide myself. I can therefore give you my most sacred word of honour, that such an idea never did and never will enter my head. I embrace you, my dear papa, and beg you will never entertain a doubt of me or of my love."

XXXIV

A short time afterwards, the plots of Georges, of Pichegru, and the trial of Moreau, strewed with suspicions and with blood the first steps of Napoleon towards empire. His life seemed to be threatened by the triple complicity of the Jacobins, of the emigrants, and of his rivals in glory, Moreau and Pichegru, who were impelled to crime by jealousy of his increasing power. This was the time when members of the police, who were sold, and traitors at once to both parties, engaged, in London, in secret conspiracies, and exaggerated them by falsehoods, in order to resell them at a dearer rate in Paris. All was a whispered rumour, snares, concealed or suspected, distrust, arrests, sentences of death and executions around the future Emperor. This reign, usurped from monarchy and from liberty at the same time, was surrounding itself with those terrors which it apprehended itself, from wishing to prevent assassination by execution. The soul of Napoleon, who had not displayed at Saint Cloud that civil courage to the same degree as the military courage he had exhibited on the bridges of Lodi and Arcola, betrayed the ferocity of his ambition. He evidently wished to dig behind him such an abyss between the sovereign power and his deposition, that neither the people nor Europe at large could doubt of his determination to reign or to die. His resolution took in him the character of irrevocable fatality. Of this he wished the world to be convinced at every sacrifice, to discourage his enemies and his rivals from the thought of ever making an attempt against his future dynasty.

This was the true state of Napoleon's mind, when police reports, badly drawn up and badly interpreted, made him suppose that the Duke d'Enghien and General Dumouriez were reviving against him, at Ettenheim, the conferences of Georges, of Pichegru, and of Moreau at Paris; and that the peaceful residence of the Duke was a nucleus of plots and premeditated murders against him. He instantly ordered his police, by an espionage on the spot, to clear up these suspicions which nothing whatever justified. He seemed eager to surprise the

name of a Bourbon in a crime, and to dishonour the house, whose place and inheritance he wished to assume on the throne of his country. Of all the princes who had taken refuge in foreign countries, perhaps there was only one alone who, by his passion for arms, his popularity in the camps, his nature, and his heroic extraction, could make him dread, in the future, a competitor or an avenger. Fortune, in pointing out the young prince under the present circumstances, seemed to be co-operating with the interests, the forethought, and the suspicions of Napoleon.

It is said, and nothing either confirms or belies the rumour, that M. de Talleyrand, then his minister for foreign affairs, flattering his terrors, as he had flattered his courage, urged him not to be guilty of cruelty, but to surprise the pretended conspiracy, and to violate boldly the rights of nations and of peace, by carrying off the prince from a foreign territory. M. de Talleyrand has never evinced, during his long life, a reprehensible indifference to blood, or that he was influenced by cruel passions. His vices were of another nature, too supple to be inflexible, but also too servile to resist. We may suppose that he displayed, for the safety of the First Consul, a zeal which knew no scruples; but we cannot admit that he insinuated crime and death. Altogether irreconcilable with the church on account of his character and of his marriage, and with the Bourbons in consequence of his services to their enemies, it was natural for him to urge his master to break irrevocably with princes from whom he himself never expected any pardon. There, doubtless, ends all his complicity Napoleon at Saint Helena throws all the blame upon him; sometimes he refers it to others; then he reclaims it for himself, in a manner more cruel than the assassination itself. But aberration is the character of remorse. When crime weighs heavily we throw it, at hazard, upon other heads; and when the truth gives it back again, and we are compelled to keep it, we then reclaim it, and strive to make it a fit subject of pride. This is the last subterfuge of conscience,—the last evolution of crime.

XXXV.

From this day the Consul, by means of his police, formed a circle of information, superintendence, and ambush, round the residence of the prince, within which he purposed inclosing him. On the 4th of March, 1804, the prefect of Strasbourg, by order of Réal, prefet of police at Paris, conferred with Colonel Charlot, commandant of gendarmerie, with a view of ascertaining the best method of penetrating the obscurity which still hung over the Prince's circle at Ettenheim. These two officers cast their eyes on an intelligent subaltern, named Lamothe, who was trained to this species of explorations, by his habits of spying out and pursuing criminals.

Lamothe, having been born in Alsatia, spoke German, and repaired to Ettenheim under pretext of some traffic or other He knew the place, the roads, the little Gothic chateau inhabited by the prince, and the retired house in the village, where the Princess Charlotte resided with her father, the Prince de Rohan. Having entered into conversation with the inhabitants of the country, and spoken about his pretended commerce, he interrogated the peasants, with apparent indifference, about the Duke d'Enghien and his suite, the sort of life he led in this retreat, and the French refugees who lived with him or around him; and, finally, as to the communications, more or less frequent, that he kept up with persons, who were strangers in the country.

XXXVI.

Lamothe returned the following day to Strasbourg, and made his report to Colonel Charlot, which stated as follows:— "I first went to the village of Capel, at a certain distance from Ettenheim. There, in chatting with the postmaster, I learned that the Duke d'Enghien was still at Ettenheim with General Dumouriez and Colonel Granstein, recently arrived from London. When I got to Ettenheim I was confirmed in my intelligence of the residence of the prince and of General Dumouriez in the village. I was told that the prince lived in

the chateau near the village, and that he passed his time in field sports; that he had only one secretary with him; that Dumouriez and Colonel Granstein lived in separate lodgings in different houses; and that the correspondence of the prince was more active than usual, and that he was adored in the country; that there was no talk of his going to London, nor of a journey that the prince had made to London. Night was now approaching, and my mission terminated." The remainder of the report concerned other information which Lamothe was ordered to collect in passing, with respect to the Baroness de Reisch, and the emigrants of the little neighbouring town of Offenbourg, a nucleus of intrigues and correspondence of the French refugees on the banks of the Rhine.

XXXVII.

This report, so exact in its details, of the life and residence of the prince, was inaccurate as to the names. The German accent of the peasant of Ettenheim had altered the pronunciation of the name of Colonel Thomery, a French emigrant, aide-de-camp of the prince, which he had pronounced as if that of General Dumouriez, who was then at Hambourg. The prince never had the slightest connection with this officer then a refugee in London; for he looked upon him as a traitor both to his house and the cause of the Republic. Colonel Charlot, however, hastened to send off the report of his spy to General Moncey, chief commandant of gendarmerie at Paris, through the agency of this corps. The correspondence was carried on from brigade to brigade with a greater rapidity at that time than the post itself.

Moncey presented this report to the First Consul, before the prefect of police, Réal, had himself received the letters of the prefect of Strasbourg, containing the same information Bonaparte, on seeing the name of Dumouriez, cried out; for he thought he had the clue of the plot with which he felt he was enveloped. He immediately summoned Réal, the chief of the police: "How is this?" he exclaimed in a reproachful tone, on seeing him enter; "you keep me in ignorance that

Dumouriez is at Ettenheim with the Duke d'Enghien, and that both of them are organising military plots at four leagues from the frontier!"

Réal excused himself by the delay in the correspondence of the prefect of Strasbourg; but in the evening, having received the letter confirming the report of Charlot, he communicated it to the First Consul, and to M. de Talleyrand, who was present at the interview. All three, being convinced of the authenticity of the information, and knowing the importance, the audacity, and the agitating genius of Dumouriez, were astonished and indignant at the silence of the authorities in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, and of Massias, the Envoy of the Republic at Baden. "We must," said M. de Talleyrand, "allow the emigrant conspirators to concentrate in this focus of the Rhine, and there seize upon them."

The opinion of the complicity of the Duke d'Enghien in the conspiracies which then secretly agitated Paris, was thus more and more confirmed in the minds of the First Consul, of his minister, and of his police. A thousand coincidences contributed to convince and to exasperate him still further.

XXXVIII

Georges, who had been vainly sought after for three weeks in Paris, was discovered and surprised on the evening of the 9th of March. On leaving his retreat, and getting into the cabriolet of Léridant, one of his accomplices, he perceived that he was followed by four police agents. He instantly took the reins from the hands of Léridant, and pushed his horse full gallop through the streets leading from the Luxembourg towards the Seine. With breathless speed the police agents ran headlong in pursuit; but Georges looking out of the win dow in the hood of the cabriolet, and seeing himself on the point of being captured, threw aside the reins, cocked his pistols, and fired on the two first that approached. One of these he shot dead, and mortally wounded the other. Then armed with his poniard he defended himself against the two others, and against those who assisted the police in disarming

him. He was at length knocked down by a hatter named Thomas; and being surrounded by a crowd he was bound hand and foot, and conveyed to prison. On being interrogated by Réal, he avowed that he had come to Paris to carry off the First Consul by main force, but not to assassinate him; that he had been connected with St. Réjant, the plotter of the attempt at assassination in the Rue St. Nicaise; but that St. Réjant, in constructing the infernal machine, had exceeded his instructions, which merely required him to recruit a number of determined horsemen—to attack Bonaparte's escort during one of his excursions out of the city, and take the dictator prisoner to London; that nothing was yet ready for this enterprise; and that they awaited the expected arrival of a prince in Paris, for its consummation.

XXXIX.

This prince, in the imagination of Bonaparte and of the police, could be none other than the Duke d'Enghien; and another deposition of Léridant confirmed this erroneous conclusion. This conspirator, a friend of Georges, said that he had seen at Chaillot, in the house where Georges lived incognito, a young man, whose name was kept secret, and who was elegantly dressed, of handsome features and aristocratic manners; and that he had imagined this young man to be the prince expected by the conspirators. It was not known, until long afterwards, that this young man, whose exterior and whose mysterious appearance had struck Léridant, was that same Count Jules de Polignac, the confidant of the Count d'Artois, whose fatal devotion to his master continued to influence him ever since the ruin of the monarchy.

The confidants and the ministers of the First Consul encouraged his resentment at these ill-founded discoveries, and urged him to retaliate on a war of ambuscades, and a system of murder, by adopting a similar species of warfare. This was anticipating his feelings of indignation, and aiding his intentions; and he took his counsellors at their word.

XL.

On the 10th of March he convened a private council, to which were summoned Cambacérès, Lebrun, his two colleagues in the Consulate, M. de Talleyrand, Fouché, and Regnier, minister of justice. Regnier laid the matter before them, basing his arguments on the false supposition of the participation of the Duke d'Enghien in the entirely distinct schemes of Georges, of Pichegru, Moreau, St. Réjant, Count Jules de Polignac, of the agents of the princes in London, and of the equally false supposition of the presence of General Dumouriez at Ettenheim. To fear, suspicion is everything, and everything a proof to suspicion.

"There has been attributed to the First Consul," said Regnier, "the design of a personal participation in the plots contrived against him, and they have attributed to him the contemplation of the part of Monk. He must give the lie to these conspirators in the most striking manner. Both he and the Republic are menaced with destruction. The government must counteract these conspiracies, and destroy them wherever they may arise. The Grand Duke of Baden cannot complain of the violation of his territory, if he knowingly lends himself to these attempts against the safety of France; and if it be otherwise, he cannot but applaud the exercise of justice, which prevents a crime hatching in his states."

Cambaceres, with more regard to national usages, opposed the violation of a foreign territory. "If it is true that the prince often comes to Strasbourg, in flagrant violation of his banishment, why not have him watched and seized, and this without infringing on the right of nations?" Regnier, minister of justice, although he had read the report, supported the legal and moderate advice of Cambaceres, in opposition to that report. M. de Talleyrand replied, that this manner of proceeding would be attended with two serious objections: the first, that time would thus be given for the resolves of government to be known, and the conspirators be thus warned against the danger of returning to Strasbourg; and the second, that

they would not be enabled to seize their papers at Ettenheim, which were of more importance than their persons; inasmuch as these papers would give a key to the most secret and dangerous conspiracies against France. This opinion prevailed over all the others; and the expedition to Ettenheim was resolved on. At the same time a simultaneous expedition to Offembourg of a like nature was concerted; this place being supposed to be another focus for similar conspiracies, on the banks of the Rhine.

XLI.

Bonaparte, on his return to his apartments, cast his eye on two individuals amongst those around him, to whose sagacity and firmness he might entrust this twofold adventure, and with perfect reliance on their devotion and intrepidity. He selected General Caulaincourt, his aide-de-camp, for the expedition to Offembourg, and General Ordener, commandant of horse grenadiers of the Consul's guard, for the one to Ettenheim.

Caulaincourt, a gentleman of Picardy, was the son of the Marquis de Caulaincourt, lieutenant-general of the armies of the King before the Revolution, and his mother was attached to the court of the Countess d'Artois. Young Caulaincourt, at the age of sixteen, having been deprived, on account of his nobility, of his first steps in the army of the Republic, had volunteered as a private soldier, to enable him to continue the profession of arms. This devotion to the army and to his country had not sheltered him from the persecutions of the Reign of Terror towards even second-rate aristocracy. He had languished for some months in prison, from whence an old servant of his family had assisted him to escape. He ought therefore to have known, better than others, the value of liberty, and shown a proper repugnance to the mission about to be imposed upon him by the fatal confidence of the First Consul. Brave as well as diplomatic, he had speedily regained his steps on the battle-fields of Germany and Italy, and Bonaparte, having remarked his name, his courage, and his intelligence,

had removed him, for a short time, from the camp, to send him on a mission to Russia, and on his return had appointed him one of his aides-de-camp.

Ordener was simply one of those private soldiers of 1792, who had risen step by step, and from one exploit to another, to the highest rank of the army. Bonaparte having been witness of his determination and energy in an action, had given him the command of the mounted grenadiers of his body-guard. He was one of those men whom a sense of discipline bends to any order implying a military duty, and who never reason before obeying; while, in his case, no family prejudice, or memory of his childhood, could cause any hesitation about the arrest of a Bourbon.

XLII.

At ten o'clock at night, after this council, Bonaparte sent for Caulaincourt and Ordener, and while waiting for them, also caused his private secretary, Menneval, to be summoned. This young man was thoroughly acquainted with all the thoughts of his master. He was possessed of a gentle soul, an honest heart, and a firm hand. From scruples of conscience he has himself given a detailed account of that night, in which each person present or absent, every syllable uttered, and every hour marked on the dial of the clock, bore testimony for or against the actors in the dark drama, which was soon to be disclosed to posterity.

"They came to call me at ten o'clock at night," said Menneval, "to go to the First Consul. On entering, I found him in a room adjoining his cabinet, with several maps, which he had thrown on the floor, lying at his feet, and looking for another map of the course of the Rhine. Having found it, he opened and spread it out on a table, and commenced dictating to me instructions for Berthier, the minister of war. While I was writing, Berthier himself was announced, and soon after him, General Caulaincourt. The First Consul made Berthier take the pen, and continuing to trace on the map the route which must be taken to reach Offembourg and Ettenheim,

finished dictating to him his instructions, which were to the following effect:—

"TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

"Paris, 10th of March, 1804.

"You will have the goodness, citizen general, to order General Ordener, whom I place at your disposal, to go by post, during the night, to Strasbourg. He must travel under an assumed name.

"The object of his mission is to march upon Ettenheim, to surround the town, and to carry off from it the Duke d'Enghien, Dumouriez, and an English colonel. The general of division of Strasbourg, the quartermaster who has been to reconnoitre Ettenheim, as also the commissary of police, will give him all necessary information. He will send from Schelestadt 300 dragoons of the 26th regiment, who will travel post to Rheinau. Independently of the ferry boats, they must arrange that there shall be five large boats there, capable of carrying across in one passage the 300 horses. The troops will take with them rations for four days, and will be provided with ammunition. They will take with them thirty gendarmes.

As soon as General Ordener shall have crossed the Rhine, he will proceed direct to Ettenheim, and march straight to the house of the Duke and to that of Dumouriez. After his expedition he will return to Strasbourg."

Bonaparte here dictated the most minute instructions with regard to the precautions which General Ordener was to take not to miss his prey, and to bring him securely and secretly to Paris. He then turned to Caulaincourt.

XLIII.

"You will give orders," he wrote to the minister of war, "that on the same day, at the same hour, 200 men of the 26th regiment of dragoons, under the orders of General Caulaincourt, shall go to Offembourg, to surround the town, and carry off from it the Baroness de Reisch, and other agents of the English government.

"From Offembourg, General Caulaincourt will direct patrols on Ettenheim, until he shall have learnt that General Ordener has succeeded; and they will mutually assist each other.

"At the same time the general who commands at Strasbourg will send across the Rhine 300 cavalry and four pieces of light artillery, which will occupy the intermediate space between the two roads to Offembourg and Ettenheim.

"General Caulaincourt will have with him thirty gendarmes; and for the arrangement of other matters the general of the division, General Ordener, and General Caulaincourt, will hold council together."

Thus the two expeditions, although distinct, were simultaneous, and combined in such a way that each of the generals charged with their execution was aware of the expedition of his colleague, and could afford him support and co-operation in case of need.

The instructions having been written down, Ordener arrived, and Bonaparte caused these general arrangements to be read to him, in order to impress upon him the purport of his mission. He then gave him the letters for General Leval of the division of Strasbourg, a passport under a false name, and an order on his treasurer for 12,000 francs. The letter to General Leval was merely a repetition, in more explicit terms, of the instructions which had just been read, and laying great stress on the council to be held by the three generals, the better to combine their distinct yet common expedition. "General Ordener," said this latter, "is apprized that General Caulaincourt is to set out and act in conjunction with him, and I have delivered to him 12,000 francs for himself and General Caulaincourt."

XLIV.

Ordener set out on the same night, that of the 10th and 11th of March, and arrived on the 12th at Strasbourg. He held a council on his arrival with General Leval, Charlot, the colonel of gendarmes, and the commissary of police, and they resolved to precede and facilitate the nocturnal expedition by a minute reconnoitring of the scene of action. An agent of

police, named Stahl, and a non-commissioned officer of gendarmerie, named Pfersdoff, both born on the German bank of the Rhine, were dispatched on the instant, and marching all night, arrived at eight o'clock in the morning at Ettenheim.

They strolled, with an affectation of indifference, which ill-concealed their curiosity, about the house of the prince, in order to make themselves well acquainted with the approaches to it; but their faces, which were unknown to the duke's servants, their walk for no apparent purpose, and their scrutinizing looks, awakened suspicion, as if by a presentiment. The prince's valet-de-chambre, concealed behind a window, observed these two strangers walking round the walls, and intently noting the objects of their mission. He called another of the servants of the house, named Cannone, and communicated his anxieties to him. Cannone was an old soldier and companion of the prince from his earliest infancy. He had fought with him in all his campaigns, and had saved his life in Poland, by covering him with his sabre and his person. He fancied that he remembered having somewhere seen the face of Pfersdoff, and thought he recognised in him a gendarme in disguise. He hastened to inform the prince of the suspicious appearance of these two observers, and of the conjectures which he had formed on the features of Pfersdoff; but the prince, with the thoughtlessness of his age, disdained to pay any attention to these symptoms of espionage. Nevertheless, an officer of his army, named Schmidt, who was then with him, went out and accosted Stahl and Pfersdoff, and questioned them with an appearance of unconcern, pretending that he was going their way, and accompanied them for more than a league; but at last seeing them take a road which led into the interior of Germany, instead of returning towards the Rhine, he felt reassured, and returned to tranquillize the servants and retainers at Ettenheim.

But the anxieties of love are not so easily set at rest as those of friendship. The Princess Charlotte de Rohan, informed in the morning of the suspicious appearance of these prowlers around the house of the prince, was filled with a presentiment of danger, and begged he would take warning from these indications, and absent himself for a few days from a

residence where he was so evidently watched, and possibly with a criminal intention. Out of affection for her, rather than from uneasiness on his own account, the duke consented to absent himself for two or three days, and it was settled that he should set out, the third morning after, on a long hunting excursion in the forests of the Grand Duke of Baden, during which the suspicions of his betrothed would be either dissipated or verified; but it was fated that the third morning should not dawn on him in Germany.

XLV

Caulaincourt, who had left Paris some hours after Ordener, arrived at Strasbourg on the 14th of March. It is not known what passed between Ordener, Leval, and him in that town, or whether the instructions commanded by the First Consul took place; but, however this may have been, all the orders relating to the separate missions of the two generals sent from Paris, were executed with that uniformity of time and place peculiar to the administration or military arrangements necessary to ensure their accomplishment.

On the evening of the 14th, General Ordener, accompanied by General Fririon, chief of General Leval's staff, and by Charlot, colonel of gendarmes, set out in the dark towards the ferry of Rheinau on the Rhine, and found there, at the appointed hour, the 300 dragoons of the 26th, fifteen ferrymen, the five large boats; and, lastly, the thirty mounted gendarmes destined to be employed in the violation of dwellings and seizure of persons, in an expedition more worthy of lictors than of soldiers. The Rhine was crossed in silence at midnight, and the column, unperceived during the sleep of the German peasants on the right bank, and guided by different roads, arrived, as the day was breaking, at Ettenheim. The spies, whom Ordener and Charlot had brought with them, pointed out to the gendarmes the houses which were to be invested. Colonel Charlot first caused to be surrounded that which was supposed to be inhabited by Dumouriez, but which was really inhabited by the emigrant General de Thomery; and then hastened, with another detachment of troops, to encircle and attack the house which con-

tained the principal prey marked out at Paris. Ordener, with his dragoons, had formed a belt of cavalry around the town and the paths that environed it; so that no attempt at escape or resistance should succeed in thwarting the vengeance of the First Consul.

XLVI.

The Duke d'Enghien, who had spent the evening before at the house of the prince of Rohan-Rochefort, with the Princess Charlotte, had promised her to absent himself for a few days, to allow time for the plots against his safety, of which she was apprehensive, either to evaporate or be unravelled. He was accordingly about to start at sun-rise, with Colonel Grunstein, one of his friends, on this hunting excursion for several days. He had already left his bed, and was dressing himself, and preparing his arms. Grunstein, contrary to his usual custom, had slept under the same roof with the prince, that he might be the sooner ready to escort him. This companion of his on the battle-field and in the chase, was also half dressed, when the tramp of horses and the sight of the dragoons and gendarmes made the rest of the household start from their sleep.

Féron, the most familiar servant of the prince, flew to the chamber of his young master, and announced to him that the courtyards and garden were surrounded at every outlet by French soldiers, and that the officer commanding them was loudly calling on the servants to open the doors, declaring that in case of refusal he would have them broken open with hatchets. "Well then, we must defend ourselves," exclaimed the undaunted young man, and saying these words he seized his double-barrelled fowling-piece, ready loaded with ball for the chase, while Cannone, his other servant, animated by the same determination as his master, possessed himself of another loaded fowling-piece, and Grunstein entering the chamber at that moment, armed in a like manner, the whole then darted to the windows to fire. The prince levelled at Colonel Charlot, who threatened the door, and was about to stretch him dead on the threshold, when Grunstein, perceiving on all sides a host of helmets and sabres, and seeing another detachment of gen-

darmes already masters of one of the wings of the chateau, seized the barrel of the prince's fowling-piece, and throwing the gun upwards, showed the Duke d'Enghien, by signs, the uselessness of resistance against such overwhelming numbers, and prevented his firing.

"My lord," said he, "have you in any way committed yourself?" "No," replied the duke. "Well then, that being the case, do not attempt a hopeless struggle. We are hemmed in by a complete wall of troops. See how their bayonets glisten on every side."

XLVII.

The prince was turning round to reply to these words, when he beheld Pfersdoff, whom he recognised as the spy of the day before, accompanied by gendarmes with presented carbines, rush into his room. He was followed by Colonel Charlot, who, with his soldiers, seized and disarmed the prince, together with Grunstein, Féron, and Cannone. The duke, as we have seen, was ready to set out, and was thus lost only by the delay of a few moments. He was dressed in the costume of a Tyrolean hunter, wearing a handsome gold-laced cap, with long gaiters of chamois skin buckled at the knees; and the manly beauty and dauntless expression of his features, heightened by the excitement of the surprise, and determination to resist, struck the soldiers with astonishment.

In the midst of the tumult of such a scene, and the tramp of feet and clatter of arms in the house, the sound of a disturbance without for a moment inspired the prince and his followers with a hope of deliverance. Loud cries of fire issued from the village, and these cries were re-echoed from house to house, like a tocsin of human voices. Windows were thrown open, and doorways filled with the inhabitants aroused by the invasion of the French. Half-naked mechanics were seen running to the steeple to ring the bells, and summon the peasants to vengeance. Colonel Charlot, however, had them seized, and also arrested the master of the hounds of the Duke of Baden, who, on hearing the disturbance, was hastening to the house of the prince, and who was told by Charlot that what

was taking place had been mutually agreed upon by the First Consul and his sovereign. On hearing this falsehood, the excitement of the inhabitants subsided, and they submitted, with looks of sorrow and expressions of grief, to the misfortune of a young man who had rendered himself an object of the deepest regard.

XLVIII.

The cries of alarm proceeded, in the first instance, from the inhabitants of the house in which the gendarmes were looking for Dumouriez, and where they had only found General de Thoméry, aide-de-camp of the prince. Colonel Charlot, now convinced of the probable mistake of persons through a similarity of names, questioned the people of the house, with the intention of ascertaining whether General Dumouriez had really ever come into the country at any period whatever; and on this point, according to the uniform information of all parties, he was undeceived. Dumouriez was as unknown to everybody there as he was to the prince himself, whose accomplice, it was asserted, he was on the German bank of the Rhine.

Charlot then returned to the chateau with M. de Thoméry, and also arrested the Chevalier Jacques, secretary of the prince, although not mentioned in his orders; he seized, packed up, and sealed all the papers which he found in the different apartments, and sent to apprize General Ordener that everything was accomplished; that nothing more remained to be done than to relieve the dragoons from their posts of observation around Ettenheim, to re-form the column, and regain the ferry of the Rhine.

LXIX.

The prince was dragged away from his residence, without being permitted to take a last farewell of her whom he left swooning and in tears. While Ordener withdrew, and mustered his dragoons, the Duke d'Enghien, with his companions in captivity, was secured at a short distance from the village in a mill called La Tuilerie, behind which flowed a deep, broad, and rapid rivulet. The secretary of the duke, Chevalier Jacques,

had sometimes taken shelter in this mill from the rain, and now remembered that a door, which was unperceived in the chamber in which the prisoners were mixed up pell-mell with the gendarmes, opened on the mill-dam that separated the house from a meadow and neighbouring forest. With a glance of his eye he called his master to his side, and leaning carelessly towards him, whispered in his ear,—"Open that door, cross the torrent, draw the plank after you. I will bar the door with my person, while you escape, and you will be saved."

The prince accordingly, by degrees, drew near the door pointed out to him, placed his hand rapidly on the latch, and pushed violently in the direction from whence he heard the noise of the mill-wheel and the water. But Providence was not willing that he should thus escape; for the miller's son, frightened at the sight of the soldiers entering his father's house, had but a moment before fled by this door; and, fearful lest the gendarmes should pursue him, had bolted it after him. The officer in command, warned by the attempt of the prince, immediately placed two sentinels at the door.

L.

Seating himself sorrowfully in the hut, the duke then asked to be allowed to send one of his people back to the chateau, to bring him his dog, his clothes, and his linen. This request was granted, and his servants were told that those who wished to leave him were at liberty to return to Ettenheim; but they all begged the gendarmes to allow them to remain with their master, and share his fate, whatever it might be. Charlot and Ordener, anxious to recross the Rhine with their prey, before the country, on hearing of the abduction, could become aroused, and start in pursuit of them, allowed no time for the people of Ettenheim to procure a carriage for the prince; but placing him and his two officers in a peasant's cart, surrounded by a platoon of gendarmes, made them start in advance of the dragoons, who were to rejoin them on the road at a gallop. During the journey the friends of the prisoner remarked the significant looks of one of the officers of their escort, and

fancied that he indicated to them the passage over the Rhine in a boat, as an opportunity for escape, by jumping into and swimming down the current of the river; but both opportunity and daring failed this unknown friend.

LI.

On reaching the river, the Duke d'Enghien was placed in the same boat with General Ordener, and being informed by one of the passengers that this general was the head of the expedition, he endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, to learn the motives for his abduction. He even reminded him, with the view of enlisting in his favour the fellow-feeling of the soldier for their mutual profession of arms, that they had fought against one another at the time when Ordener was but a colonel of the 10th regiment of *chasseurs à cheval*; but the general, either feeling embarrassed by a sense of their then very different positions, or fearful of being moved by such recollections, pretended to have no remembrance of this circumstance, and cut the conversation short by his silence.

LII

On getting out of the boat, General Ordener left the prince in the care of Colonel Charlot, and started alone for Strasbourg, where he in person informed General Leval and the prefect of the success of the expedition of the night before; while the Duke d'Enghien followed him on foot in the midst of the gendarmes, like a common criminal on his way to gaol. He was allowed to stop at the village of Pfosheim, where he breakfasted. During the repast horses were put to a carriage which had been prepared, and brought to this halting-place beforehand. Colonel Charlot and the non-commissioned officer Pfersdoff, the two evil genii of the duke—the eye of the one having directed, and the hand of the other effected, his seizure—both got into it with him, and carried him rapidly towards Strasbourg.

On the road, the prince attempted to renew the conver

sation which had been interrupted by the silence of Ordener, and to ascertain the reason of his abduction. Colonel Charlot told him that, in his opinion, the First Consul considered that he was an accomplice in the plots of Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau. "What an infamous supposition," exclaimed the prince, "and how foreign are such plots to my thoughts and feelings! No one can have a greater horror of such means than I have. Personally, I admire the genius and glory of General Bonaparte, although in my position, as a prince of the house of Bourbon, I owe it to my honour and my duty to fight against him with honourable arms.

"What do you think they will do with me?" added he, addressing the colonel of gendarmes. "If they mean to imprison me, I would a thousand times prefer instant death." Reminding the colonel that he had been on the point of firing at him, when the soldiers entered to seize him: "If I was condemned to a long captivity," he said, "I should regret that I had not defended myself, and that I had not decided my own fate with arms in my hand." The conversation having turned upon Dumouriez, and the officer having asked his prisoner if it was true that he had had, or was to have, connection with that general:—"Dumouriez has never put his foot in Ettenheim," said the prince; "but, as I might have received communications, from one moment to another, from England, it is possible that the British government may have chosen Dumouriez to bring them unknown to me. But I would not have received him, because it does not suit either my name or my character to have anything to do with such persons!"

LIII.

Colonel Charlot arrived with his prisoner, at five o'clock in the afternoon, at Strasbourg. While waiting till superior orders should have decided on the destination to be assigned to the prince, and until they had prepared a chamber for him in the citadel, Charlot received the Duke d'Enghien in his own lodging. The duke, availing himself of a moment when they were alone, dropt some words to Colonel Charlot to induce

him to favour his escape; but Charlot pretended not to understand what he meant, and shut both his ears and his heart against the prayers of his prisoner. A moment after a hackney-coach drove up to the door, in which the duke was conducted to the citadel.

Caulaincourt and Ordener, having both also returned to Strasbourg, gave information to the minister of war and foreign affairs of the circumstances and success of both operations. As soon as Caulaincourt was informed of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, he addressed to the Grand Duke of Baden the demand of extradition which Monsieur de Talleyrand had sent to him, in order that the violation of the territory of this prince might appear to be only the effect of precipitation, and not premeditated hostility and contempt for Germany.

LIV.

The Duke d'Enghien entered the citadel at seven o'clock in the evening. A journal of his acts and thoughts, punctually kept by this hapless prince, and found in his possession at the time of his death (afterwards destroyed but copied by the depositories), makes us acquainted hour by hour, from this moment, with the secrets of his prison.—"Major Méchin, commandant of the citadel, received him," he says, "with the consideration due to misfortune and to rank. This was," he adds, "a military man of polite and gentle manners."—The major not having time to prepare a proper lodging for the duke, offered him his best room, and had mattresses laid on the floor for his prisoner and his attendants. The prince, worn out with fatigue and the anxieties of his journey, wrote a few lines in his journal, and threw himself, dressed as he was, on one of the beds. His friend Grunstein placed himself on the mattress nearest to him, and, still apprehensive that the accusation might find some foundation in the papers seized at Ettenheim, he asked the prince, in a low voice, if there was anything in those papers that might give them a handle against him. "No," replied the prisoner aloud; "those papers contain nothing but what every one knows of my name and my situation. They show

that I have fought well for eight years past, and that I am ready to fight again. I do not think that they wish for my death. They'll throw me into some fortress, perhaps as a hostage. I shall have some difficulty, after the liberty I have enjoyed, in accustoming myself to such a life."

LV.

Sleep at length put an end to the conversation and the thoughts of the prince, and he slept with the calmness of youth and the confidence of courage. The following day, the 16th of March, at sunrise, the commandant came to see his prisoner, and have some conversation with him. The prince again protested to his host, that he was an entire stranger to any conspiracy against the life of the First Consul, and that his honour and his conscience had always held such projects in abhorrence. "Soldiers of my race fight," he said, "but do not assassinate." The commandant, who seemed pleased at the innocence of his young prisoner, assured him that this being the case he did not doubt that his captivity would be only for a few days.

The Duke d'Enghien encouraged by the good nature of this officer, and thinking of the anxieties which the young lady by whom he was beloved must feel as to his fate, solicited permission from Méchin the commandant, to write to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan at Ettenheim. The major replied that he could not promise to send the letter himself to its address, but that he would give it to his chief, General Leval, the commandant of the division; and that if it contained nothing more than an account of his journey and communications of affection, he did not doubt that General Leval would forward the letter to its destination. With this hope the prince wrote the following long letter, in which he alternately poured forth and restrained in covered sentences, to meet the eyes of indifference or enmity, the secret tenderness which filled his heart since his abduction, rather than from any fears as to his own fate.

LVI.

"AT THE CITADEL, OF STRASBOURG.

"Friday, March 16, 1804.

"I am promised that this letter shall be faithfully delivered to you. I have not, until this moment, been able to obtain permission to re-assure you as to my fate, and I lose not an instant in doing so; and begging you, at the same time, to tranquillize all those in your neighbourhood who are attached to me. My only fear is, that this letter may not find you at Ettenheim, and that you may be on your way here; for the happiness I should feel at seeing you, would fall far short of the dread I should have of involving you in my fate. Continue to preserve for me your friendship and your interest, for it may be of great service to me, as you may influence persons of consequence in my misfortune. I already imagined that perhaps you had set out. You have learnt from the good Baron d'Ischterlzheim the way in which I was carried off, and may judge of the number of people employed in the act, and that all resistance would have been useless; for nothing can be effected against superior force. I was conducted by Rheinau and the road of the Rhine. I am treated with attention and politeness, and may say that, with the single exception of liberty (for I cannot leave my chamber), I am as comfortable as possible. At my request the gentlemen of my household have been permitted to sleep in my room. We occupy part of the commandant's apartments, and another is preparing for me, which I shall take possession of this morning, and where I shall be still more comfortable. The papers which were taken from me, and sealed on the spot with my seal, are to be examined this morning in my presence; and, as well as I can tell, they will be found to consist of letters from my relatives and from the king, and several copies of my own. All these, as you well know, cannot compromise me in any way more than my name and my opinions have done during the course of the Revolution. I believe the papers will all be sent to Paris, and I am assured that, if it proves to be as

I have said, it is thought I shall be set at liberty very shortly. God grant it may be so! Dumouriez was searched for, being supposed to be in our neighbourhood, and it is evidently believed that we had had conferences together, and that he is implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. My complete ignorance of all this, leads me to hope that I may recover my liberty; but let us not flatter ourselves too soon.

"If any of my gentlemen are set at liberty before me, it will give me very great pleasure to send them back to you, while looking forward to a still greater happiness. The attachment of my people to me brings tears into my eyes every moment. They might have escaped, and were not obliged to follow me, which, however, they would do. I have Féron, Joseph, and Poulaix with me, and the good Mylof has never quitted me for an instant. I have not as yet seen anybody this morning but the commandant, a man who appears to me to be courteous and charitable, at the same time that he is strict in the fulfilment of his duties. I expect the colonel of gendarmerie, who arrested me, and who is to open my papers before me. I beg you will ask the baron to take care of my property for me, and if I have to remain much longer here, I shall send for more of my things. I also trust that the landlords of my gentlemen will take care of their property. The poor Abbé Wembern and Michel form part of our conscription, and have travelled with us.

"Pray present my affectionate regards to your father, and if I can obtain permission one of these days to send some person, which I am most desirous of doing, and which I shall solicit, he will make you acquainted with all the details of our melancholy position. Let us hope and wait patiently, and if you are so good as to come and see me, do not come until after you have been, as you proposed, to Carlsruhe. Alas! besides your own affairs and the unsupportable delays that attend these arrangements, you will now have to speak of mine; but do not, for mercy's sake, on that account neglect your own

"Adieu! princess; you have long known my tender and

sincere attachment for you, and either in freedom or as a prisoner, it shall always be the same.

"Have you sent the news of our disaster to Madame d'Ecquevilly?

"(Signed) L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

LVII.

The prince delivered this letter open to the commandant; and a few moments afterwards, General Leval, commanding the division, and General Fririon, the chief of his staff, entered. Fririon, who had assisted in person at the abduction from Ettenheim, was recognised by the prisoner. The duke was now informed that another apartment was preparing for him in the citadel. The conversation was short, serious, and stern; and the cold demeanour of the generals prevented the prince from speaking to them of the letter which he had written, and which he so much desired to have conveyed to the object of his affections.

He was conducted, with his companions to the part of the citadel appropriated to him; his new chamber communicating with that of MM. de Thomêry, Jacques, and Schmidt; but Grunstein, his intimate friend, whose energy and enterprise appeared to be more feared, was removed from him, and lodged in another wing of the building, separated from that in which the prisoner was located.

Colonel Charlot and the commissary-general of police examined his papers, classified them, and sent them to Paris by a special courier; and if these evidences of his life had only been read, and proofs of his innocence desired, they would have been found therein.

After this proceeding he was left alone, and wrote in his journal as follows:—

"I must then languish here for weeks and perhaps months to come! My grief increases, the more I reflect on the cruelty of my position. If this continues, I believe that I shall be seized with despair. It is eleven o'clock. I am going to bed; but I am agitated, and cannot sleep. Major Méchin has

come to see me after I am in bed, and endeavours to console me with kind words."

"Friday, March 16.

" * * * Stopped at the commandant's house, lodged in his drawing-room for the night, on mattresses on the floor. The gendarmes in the ante-room; two sentinels in the room—one at the door;—slept badly.

"My lodging is to be changed. I shall have to pay for my maintenance, and probably for firing and lights. General Leval and General Fririon came to see me,—their manners very cold. I am transferred to another pavilion on the right of the square coming from the town. I can communicate with Thomery, Jacques, and Schmidt; but neither I nor my people can go out. I am, however, told that I shall be permitted to walk in a little garden which is in a yard behind my pavilion. A guard of twelve men and an officer is at my door. After having dined I am separated from Grunstein, who is lodged by himself on the other side of the yard. This separation adds still more to my unhappiness. I have written this morning to the princess,—have sent my letter through the commandant to General Leval, and have received no answer. I have asked him to allow me to send one of my people to Ettenheim. Doubtless everything will be refused me. The greatest precautions are taken on every hand to prevent my communicating with anybody whatsoever. If this continues I believe I shall be seized with despair. At half-past four o'clock they came to examine my papers, read them superficially, and made separate parcels of them. I was given to understand that they would be sent to Paris. I must then languish here for weeks,—perhaps for months! The more I reflect on my situation, the more my grief increases."

Arising from his bed, on Saturday, the 17th of March (his thoughts always reverting, whether on retiring to rest or awaking from sleep, to that heart which beat for him so anxiously at Ettenheim), he says:—

"I hear nothing about my letter. I tremble for the health of the princess. A word from my hand would tranquillize her.

Ah, how miserable I am! They have come to make me sign the *procès verbal* of the opening of my papers. I demand and obtain leave to add a note which proves that I have never had any other intention than that of being employed in and making war in an honourable manner."

This note, afterwards remembered by those who read it, said that he had never been concerned in any conspiracy, which was the truth, against the life of Bonaparte; he adored France, and admired the genius of the First Consul; and that he could not believe that it would be considered as a crime in him—a prince who had left France at the age of fourteen, with his grandfather and his father, and knowing no other duty but those of a son, grandson, soldier, and member of the family of Bourbon,—to have maintained, with arms in his hand, the rights of his race and of his blood.

LVIII.

While the prince was writing these noble lines, the commissary-general of police, Popp, who had opened his papers, was, on his side, writing to the government to claim, in promotion and rank, the price of zeal and successful enterprise, for Charlot and for Pfersdoff, strongly representing the danger they had incurred under the fire of the Duke d'Enghien, which had been directed on them the moment they were forcing open his doors at Ettenheim.

General Ordener also wrote thus to the First Consul:—

"I transmit to you the *procès verbal* and the papers of the Duke d'Enghien. As those of other individuals shall be verified, General Caulaincourt will forward them to you. Although my mission is fulfilled, I shall wait here your orders to return to Paris."

The prince, satisfied on learning that his papers, which contained no indication of any crime, were at length sent before him to Paris, wrote on the evening of the 17th in his journal:

"This evening I have been promised permission to walk in the garden, and even in the court, with the officer of the guard and with my companions in misfortune; and being assured

that my papers have been sent to Paris by a courier extraordinary, I shall sup and go to bed better satisfied."

While his heart was thus pouring out its confidence, the telegraph of Paris replied to the Strasbourg telegraph which had announced the abduction of the prince to Bonaparte; and a courier extraordinary, despatched from the Tuileries, ordered Generals Leval and Caulaincourt to send post haste, immediately, the principal prisoner to Paris. The others were to be sent in succession by the public conveyances.

LIX

Colonel Charlot, who executed this order, presented himself with a post coach in the middle of the night at the citadel. The prince, who was suddenly called up at one o'clock in the morning, and conducted alone to the carriage, was astonished and alarmed at this sudden departure, of which they did not even explain to him the object. During the day he made the following entry in his note-book:

"Sunday, March 18.

"I have been carried off at one o'clock this morning, having only been given sufficient time to dress. I embraced my people—my unfortunate companions. I set off alone with two officers of gendarmerie and two gendarmes. Colonel Charlot told me that we were going to the house of the general of division, Leval, who had received orders from Paris. Beyond that I found a carriage with six post-horses on the church square. I was pushed into it, and Lieutenant Peterman mounted beside me. Quartermaster Blitendoff ascended on the coach box, and two gendarmes were placed, one inside and one out."

The duke did not know his native country. He was ignorant of the names of the gates of Strasbourg, and the direction of the roads by which they were taking him. His guards were silent. In the morning Lieutenant Peterman told him at length that they were going to Paris, at which he was extremely glad. "Ah!" he said to the lieutenant, "I don't

doubt that the First Consul wishes to see me. A quarter of an hour's conversation with him, and all will be explained." He returned to this idea several times, and felt himself so free from the crimes of which they suspected him, that he doubted not the feeling of his innocence would be instantly communicated to every one who could read his soul. Moreover, he was young, in love, and a soldier, and supposed every one had the same generosity that he himself possessed. His looks wandered everywhere delighted on the road, and it seemed as if he could not satiate them with the aspect of his country. His joy and his gratitude towards Peterman were so lively, that he took off one of the rings he wore, and begged his guardian to accept it as a souvenir of this journey. Peterman did not dare to afflict him by a refusal.

Escorted from post to post by gendarmes at full gallop, the carriage, travelling day and night, arrived on the 20th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the gates of Paris, near the Barrier de la Villette. Not to excite any emotion in the city, at the appearance of a carriage so escorted and so mysterious, they went round by the deserted Boulevards which encircle Paris externally. He was then conducted by the Rue de Sevres, across the faubourg Saint Germain, into the court of the Office of Foreign Affairs, which was then situated at the hotel Galefoy, at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Rue de Grenelle. The carriage door opened, and the prisoner was going to jump out into the court, when he was stopped by a counter-order on the step. He was put back into the carriage, the door was shut, the postilion received an order not to unharness the horses, and to wait for orders, which were sent for, no one knew whither. Doubtless M. de Talleyrand was himself going to the Tuileries to announce the arrival of the prisoner, and to ask for these orders; for a hackney coach was brought up to the door of the hotel, and went out with some person who had descended the steps. After waiting half-an-hour in silence, the postilions, who had remained on horseback, received an order to proceed still by the external Boulevards to Vincennes. The carriage, which had been expected, passed the drawbridge of that fortress, and stopped in the court at

the door of the chef de bataillon, Harel, the commandant of the castle of Vincennes.

LX.

The commandant Harel was formerly a serjeant in the French guards, and an old protégé of the Jacobins, who had promoted him. He was reduced on the 18th Brumaire, by the First Consul, and became discontented with the Consular government. He was therefore tempted, by the conspirators Cerachi, Arena, and Demerville, but he rejected their offers, and denounced their projects; for which he received, as a reparation for his former treatment, the command of this state prison.

The First Consul, in planning the drama of which Vincennes was about to become the theatre, had wished to assure himself of the safety of the walls and the fidelity of the gaolers. A note, written by his order to Harel on the 16th March, immediately after the abduction of Ettenheim was known at Paris, with these two words in the margin *in haste* and *private*, had demanded of him the state of the quarters, of the troops, of the workmen, of the inhabitants allowed to live in the castle, and even of the servants, and precise information respecting each. Réal had further written to Harel on the 20th. "The Duke d'Enghien will arrive to-night: the First Consul has ordered that his name, and everything about him, should ke kept a profound secret." Finally, on the same day, a few moments later, Réal, in another letter, said to Harel, "An individual whose name must not be known is to be conducted to the castle. The intention of the government is, that no questions shall be put to him as to who he is or the motives of his detention; you yourself must even be ignorant who he is. You alone are to communicate with him, and you will allow no person whatever to see him. It is probable that he will arrive this night."

LXI.

Harel had scarcely read this last letter, when the carriage, which he had not expected till night, having outstripped, by its

rapidity, the nocturnal hour which it was intended should conceal its entrance into Vincennes, stopped before the quarters of the commandant. The prince descended from the carriage, shivering with cold and the rainy weather. Harel, feeling for his situation, asked him to walk up into his apartment to warm himself by the fire. "With pleasure," said the prince as he thanked him; "I shall look on a fire with great satisfaction; I shall also be glad to have something to eat, for I have taken nothing during the whole day."

A poor woman belonging to a religious order, who educated the children of Madame Harel, and who lived outside the castle, was coming down the staircase from the commandant's quarters at the moment the prisoner was going up with his guardian. She heard the dialogue, and drew aside to let the young man pass. "He was pale," she says, "and appeared very much fatigued; he was tall, and his appearance was noble and distinguished. He was dressed in a long uniform riding coat of blue cloth, with a cloth cap ornamented with gold lace."

Harel allowed the prince to warm himself before the fire. One of his old comrades of the French guards named Aufort, and who at that time commanded the brigade of gendarmerie of the village of Vincennes, lived on his old familiar footing with Harel. He came in and saw the prince, and assisted Harel in preparing a quarter for him. He also went to the village inn to order supper for the prisoner. These preparations being made, and the prince re-animated by the warmth of the commandant's fire, Harel conducted him to his own quarter It was a room in a pavilion called the King's Pavilion. A fire had been lighted in it, and some furniture put in hastily; a bed, a table, and some chairs. The bare walls, and some panes of glass broken by the swallows of the towers, sufficiently attested the precipitation of a furnishing which there had not been time to finish.

LXII.

The prince being thus treated with politeness and good nature by Harel, did not appear to be cast down, or to have

any unpleasant presentiment on establishing himself in his new quarters. He rather displayed a serenity of countenance, lively and almost joyous. He chatted with the commandant with a free and undisturbed mind. He told him that in his childhood, a short time before the Revolution, he had been with the Prince de Condé, his grandfather, to visit the castle of Vincennes; that he never dreamt at that time that he would one day be amongst the number of those poor prisoners whom he had then pitied so much; that he even thought he could recollect the chamber he was then in, and recognise it as one of the rooms he had run through. Then looking out of the window over the tops of the oaks, and on the roads losing themselves in distance through the forest which surrounds the fortress, he was in ecstacy at the beautiful view. He spoke of his passion for field sports, and said that if he was allowed to hunt freely, during his imprisonment in these woods, he would give his parole not to escape. Beyond this he did not appear in any way pre-occupied with the result of his captivity, and repeated to Harel what he had said to Peterman:—"This can be only an affair of a few days' detention;—the time only to recognise an error and my innocence."

LXIII.

During these conversations of a traveller in a state of repose rather than of a prisoner bewailing his fate, a little boy named Turquin, who served in the hotel of Vincennes, brought the supper ordered by Aufort. The prince approached the table and was going to sit down, when, perceiving on the table-cloth tin covers unpolished and rough instead of silver plate, he appeared to be seized with an involuntary repugnance; and, without making any observation, he returned towards the window, and walked up and down the room without looking at the supper. Harel perceived this movement, and hastened to his quarters for proper covers. The duke then sat down, and appeared to regain his appetite. His dog, which he had kept at his feet or by his side during the whole route, rested his head on his master's knees. He gave a part of the supper

that was on the table to the poor animal, and looking at Harel, "I presume," he said to him, "that there is no indiscretion in giving my portion of the supper to my dog."

Having finished his supper, the prince wrote a letter to the Princess Charlotte, and concealed it in his clothes to prepare for what might happen.

He then lay down, and slept profoundly, like a man who is sure to awake, and who confides in a happy morrow.

BOOK TWELFTH.

Napoleon at Malmaison—His preparations for the death of the Duke d'Enghien—Examination of the Duke d'Enghien—His Trial—His Condemnation—His Execution—Arrival of the Princess Charlotte at Paris—Remarks on the conduct of Napoleon.

I.

But sleep had fled from the chateau of Malmaison, where the First Consul, to enjoy his thoughts, his leisure, and the budding beauties of spring, had been in retirement for the last eight days. These days and nights were filled with agitation, with anger, with councils, with despatches to generals and ministers, revoked by other despatches; with night working, with going and coming of couriers and confidants, from Paris to this retreat, and from this retreat to Paris. It was evident that some tragical resolutions were concocting there, some state precaution, some terror to Europe, some superlative warning to the numerous conspirators,—some vengeance, perhaps a crime, to be followed by a remorse.

It was here, where he seemed to expect an event still unknown to all, that Napoleon received by telegraph, on the evening of the 15th March, the news of the actual abduction His thoughts, until then on the rack of anger, began to waver, and he felt as if embarrassed with his success and with his prey. He instantly wrote to Réal: "Come this evening at ten o'clock,—a carriage will be in waiting for you on the bridge of Neuilly, to bring you the quicker."

The following day, the 16th, after his first interviews with his councillors, thinking himself certain then of furnishing proofs to public opinion of undoubted criminality, he turned over in his mind the idea of having the prince tried in open day, by a high national tribunal, with all the guarantees of defence and publicity He then fixed on the idea of a great

military tribunal, to be composed of the principal generals sitting in the Senate. Murat, the brother-in-law of the First Consul, and governor of Paris, seems to have been charged with some opening preliminaries of this plan. Of a soldier-like but heroic disposition, bewailing with his young wife an arrest which must soil with blood the rising and till then stainless power of his brother-in-law, Murat would at least have inclined to the most magnanimous mode of execution. We say *execution* and not *trial;* for all *trial* supposes in the judges the right of *trying*, whereas no Frenchman had any right to try a prince who had not committed a crime in France; who resided, from the age of fourteen, in foreign countries, and whose abduction was a European illegality,—a crime against natural right and the rights of nations.

II.

Murat summoned Colonel Préval, a young military man, already famous for his talent as a military judge-advocate, and who commanded the 2nd regiment of Cuirassiers, in garrison at St. Germain, at the gates of Paris. He informed him that the First Consul had made choice of him for judge-advocate in an affair of State, in which a great criminal was implicated. Colonel Préval having asked the name of this great culprit, and Murat having confidentially pronounced the name of the Duke d'Enghien, Préval declined, with a noble instinct of propriety, the functions which were imposed upon him by such a process. "I made my first campaigns before the Revolution," he said, "in the regiment of the young prince. My father and my uncles served before me under the orders of the Condés. To act the part of public prosecutor towards their son and their grandson, would cut me to the heart, and dishonour my sword."

Murat comprehended and felt with the young officer. He could not blame in another a repugnance which he would have respected in himself. He communicated the refusal to the First Consul, and the idea of the grand military tribunal of State was dropt. The fear of too deeply agitating royalist opinion, roused by the slowness and the solemnity of long debates resounding through La Vendée, the presentiment of

the impassioned interest which would soon attach itself to a young prince, torn away by violence from his asylum, and who had been forcibly brought back to his country only to make it his tomb, had doubtless its influence also on the mode of trial. Promptitude, secrecy, silence, a gag put on all defence, a veil thrown over the victim, a blow struck without noise, and only making a noise afterwards, when it would be too late to ask for pardon, were required. All these requisites of a political crime would be found in a trial by court-martial, without formality, without publicity, without delay, nocturnal, rapid, instantaneous, judging and executing as it were in one word, under the vaults and in the ditch of a state prison.

Bonaparte decided on this mode, in conformity with the vengeance and the State precautions of the Council of Ten, and the Venetian dungeons without echo. The tragic genius of the Italian breathed in full vigour in this tribunal, in this judge, and in this execution by night; only that Venice judged no one in this manner but its own citizens, and did not send to carry off its victims, without respect to the inviolability of a foreign asylum.

III.

On the 17th, the First Consul received at Malmaison the circumstantial details of the double expedition of Ordener and of Caulaincourt. He thus learned that the presence of Dumouriez at Ettenheim was a chimera, which Colonel Charlot's report explicitly affirmed. This officer explained the confusion between the names of Thomery and Dumouriez. No well-grounded suspicion on this point could, therefore, any longer exist in the mind of the First Consul.

On the 18th, M. de Talleyrand received the report of Caulaincourt on his parallel mission to Offembourg, and on his diplomatic communication to the Court of Baden. The papers seized at the residence of the Duke d'Enghien arrived by the same courier, and M. de Talleyrand took them to Malmaison. The prince could not be very long in following these couriers, these reports, and these documents (so explanatory of his pretended plot) which preceded his arrival in Paris.

On the evening of the 15th, Bonaparte had ordered his officers at Strasbourg to send off the Duke d'Enghien immediately to Paris. The order, which arrived by the telegraph, had been executed, as we have seen, in the night; but from that moment the foggy atmosphere on the mountains of Alsatia prevented the telegraph from announcing at Malmaison the actual departure of the prisoner. It was only calculated by conjecture that he would arrive on the evening, or during the night of the 20th March.

The First Consul, with this expectation, prepared everything in the morning of this ill-omened day, that the trial and execution should await the victim at a fixed hour at Vincennes. The rapid succession of deliberations, of messages, and of acts recorded at this date, on the morning of the 20th of March, proves that the thoughts of Bonaparte were bent with a feverish impatience and punctuality towards the most prompt and most tragic denouement of the following night.

It may be said that he was afraid of having the remorse of reflection, and that having decided on not repenting he would not give himself time to deliberate.

IV.

Everything was pressed forward to this date and these hours. He first wrote to the minister of war to charge Murat, governor of Paris, with the choice of the members of a military commission to try the Duke d'Enghien. He made Réal draw up a report on the pretended conspiracies with which the prince was insidiously mixed up, by the lying revelations of the police explorers on the Rhine and in London. He caused these conjectural accusations to be summed up in an act of government, which affirms that the prince was a party to the plots concocted in England, against the external and internal safety of the Republic. He made Réal, director of the secret police, write twice during the day, first to Murat, and afterwards to Harel, that the prince should be conducted to and be received at Vincennes.

At twelve o'clock he received M. de Talleyrand at Malmaison, and conversed with that minister in his gardens.

His brother, Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed at the current rumours, arrived at Malmaison from Morfontaine. The First Consul's wife, Josephine, received him first, informed him of the arrest of the young prince, told him she dreaded the counsels of that miserable cripple (M. de Talleyrand); conjured her brother-in-law to speak to her husband, and to beg him to be indulgent; but on no account to let him know that she had given him any information, in order that his opinion might not appear to be influenced by the sensibility of a woman.

Joseph, well disposed in his own heart, and through his friends and guests of Morfontaine, Madame de Stael, Matthew de Montmorency, and M. de Jaucourt, went down to the garden and interrupted the conversation of the Consul and M. de Talleyrand; upon which the latter withdrew. Bonaparte confided to Joseph his resolution to bring the duke to trial as an accomplice of the conspiracies against him. Joseph endeavoured to turn him from it. He supplicated his brother to recollect that the Prince of Condé, who was governor of Burgundy during their childhood, had protected and assisted him with his patronage at the College of Autun, and that he was indebted to him for his admission to the artillery school. "Who would have told us then," added Joseph, moved at the recollection, "that we should one day have to deliberate on the life or death of his grandson and sole heir of his name?"

But Bonaparte was inflexible, and replied, that the Duke d'Enghien was one of the chiefs of Georges' conspiracy against his life, and that there was no inviolability in acting against Bourbons who came to conspire so near the frontiers. He broke off the conversation to read a telegraphic despatch from Strasbourg, which at length announced, through the aid of a clear atmosphere, the departure of the prince for Paris. At four o'clock a new despatch from Paris acquainted him with the arrival of the prisoner at the office of foreign affairs.

Meanwhile, Murat, according to his orders of the preceding evening, had nominated the military commission. He had not picked out the judges with the partiality of a man who re-

quires of them a condemnation. Chance and their respective grades had designated them. They were Hullin, commanding the grenadier infantry of the Consul's guard, president; Guitton, colonel of the 1st regiment of cuirassiers; Bazancourt, of the 4th; Ravier, of the 18th; Barrois, of the 96th; Rabbe, of the municipal guard,—all officers of the garrison of Paris. The major of gendarmerie d'élite, d'Autencourt, was judge-advocate. Murat's misfortune was, that he had to choose the judges from the ranks where no one discusses the law of obedience, but all obey an order to try a prisoner as they would obey an order to die, and where no one knows how to distinguish between a trial and a sentence.

As soon as these judges of an exile who had not voluntarily broken any act of banishment, and whom force alone had brought within their jurisdiction, were designated by the governor of Paris, the First Consul ordered them to be summoned to the residence of Murat, there to receive instructions for their mission.

He ordered the minister of war to assemble (at the Barrière Saint Antoine, the nearest point to Vincennes,) a brigade of infantry, in barracks at that faubourg. This brigade, an imposing force, out of proportion to all ordinary circumstances, was further to join a legion of gendarmerie d'élite, of whom General Savary, aide-de-camp of the Consul, was colonel. Savary, a sure and principal actor in the tragedy—the eye and the hand of the First Consul in the affair—was, during the short period of the trial, to command in chief the brigade of troops of the line, the legion, and the fortress itself. Harel disappeared before this supreme executioner of his master's designs. Savary received an order in the evening to present himself at the residence of the governor of Paris, and to give him preliminary information of the measures concerted at Malmaison, and at the war office, for the military dispositions which concerned him in the general plan of the night.

Maret, who was returning from Malmaison to Paris, received, from the hands of the First Consul, copies of the same dispositions for the chief of police, Réal; who was also, it is said, to have gone to interrogate the prisoner on his arrival at

Vincennes. On the order which was given to Réal, and the accidental and improbable circumstances which might have prevented it from taking effect, a system of excuse, or extenuation of the crime, has been founded, which we shall expose at a later period. All these measures being taken, night came on, and Malmaison awaited the result.

V.

Savary, who left Malmaison at five o'clock, had received from Bonaparte in his cabinet, and from his own hand, the sealed letter containing the instructions he was sending by Savary to Murat. On arriving at Murat's residence, Savary met M. de Talleyrand in the court-yard, as he was leaving the hotel. He then entered to see the governor of Paris. Whether Murat was really ill on that day, or whether he was repugnant, as well as his wife, to the odious act which was known beforehand to them both; or whether he did not wish to incur the future responsibility of any direct and active intervention in an act of cruelty capable of one day tarnishing his fame, he attributed to illness, real or feigned, his immobility in the transaction. He seemed to be unable to stand or superintend personally the execution of the military orders. He contented himself with saying to Savary, whom he did not like, "You must know the orders you have received: execute them as far as you are concerned."

Savary went away, and going to the barracks of the legion of gendarmerie d'élite, of which he was colonel, he paraded them, directed them to march on Vincennes, and then proceeded to the Barrière Saint Antoine, to assume there, in virtue of the Consul's orders, the command of the brigade of infantry, which had been given to him Malmaison. He arrived at Vincennes with these forces at eight o'clock in the evening: he drew up his brigade of infantry of the line on the esplanade which faces the forest, and he marched his legion of gendarmerie into the court, placing guards of gendarmes at all the entrances, with orders to intercept all communication from without, under any pretext whatever. This arrangement suffi-

ciently indicates that no counter-orders were expected from Paris or from Malmaison.

VI.

At the same time Hullin, president of the court-martial, attended the summons of the governor of Paris, as also the judge-advocate and the members of the court, at the residence of Murat, there to receive their instructions. Murat ordered them to proceed to Vincennes, and he gave them the official order which constituted them a tribunal. The last paragraph of this decree directed: "That they should assemble immediately at Vincennes, to try there, *without leaving the spot*, the accused, on the charges set forth in the act of the government." These officers set off in succession for Vincennes. Their assembling at Murat's residence, the drawing up of the orders, their leaving Paris, and the journey from the Barrière Saint Antoine to the chateau, had taken some hours; and night was advancing when they were all assembled in the quarters of the commandant Harel. This functionary prepared the same saloon where he had bestowed his hospitality on the prince, as a tribunal to try him; and the president Hullin distributed to his colleagues the documents connected with the accusation. According to the usual form he ordered the commandant Harel to go and conduct the prisoner into the chamber adjoining the saloon, to be examined by the judge-advocate of the court-martial, d'Autencourt. The judges conversed together round the fire, while waiting for the completion of these formalities. Savary and some other inhabitants of the castle were moving about on the staircases, in the commandant's rooms, and even within the saloon, soon to be changed into a court of military judgment: all was melancholy and silent.

When we thus see in one glance, and at a distance, the picture reversed of a murder, the judge who trembles and the victim who sleeps, do we not naturally in thought exchange the parts? And would we not a thousand times rather have been the condemned than the executioner? But in times ripe for servitude instruments are to be found for any atrocity.

VII.

While these hasty preparations for the death of the Duke d'Enghien were making at Malmaison, at Paris, and so near him at Vincennes, the prisoner had gone to bed with the fullest confidence, and was enjoying the profound sleep of weariness, of youth, and of innocence, by the side of his judges, who were already seated to condemn him. Savary had posted in his anti-chamber a lieutenant and two gendarmes d'élite; and he sent them an order to bring their prisoner before the council, assembled in the chamber of the commandant of the chateau.

It was eleven o'clock at night, when the lieutenant Noirot and the two gendarmes, Thersis and Lerva, entered the room where the young prince was asleep. These men had tender hearts under the rude uniform of their profession; and they have since avowed how much it cost them to interrupt thus, by the summons of death, the only happiness which a captive can taste, and how gladly they would have prolonged, at least for some minutes, the repose or the dreams of the prince, who was a soldier like themselves. But the tribunal and Savary were waiting.

They awoke the prince without precipitation, and without harshness of word or gesture, and he could perceive pity in their eyes and in their accents. He dressed himself in the same clothes as the evening before. He buttoned his gaiters, and put on his travelling cap, uncertain whether they had called him to make an appearance or to depart, and he permitted his dog which had slept at his feet to follow him. He then went with the lieutenant and the two gendarmes through the staircases, the corridors, and the courts, and was introduced into the chamber adjoining the saloon of Harel, where he found himself in the presence of the judge-advocate d'Autencourt. It was then midnight, as it appears by the date of the examination. The commander of the squadron of gendarmes, Jaquin, accompanied him.

VIII.

To the questions proposed by the judge-advocate, he replied, that his name was Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, born at Chantilly, the Versailles of the Condés:—that he had quitted France at a period which he scarcely recollected, under the guidance of the Prince de Condé, his grandfather, and of his father the Duke de Bourbon:—that he had wandered about Europe with his family; then entered into the army of his grandfather, and served during the war:—that this army having been disbanded he had inhabited for his amusement the mountains of the Tyrol, visited Switzerland as a traveller; and that, finally, having demanded of the Prince de Rohan permission to reside on his estates of the Duchy of Baden, he had fixed himself at Ettenheim:—that he had never been in England; but that, nevertheless, he subsisted on the subsidy which that power made to the refugee princes, and that he had nothing to live on but that pension:—that private reasons, and his passion for field sports, were the principal motives of his preference for Ettenheim:—that he naturally corresponded with his father and his grandfather—the only ties he had upon foreign ground:—that he had the rank of commandant of the advance-guard of the army of Condé in 1796:—that he never had the least connection with General Pichegru:—that this general had expressed a wish to see him:—that he congratulated himself, and made it his pride not to have seen him, after the base means which this general had been accused of employing, presuming that that accusation was true:—that neither did he know Dumouriez:—that he had sometimes written to France to old comrades, friends, and companions in arms, who were still attached to him; but that his correspondence was not of the nature of those which could be incriminated. The prince, after these replies, modest, distinct and frank as his own soul, had to sign the interrogatories, in the presence of the officers and the gendarmes. But addressing himself to the judge-advocate d'Autencourt, he expressed a desire to him to have an interview with the First

Consul. We have seen that, from the first moment of his arrest, he had constantly turned over this thought in his mind. He did not believe that a suspicion could subsist between the look of the hero and that of the soldier, and that they would understand one another in their first meeting. D'Autencourt recommended him to write this with with his own hand at the bottom of the interrogatories, since that document would be submitted to the court-martial. The prince took the pen, and wrote as follows:—

"Before I sign the present proceedings I entreat permission to have a private audience with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my habits of thought, and the horror of my situation, lead me to hope that he will not refuse my demand."

IX.

The judge-advocate, leaving the duke alone with his guardians, carried the document to the court. The judges read it, received from it the impressions which they seem to have been ordered to receive, by the artificial position of the questions drawn up by the act of government, and conversed briefly together about the wish expressed by the accused to see the First Consul. Some of the members were of opinion that judgment should be deferred until this wish had been transmitted to Malmaison. One hour, and a mounted gendarme would suffice for this; and death, if it were necessary to pronounce it after, might still be inflicted before day-break. The man who was supposed to be in possession of the private wishes of the government, said, that this respite and this appeal to a direct communication with Bonaparte did not seem to him to enter into the views of the First Consul. The court therefore rejected the wish of the prince, and declared that he should be immediately tried.

X.

The door was opened, and he found himself suddenly in the presence of his judges. To fulfil the letter of the law, which rendered a false appearance of publicity necessary, the tribunal

which sat in judgment at night, guarded by a legion of gendarmerie, and under the roof of a state prison, allowed a few officers and inhabitants of the chateau to be present in the hall and its approaches. These spectators were deeply moved at the youthfulness, the modesty, the firm dignity, and, above all, the undaunted attitude of the prisoner; and the last hour of the Duke d'Enghien was recorded in their memory to the honour of his race and the justice of posterity.

The president Hullin was a man of soldier-like stature and physiognomy. Born in the mountains of Switzerland, he had come to Paris as an artisan before the Revolution, entered the service of the Marquis de Conflans, taken a part in the revolutionary scenes of the 14th of July, was one of the populace who took the Bastile, and was afterwards, as a volunteer, distinguished in our camp by his intrepidity. This officer being devoted to his profession, and of a passive character, was well chosen as the chief of such an impassible tribunal. He added nothing to the rigour of such a mission by any harshness of his own, nor did he retrench anything from it by indulgence. It was painful to him to give judgment; but he did so without asking himself from whence came the person before him, or whether an abduction in a foreign territory justified this accusation, according to conscience and humanity, or according to the law.

He addressed to the accused, one by one, the same questions that had been put and replied to in the examination, and the prince answered them with the same precision and sincerity; repelling, with honest indignation, the bare supposition of his plotting against the life of the First Consul, and of his participation with the conspirators Georges, Pichegru, and others. He revolted, with all the loftiness of his soul, against a species of warfare which would give victory the appearance of crime; and the energy and sincerity of his manner carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers, as did the evidence to their minds.

"But nevertheless, Sir," said Hullin to him, "how will you persuade us that you were so completely ignorant, as you say you were, of what was passing in France, when the whole world was informed thereof; and that with your rank and

birth, of which you take so much care to remind us, you can have remained indifferent to events of such weighty importance, and the results of which must have been to your advantage? By the way in which you answer us, you appear to misapprehend your position. Take care; this may become serious, and military commissions judge without appeal."

Were these words prompted by the impatience of the judge seeking the pretext of an avowal to appease conscience? or were they a warning to the accused to change his mode of defence and appeal, not to justice, but to mercy? as Hullin has since pretended, but which nothing then revealed. The trial by night, the hurry of the proceedings, the neglect of formalities, the sham publicity, the number and aspect of the troops under arms, and the hints of Savary not to insist on an interview with the First Consul, sufficiently indicated a predetermination of speedy and irrevocable execution. The prince, by confessing any imaginary conspiracy, would have violated both his truth and his innocence without gaining a single hour of life from those already numbered at Malmaison.

XI.

With his hands over his eyes, he meditated for a moment, no doubt, on what had been demanded of him; and then said,—"I can only, Sir, repeat to you what I have already said. Hearing that war had been declared, I applied for a commission to serve in the armies of England. The English government replied that they could not give me one; but that I should remain on the banks of the Rhine, where I should very soon have a part to play, and I waited accordingly. This, Sir, is all that I can tell you."*

Hullin relates that the judges several times endeavoured indirectly to make the accused deviate from this course of sincerity, which, according to them, prevented their absolving him, and to lead him into confessions or perversions of the truth and excuses to which he would not have recourse. "I perceive, with feelings of gratitude," said the prince, who was sensible of these indications of clemency, "the honourable in-

tentions of the members of the commission; but I cannot make use of the means which they seem to offer me. I am aware of my danger, but will not avoid it by any unworthy subterfuge. I only request an interview with the First Consul." This terminated the defence.

Hullin then ordered the accused to be withdrawn, and Savary, the officers of the legion of gendarmerie and of the line, and the spectators also retired to allow the judges to deliberate in silence and secrecy. Their deliberation lasted no longer than was required by decency to give the judges an appearance of having reflected, when with a unanimous voice, they pronounced him guilty, awarded the penalty, and condemned him to death.

"Let it go forth," said the president of this tribunal, "to the times in which we live, that, having been appointed judges, we have been compelled to give judgment under the penalty of being judged ourselves!"

They forgot, however, that they could not be judges without a culprit, and that he who was brought before them was not amenable to their tribunal, but was an exile dragged before his enemies with the bayonet at his throat. They also forgot that they would indeed be judged by the equity of the world, by their own conscience, and by the Almighty.

The prince had had no advocate. Hullin laid the blame of thus depriving the accused of an advocate, which was allowed him by all civilized laws, to the negligence of the judge-advocate d'Autencourt and not one of the judges had reminded the president of this duty. The prince either disdained to ask for one, or did not know that the law allowed him to have one.

XII.

As soon as the judgment was pronounced, and even before it was drawn up, Hullin sent to inform Savary and the judge-advocate of the sentence of death, in order that they might take their measures for its execution. It seemed as if the time was equally pressing to the tribunal as to those who awaited their decision, and as if an invisible genius was hurry-

ing along the acts, formalities, and hours, in order that the morning's sun might not witness the deeds of the night. Hullin and his colleagues remained in the hall of council, and drew up at random the judgment they had just given; and this short and unskilfully prepared document (summing up a whole examination in two questions and two answers) terminated with the order to execute the sentence forthwith.

XIII.

Savary had not waited for this order to be written before he prepared for its execution, and had already marked out the spot. The court and the esplanade being encumbered with troops, by the presence of the brigade of infantry, and the legion of gendarmes d'élite, no safe place could be found there in which the fire of a platoon did not run the risk of striking a soldier or a spectator. No doubt it was also feared that too great publicity would thus be given to the murder in the midst of an army; that the scene of the execution was too distant from the place of sepulture; and that feelings of pity and horror would pervade the ranks at the sight of this young man's mangled corpse. The moat of the chateau, however, offered the means of avoiding all these dangers, as it would conceal the murder as well as the victim. This place was accordingly chosen.

Harel received orders to give up the keys of the steps and iron gateways, which descended from the towers, and opened on the foundations of the chateau, to point out the different outlets and sites, and to procure a gravedigger to commence digging a grave while the man for whom it was intended still breathed. A poor working gardener of the chateau, named Bontemps, was awakened, and his work pointed out to him. He was furnished with a lantern to guide him through the labyrinth of the moat, and light him while he dug it up. Bontemps descended with his shovel and pickaxe to the bottom of the moat, and finding the ground all about dry and hard, he recollected that they had begun to dig a trench the evening before, at the foot of the Queen's Pavilion, in the angle formed

by the tower and a little wall breast high, for the purpose, it was said, of depositing rubbish in it. He accordingly went to the foot of the tower, marked out in paces the measure of a man's body extended at length, and dug in the earth, that had been already moved, a grave for the corpse they were preparing for it. The Duke d'Enghien could have heard from his window, over the humming noise of the troops below, the dull and regular sound of the pickaxe which was digging his last couch.

Savary, at the same time, marched down and arranged slowly in the moat the detachments of troops who were to witness this military death, and ordered the firing party to load their muskets.

XIV.

The prince was far from suspecting either so much rigour or so much haste on the part of his judges. He did not doubt that even a sentence of death, if awarded by the commission, would give occasion for an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of the First Consul. He had granted an amnesty to emigrants taken with arms in their hands; how could it be doubted then that he who pardoned obscure and culpable exiles would not honour himself by an act of justice, or clemency, towards an illustrious prince, beloved by all Europe, and innocent of all crime?

He had been taken back, after his interrogatories and his appearance before the military commission, into the room where he had slept. He entered it without exhibiting any of that fright which prisoners experience in the anxiety and uncertainty of their sentence. With a serene countenance and unoccupied mind, he conversed with his gendarmes, and played with his dog. Lieutenant Noirot, who was on guard over him, had formerly served in a regiment of cavalry commanded by a colonel who was a friend of the prince of Condé. He had also seen the Duke d'Enghien, when a child, sometimes accompany his father to reviews and field days of the regiment; and he reminded the prince of that period and these circumstances of his youth. The duke smiled at these reminiscences, and renewed them himself by other recollections of his infancy,

which mingled with those of Noirot. He inquired, with a curiosity full of interest, about the career of this officer since that epoch, of the campaigns he had made, of the battles in which he had been engaged, of the promotion he had received, of his present rank, his expectations, and his partiality for the service. He seemed to find a lively pleasure in this conversation on the past with a brave officer, who spoke to him with the accent and the heart of a man who would gladly indulge in pity, were it not for the severity of duty.

XV.

A noise of footsteps, advancing slowly towards the chamber, interrupted this agreeable and last indulgence of captivity. It was the commandant of Vincennes, Harel, accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmerie of the village Aufort. This friend of Harel's had been permitted to remain in one of the commandant's rooms, after having ordered the prince's supper, and from thence he had heard or seen all the events of the night. Harel, agitated and trembling at the mission he had to fulfil, had permitted Aufort to follow and assist him in his message to the prisoner.

They saluted the prince respectfully; but neither of them had the firmness to acquaint him with the truth. The dejected attitude and trembling voice of Harel alone revealed to the eye and to the heart of the prince a fatal presentiment of the rigour of his judges. He thought they now came for him only to hear his sentence read. Harel desired him, on the part of the tribunal, to follow him, and he went before with a lantern in his hand, through the corridors, the passages, and the courts it was necessary to cross, to arrive at the building called the "Devil's Tower." The interior of this tower contained the only staircase and the only door descending to, and opening into, the lowest moat. The prince appeared to hesitate two or three times on going into this suspicious tower, like a victim which smells the blood, and which resists and turns back its head on crossing the threshold of a slaughter house.

Savary, while waiting till the prisoner had descended to

the place of execution, and till the detachments and firing party had been drawn up on the ground, was warming himself, standing by Harel's fire, in the hall where the trial had taken place. Hullin, after having sent off his *procès verbal* of condemnation, was sitting at the table, with his back turned towards Savary. Hoping that the sentence would be commuted by the power and clemency of the First Consul, he began reading, in his own name and in the name of all his colleagues, a letter to Bonaparte, to communicate to him the desire that the accused had expressed of obtaining an audience of him, and to supplicate him to remit a punishment, which the rigour of their functions alone had forced them to award. "What are you doing?" said the man after Bonaparte's heart, approaching Hullin. "I am writing to the First Consul," said the president, "to acquaint him with the request of the condemned, and the wishes of the council." But Savary, taking the pen from the hands of the president, said to him, "Your business is done; all the rest concerns me."

Hullin yielded to the authority of the general, who had the superior command of the castle, and arose mortified at being deprived of the privilege of recommending a prisoner to mercy, which is inherent in all tribunals and military commissions. He thought that Savary claimed this privilege for himself; and he complained to his colleagues of a despotism which left the remorse more heavy on their consciences. He then prepared to return with them to Paris.

XVI.

Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a dungeon. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot, as he addressed his guides in front:—"Where are you conducting

me?" he demanded with a stifled voice. "If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon I would rather die this instant."

"Sir," replied Harel, turning round, "follow me, and summon up all your courage."

The prince partly comprehended him, and followed.

XVII.

They at length issued from the winding staircase through a low postern, which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which had concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of the troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing party, selected for the execution, was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants, threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly dug grave. The prince stopped at a sign from his guides, within a few paces of the firing party. He saw his fate at a glance; but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above, and on the drawbridge which led into the forest of Vincennes.

XVIII.

Adjutant Pellé, who commanded the detachment, advanced, with his eyes lowered, towards the prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The prince listened, without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to show his enemies that

he knew how to die. Two feelings alone seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence; one was to invoke the aid of religion to sooth his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on the earth.

He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night, which was to cover every thing. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation; and one brutal fellow, from the midst of a group, called out, in a tone of irony,—"Do you wish then to die like a Capuchin?"

The prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning towards the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked, in a loud voice, if there was any one amongst them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noirot advanced from the group, and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low voice, and Noirot, turning towards the side occupied by the troops, said:—"Gendarmes, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?" The gendarmes searched their cartridge boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the prince. He took off his cap, cut off one of the locks of his hair, drew a letter from his pocket, and a ring from his finger; then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan, at Ettenheim.

This love message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice recommended his soul to God. He then made five or six paces to place himself in front of the firing party, whose loaded muskets he saw glimmering at a short

distance. The light of a large lantern, containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth, without a cry and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three.

Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon anything but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more.

His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot, and given to one of the prince's servants, who took him to the Princess Charlotte,—the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore.

XIX.

They placed him, dressed as he was, in the grave dug under the wall; and they buried with him his money, his watch, his rings, his trinkets, and a chain that he wore round his neck. They took nothing from the pocket of his coat but the diary of his journey, which Hullin put under cover, and addressed to Réal for the First Consul.

Savary marched back his troops to Paris before day, and Murat's aide-de-camp, General Brunet, an unwilling and horror-struck witness of the scenes of the night, went to make his report to the governor of Paris. Murat shed some tears. He seemed to have a presentiment of a similar fate which awaited himself, equally brave but less innocent, on the beach of the

bay of Naples. Savary, on the march back to Paris, met Réal, who was going, he said, to Vincennes, to interrogate the Duke d'Enghien, and who seemed to be confounded at so prompt an execution. They both proceeded rapidly, without going through Paris, to Malmaison, to acquaint the First Consul with the event.

There has since been grounded—upon this hypothesis of Réal going too late to Vincennes, owing to a fatally prolonged sleep, and to a confusion of orders imperfectly understood—a system of excuses which would throw upon chance the whole crime of such a death. It is impossible to argue such a point, or to believe it. This system may exonerate Réal, but it cannot absolve the First Consul. How could they have made so many preparations, and crowded so many instruments of judgment and of execution into one single night, if the condemnation and death of the prince had not been determined upon? Was the life or death of the last of the Condés (carried off by an armed force, and murdered in a ditch,) which was to astonish and agitate all Europe, so trifling an event in the fame and the political career of Bonaparte, on the point of ascending a throne, that he should permit an aide-de-camp like Savary to deceive with impunity either his justice or his clemency? Was Bonaparte a man likely to permit others to shed, unknown to him, the blood of such a person? And if they had done so, would he have accepted the odious responsibility of it? Would he have tolerated and rewarded the authors of such a crime? No! everything indicates that he hastened the execution with a concealed hand; and that he only wished to leave floating over the transaction a species of uncertain chance, which might have disconcerted his clemency, in order to enjoy, at the same time, the advantages of the death and the popularity of the pardon.

Savary first arrived at Malmaison. The First Consul, who was not a man of early habits, had passed a sleepless night of anxiety, and perhaps of remorse. He was already in his cabinet, with his secretary Menneval, at daybreak. Savary made his report of the night's proceedings, and mentioned his tardy meeting with Réal on his return. Réal then entered, and in

his history recounted the misunderstanding, whether accidental or intentional, which had prevented him from arriving in time at Vincennes. Instead of the explosion of reproaches, of indignation and of anger, that such an execution should call forth from such a soul, on learning that they had stained his memory and annihilated his virtue, the First Consul listened to them in silence, without any sign of emotion or sorrow, and only said, "'Tis well!" From that time he extended his favours, and never ceased to load them with wealth and honours.

XX.

The following day, at the moment when the commandant Harel was passing over the drawbridge of the castle, to settle the account of the inn-keeper of Vincennes, who had supplied the supper of the Duke d'Enghien, a post-coach with four horses, in which were a young lady and an old gentleman, stopped at the inn door, where they inquired if a prisoner of distinction had not been shut up the evening before in the fortress. On a reply in the affirmative, from the boy who had served the supper of the prince, but who was ignorant of his name, the young lady and her companion got out of the carriage, and looked for a long time, with moistened eyes, upon the donjon and towers of the castle. A rumour afterwards spread about that it was the Princess Charlotte, hastening from the borders of the Rhine to implore a pardon for him that she loved, or to share with him his prison. She only arived in Paris in time to learn his death, and to mourn their eternal separation.

XXI.

The First Consul had said, "'Tis well!" But conscience, equity, and humanity protest alike against this satisfaction of a murderer who applauds himself. He claimed this crime to himself alone in his revelations at Saint Helena. Let him then keep it all to himself! He has mowed down millions of men by the hand of war; and mad humanity, partial against itself for what it calls glory, has pardoned him. He has slain

one alone cruelly, like a coward, in the dark, by the consciences of prevaricating judges, and by the balls of mercenary executioners, without risking his own breast, not as a warrior, but even as a murderer. Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon him this spilling of blood. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the palace of the Invalids, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out from one single block of granite, harmonizing with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand the sentinels of ages around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on his sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others,—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins, from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered by the light of a lantern at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, and of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shown, at the angle of a wall, round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marshmallows, and they exclaim—"It is there!" With a cry of indignation they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim, and an implacable resentment against the assassin!

This resentment is a vengeance for the past; but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterwards, to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour,—the victim has all eternity!

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

The Bourbons quit England—Indifference of the French and the Allies towards the Bourbons in January, 1814—The Count d'Artois enters France—His situation in the midst of the Allies—The Duke d'Angoulême disembarks in Spain—His proclamations—Order of the day of Marshal Soult—Attitude of Wellington—Royalist conspiracy at Bordeaux—The Duke d'Angoulême enters Bordeaux—The Duke de Berry at Jersey—State of the Royalist parties at Paris—Discussions between the Senate and the Abbé de Montesquiou, Commissioner of Louis XVIII.—Recognition of Louis XVIII. as King of France by the Senate, April 6, 1814—Departure of the Count d'Artois from Nancy—His entry into Paris—The Senate recognises him as Lieutenant-general of the kingdom—Reception of the Senate and the Legislative Body by the Count d'Artois—He nominates a Council of government—M. de Vitrolles—Convention of 23rd of April—Deputation of the Count de Bruges and of Pozzo di Borgo to Louis XVIII.—Departure of Louis XVIII. from Hartwell, 18th April—His entry into London—His arrival at Dover—His speech to the Prince Regent—He sails for France, and disembarks at Calais—He passes through Boulogne, Montreuil, Abbeville, and Amiens—His halt at Compiègne—Deputation of the Marshals of Napoleon—Speech of Berthier—Deputation of the Legislative Body—Conference of Louis XVIII. with the Emperor Alexander—The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia arrive at Compiègne—Dinner of the Sovereigns.

I.

Such was the family of the Bourbons, with its old men, its men of mature age, its young princes, all who were present, and all who were absent; its victims and its souvenirs constituting a portion of its name, in the thoughts and in the memory of Europe, at the moment Napoleon was taking leave of Fontainebleau.

The symptoms of his decline, and the hopes of his ruin had not left the members of this family indifferent, or inactive, during the campaign of Paris. The policy of Louis XVIII. at

Hartwell was prepared to dispute and to gather the inheritance of the throne which the Empire was going to leave vacant. This enlightened prince, at once patient and solicitous for the reign that was approaching him, did not wish that his dynasty should attempt on the continent adventures disproportioned to its strength. He knew that his power lay in his name, and in the hereditary principle of that power, which victorious Europe would be induced to uphold, to found something analogous to itself in France. He considered himself as a dogma, and not as a Pretender. The word legitimacy, which so well expressed this principle and this dogma, had been adapted and made popular by M. de Talleyrand; but it had been invented by Louis XVIII. at Hartwell. The impatience of the Count d'Artois, and of his little court of chivalry, could not reconcile itself to these slow proceedings. This prince and his friends ardently desired to throw themselves into the midst of events and the midst of the allies in France, to take advantage of circumstances, to form again in the interior, if possible, an army of princes, to invite the cabinets of the coalesced sovereigns to the object of their wishes, to prevent a peace with Napoleon and, above all, to substitute themselves, by some explosion of royalist opinion, to the regency of Marie-Louise, to the proclamation of a second Empire on the head of Napoleon II., or to the republican enterprises of the Senate, which, after having sold its ambition to despotism, might attempt to perpetuate it by selling it to the Republic.

II.

Louis XVIII., who equally dreaded the levity and the ardour to reign, or self-importance of his brother, had retarded, as much as he could with decency, the impatience to proceed to the continent, which devoured the soul of the Count d'Artois. This was a wise thought. The Bourbons, to be powerful and popular in France, in the event of a Restoration, should have been called by the nation as saviours after the conquest, and not presented, patronised, or imposed by the hands of the conquerors. This would be a stain which would extend over all

their reigns, and which would entirely falsify their position. Mixed up by the nation with its reverses and with the foreign armies, these princes would thus unjustly appear to make a part of its sorrows and its humiliations. But thoughts so provident and so wise did not enter into the precipitate and superficial councils of the Count d'Artois. The policy of these two brothers was already as opposite in the land of their exile as it was to be on their native soil. Louis XVIII. appeared to the Count d'Artois a pedagogue, sedentary and pedantic, badly cured of the philosophical and revolutionary doctrines of 1789, a sort of crowned Jacobin. The Count d'Artois, in the eyes of Louis XVIII., was still the theatrical hero of Coblentz, with a good heart, a weak understanding, an age advanced without maturity, youth and giddiness under grey hairs, a policy of prejudices, a brother, in short, compromising and dangerous. But the common cause and hopes united them, and forced them to an appearance of acting in concert. Louis XVIII. could, therefore, only employ over his brother the influence of title, of age, and of counsel, without constraining him by an authority which would have wounded and divided the family, before the royalist emigrants, and in the face of Europe.

Amongst the young princes, the Duke de Berry, his father's favourite, appeared to follow the premature and adventurous policy of the Count d'Artois; the other, the Duke d'Angoulême, with a modest spirit, reflective and subordinate, was obedient to the inspirations of his uncle Louis XVIII. The Duchess d'Angoulême, equally venerated by both courts, of London and of Hartwell, the victim of the Revolution, had no other policy than her tears and her resentment against the persecutors of her father. Everything which dated from his scaffold appeared to her either madness or crime. No one could blame those prejudices which were, so to speak, sanctified in her by filial piety and by the blood of her family. But this princess had, more than any member of her family, that manliness of heart, and that intrepidity of resolution which she had received from the veins of Maria Theresa. She did all in her power to infuse their heroism into the mind of her husband.

III.

Louis XVIII. yielded then, rather than agreed from conviction, to the entreaties of the Count d'Artois and of his nephews, that they should quit England, and risk themselves on the continent in the mêlée of events which the Coalition was about to produce in France. The British Government granted a passage to these princes on the 14th of January, 1814, on board English ships of war. They sailed with the vague hope of finding a throne under the wrecks with which war and policy were about to overwhelm their country; but they were not summoned thither by any party. La Vendée was torpid, the south was waiting the march of events, public opinion looked on, the centre was arming, the army was fighting. Paris, ruled by the Imperial court, by the functionaries, by the police, and by the national guard—that armed citizenship, indifferent about quarrels for the throne, but devoted to patriotism and good order—offered no handle for explosions of sentiment in favour of a forgotten dynasty. A murmur alone was beginning to rise here and there, for the name of that banished race which had ruled over our forefathers, and which appeared, in the rear of threatening events, like a resurrection, or an ultimate possibility of Providence. Some timid correspondents of Louis XVIII. scarcely ventured to give him, from time to time, some general information on the state of the public mind. Some Parisian saloons, and some chateaux flattered themselves mysteriously with the hope of a restoration of the dynasty of their hearts. Some light threads of royalist plots became visible, more like a chimera than a reality,—intrigues rather than conspiracies, dreams rather than enterprises, exaggerated by the self-importance and vanity of some speculators in public opinion. This was the state of France in January, 1814. The armies of the allies presented no greater opening and no greater handle to the designs of the three princes of the house of Bourbon. They were, however, about to try their chance.

IV

The Count d'Artois and his two sons divided amongst them the continent and the different frontiers of France. The Count resolved to throw himself into the midst of the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian armies, which were entering upon the north and east of France. He sent his eldest son, the Duke d'Angoulême, to Spain, to precede or to follow the great Anglo-Spanish army, which was advancing on the south and on the west. The Duke de Berry, his second son, the most rash in his resolutions, went to the island of Jersey, to go from thence in a vessel and land in Normandy, where the most puerile and the most perfidious information of the royalist agents of Hartwell, flattered him that he would be surrounded, on disembarking, by an army of 50,000 men, already organized under the *drapeau blanc.* Foreign lands always make Pretenders credulous, because the hope of once more seeing their country always goes for half in the illusions which interested agents make them conceive.

V.

The Count d'Artois disembarked in Holland, with a small court, which increased on the road—M. De Trogoff, De Wals, D'Escars, De Polignac, De Bruges, and his most assiduous counsellor, the Abbé de Latil. From Holland they ascended the Rhine on the German side, and entered France by Switzerland. He did not in any part precede the Austrian invasion, and the generals of this army gave him neither obstacle nor assistance. They allowed him to enter unperceived, like a simple emigrant, into the towns they occupied. The people, intimidated by the foreign occupation, did not move upon his passage. A few gentlemen, in small numbers, and with extreme circumspection, arrived only one by one, from the neighbouring towns and provinces, to present him with their fidelity, and submit to him a revival of the Coblentz plans, with

imaginary populations, indifferent until then about his name. After a short residence at Pontarlier he went to Vesoul. The recollection of the reported intrigues between Fouché, Borel, and Pichegru made him think that these departments of Franche Comté would rise on his approach, with the double fanaticism of Spanish catholicism and emigrant royalty. The prince was sadly undeceived at the first step. They saw him pass with indifference. The Austrian commandants refused to open the gates of Vesoul to him, and would not allow him to enter but as a simple traveller. He was forbidden to assume any title which might prejudice the question of the throne in France. Some visits, received in a hotel of the city, were the only reception he got from the populace. The congress of Chatillon, which was still negociating with the plenipotentiaries of Napoleon, chilled the souls of the people, and made a solitude around a prince who might be a king to-day and proscribed to-morrow.

VI.

But he hoped better things from the Russian armies, which occupied Lorraine. He demanded of them open protection and support for his cause; but the Russian generals harshly eluded his request. They authorized him, however, to go to Nancy, but alone, without cockade, without decoration, without any other political title than his name, and on condition that he would not lodge in any public edifice. The Count d'Artois, thus denationalized, repaired to Nancy, where he received the hospitality of a simple citizen. He there established a little centre of secret negociations with the generals of the allied powers, and still more misty manœuvres with the ambitious malcontents of the party of M. de Talleyrand, and with some royalists of Paris. The Baron de Vitrolles was the most active, the most insinuating, and the most intrepid agent of this wandering court. He penetrated even to the Emperor Alexander, and made this prince believe in an immense royalist cause which only existed in his wishes; he dispelled from his mind, and the minds of his ministers, the idea of the boundless power of Napoleon over the hearts of the French;

he flew from Paris to Nancy, from Nancy to Saint Dizier, from the Count d'Artois to M. de Talleyrand, from M. de Talleyrand to Fouché, from Fouché to the royalists, and from the royalists to the republicans, insinuating to this one a mission, forcing a word from another, here interpreting silence, there language, risking his liberty and his life on the high roads between the two armies. Importunate at first, very soon useful, and at once necessary to all, he thus combined, almost in himself, the threads of a triple royalist negociation, of which he had taken the initiative in his rash and agitating disposition

VII.

The Count d'Artois, discouraged and nearly surrounded at Nancy, by the reflux of the French army, and fearing the fate of the Duke d'Enghien, prepared to fly again from Lorraine, when M. de Vitrolles came to beg of him not to do violence to his fortune by such a step, but to maintain himself, even at the price of some dangers and some mortifications, on the line of events. He communicated to the prince the bold and decisive resolution which his counsels and those of Pozzo di Borgo had induced the Emperor Alexander and Blucher to take,—to march at all hazards directly upon Paris. Might not the prince, he said, expect everything from a capitulation of Paris, forced in the absence of the Emperor, from the embarrassment of the sovereigns in proclaiming a government in France, from the zeal of his friends, from the clever connivance of M. de Talleyrand, from the complicity of Fouché, from the weariness of the country, from the impatience for vengeance of the republican party, ready to compound for a liberal constitution, and, finally, from the movements in France.

VIII.

The Count d'Artois accordingly remained, and approached the capital step by step, in proportion as the foreigners opened the road for him. M. de Vitrolles, arrested for a moment by the French troops, then escaped, returned to Paris, and did

not cease to keep his new master acquainted with the secret manœuvres which he was brewing for his cause, with the familiars of M. de Talleyrand, with the republicans, and with the royalists of the high aristocracy of the faubourg Saint Germain. M. de Vitrolles had the art to make the army of the allies believe that he was the representative of an irresistible force in the interior, and to make the different parties of the capital believe that he had the promise of the allied powers in favour of the Bourbons. He was the frequent concoctor and intermediate agent, by himself, of three or four conspiracies. He conceived them; he planned and combined them in his head; and after he had thus persuaded them all that they were really in existence, he gave them up to events which could not fail to serve them. It was like the conspiracy of Malet, with the armies of Europe behind it, to give reality to the imagination of the night, when three men, from the depth of a prison, had engulfed the Empire, and created a government in imagination.

IX.

The Duke d'Angoulême found himself nearly in the same perplexity on the frontiers of Spain. He had disembarked at Saint Jean-de-Luz with some aides-de-camp, and he followed the retreats and advances of the English army, without receiving either power or encouragement from Lord Wellington. From the head quarters of this army, the young prince scattered royalist proclamations amongst the Pyrenees, and on the shores of the ocean. "I am come," said he; "I am in France; I come to break your chains; I come to display the *drapeau blanc*. Rally round me, Frenchmen! Let us march together to the overthrow of tyranny. My hopes will not be deceived. I am the son of your kings, and you are Frenchmen!"

Marshal Soult, who commanded the French army opposed to that of Wellington, replied to this seduction of his troops, by addresses to his own soldiers, who repulsed with indignant insults these incentives to the defection of the army.

"Soldiers!" said the still faithful lieutenant of Napoleon,

"the general who commands the army, against which we are fighting every day, has the impudence to provoke you to sedition. He speaks of peace, and calls you to a civil war! They have the infamy to excite you to betray your oaths to the Emperor. This offence can only be avenged in blood. To arms! Let us devote to public opprobrium and execration all those French who would favour the insidious projects of our enemies. Let us fight to the last the enemies of our august Emperor and of our country! Hatred to all traitors! War to the death to those who would attempt to divide us! Let us contemplate the prodigious efforts of our great Emperor, and his signal victories, and let us die with arms in our hands rather than survive our honour!"

X.

These reproaches of Soult against Wellington were unjust. The English general remained inflexible to the solicitations of the friends of the Duke d'Angoulême, and refused, with a prudent and blunt fidelity, all encouragement to the cause of the Bourbons, lest he might have to abandon after he had compromised it. The secret correspondence of this general with his government, with the conspirators of Bordeaux, and with the Duke d'Angoulême himself, since published, attest a probity of character and a reserve in promising, which do honour to his command. Wellington was, on the southern frontier, the general of the British government, which, of all others, was the one that had the fewest measures to keep with the Emperor. The insurrection of the Pyrenees, of Bordeaux, and of Toulouse, might essentially assist his military operations. The *drapeau blanc*, displayed in the provinces on the faith of the support of England to that cause, might carry off whole departments and corps d'armée from the standard of Soult: but Wellington would not purchase these advantages at the price of falsehood, or even of the concealment of his real intentions. He did not wish to expose the royalists to temptations, to insurrection without acknowledgment, which would deliver them afterwards to the vengeance of Bonaparte. He

wrote constantly to his government to deter it from these incitements to royalty.

"Twenty years have elapsed," he wrote to the prime minister, "since the princes of the house of Bourbon have quitted France. They are less known in France than the princes of any other royal house of Europe. It is necessary, doubtless, for the peace of the world, that Europe should expel Bonaparte; but that he should be replaced by a prince of the house of Bourbon, or by any other prince of royal lineage, is of little consequence."

He wrote with equal frankness and severity to the Duke d'Angoulême, to reproach him, or to interdict him from using any language which might represent to the French people that he was supported by the Duke of Wellington.

XI.

For five whole months the Duke of Wellington persisted in the same coldness, and the Duke d'Angoulême lingered at the outposts under the same discouragement. The English army regulated its advance upon Bordeaux according to the progress which the armies of Alexander and of Blucher were making in the north. The infallible genius of Wellington, everywhere and at all times, was prudence. To advance a little,—never to fall back, but rather to die in the position taken up, and to leave nothing to fortune but its chances,—this is the greatness of the English Hannibal. Bordeaux called to him in vain; he did not listen.

This great city was impatient to throw off the yoke of Napoleon. Bordeaux was at once the city of the Girondists and of the Vendéans; revolutionary, liberal, and intelligent as the friends of Vergniaud; royal, enthusiastic, and daring as Charette and La Rochejaquelein; and the connecting tie of the west and the south. Bordeaux was, moreover, a commercial city, the great port of our colonies, and the harbour of our merchant navy, at that time stagnating in its waters, instead of exporting to London and the Baltic the wines of Gironde, and bringing from St. Domingo the rich cargoes of our sugars

and our coffees. Under all these titles Bordeaux was the city of opposition to the government of Bonaparte. This government of war and of despotism had annihilated thought, branded eloquence as a crime, mutilated liberty, sold Louisiana, disdained or lost the colonies, blocked up the seas, destroyed maritime commerce, and reduced Bordeaux to penury and humiliation. Every class of the population, sailors, merchants, advocates, farmers,—all opinions, revolution or royalism, were mingled together in one universal hatred of the iron regime of Napoleon. Bordeaux longed for the fall of his despotism, as insuring its own resurrection. No city, therefore, could be better chosen for the centre of a secret conspiracy, and the focus of a decisive explosion, against an Empire which weighed heavily on the affections in La Vendée, on opinions in the Gironde, and on the interests of the whole of this blockaded shore of the ocean.

XII.

This conspiracy had been organized there since the Russian disasters, between a small number of the inhabitants of Bordeaux of all classes, and some gentlemen of La Vendée. These open conspirators had no occasion to confide their secret views to the multitude; for they were certain to follow on the very day when the conspiracy should be ripe for exploding. The hearts of the crowd were almost unanimous for the conspirators, and the national war had only to change its colours to be the army of an insurrection. The municipal authorities of the city, and M. Linch, mayor of Bordeaux, came to an understanding with M. de la Rochejaquelein, brother to the hero of La Vendée, and with the emissaries of the Duke d'Angoulême. Strange to say, it was the English general himself who restrained the explosion of Bordeaux. The royalist committee of this city had sent him several deputations, soliciting him to advance with confidence, and occupy the city; but this he declined doing. General Lord Beresford, who commanded the advance-guard, at length received orders to approach the city; but, at the same time, he received an order from Lord Wellington to abstain rigidly from exciting any insurrection against

the imperial government, and from entering into any engagement with the speculative cause of the Bourbons. Lord Beresford, more strongly influenced than his general by the entreaties of the Duke d'Angoulême and by the enthusiasm of Bordeaux, advanced on the city with 15,000 men, and tolerated the presence of the Duke d'Angoulême at his head quarters. On his approach the conspiracy broke out. The commissioner of Louis XVIII., M. de Saint Germain, went to the Hotel de Ville, accompanied by all the royalist youth of the country, confirmed the mayor, M. Linch, and the municipal council in their functions, who became supreme on the flight of the imperial authorities. M. de Saint Germain administered to them the oath of fidelity to the King.

On the following day, the 12th March, the whole city accompanied their magistrates to meet the Duke d'Angoulême, who was advancing with the English army. The authorities, on seeing him, tore off the symbols of the Empire, which they had till then worn, threw them in the dust, and hoisted the white cockade. "Take care," said Beresford to them; "perhaps you ruin yourselves the moment you repudiate Napoleon. The allied powers are still negociating with him at the congress of Chatillon. However, you are your own masters. Your resolutions do not concern me. I take possession of your city, in the name of the belligerent powers."

XIII.

The Duke d'Angoulême marched alone, at a certain distance from the English columns, surrounded by the youth of Bourdeaux and of La Vendée. This cortège, with cries of "Vive le Roi!" carried with it the excited populace; and the duke responded to the acclamations of the people by promises which resounded joyfully in the heart of the country: "No more war! no more conscription! no more duty on wines!" The *drapeau blanc* was suddenly unfolded on all the public edifices, and, floating from the windows of all the houses, saluted the return of the exiled dynasty. M. Lainé, whose courage and the anger of Bonaparte had pointed out to the esteem and

popularity of La Gironde—a man who pleased the republicans by his opinions, the royalists by his horror of tyranny, and all by his eloquence and his virtue—was invested with supreme authority, in the name of the consummated revolution. This stroke convulsed the south, and produced corresponding movements in the centre of the Empire.

XIV.

But it did not affect Lord Wellington. This general, tempted in vain by M. Linch, by the Duke d'Angoulême, and by the royalists of the two provinces, refused to go to the extremity of taking on his own responsibility the revolutionary movements which he was entreated to support, by sending some troops into the rising provinces. He reprimanded Lord Beresford for having shown the least public preference for the royalist cause, and he repulsed, with inflexibility, the demands of the Duke d'Angoulême.

"It is against my advice and my opinion," he replied to this prince, after the 12th of March, "that certain persons of the city of Bordeaux have thought proper to proclaim King Louis XVIII. These persons have not given themselves any trouble; they have not furnished one farthing, nor levied a single soldier to sustain their cause; and now, because they have incurred some danger, they accuse me of not supporting them with my troops. I don't know if I am not going beyond the line of my duty in lending your cause the least protection or the slightest support. The public must know the truth. If within ten days more you do not contradict the proclamation of the Mayor of Bordeaux, which assigns to me the duty of protecting the Bordeaux royalists, I shall publicly falsify it myself."

But while Lord Wellington was thus rigidly keeping himself in reserve, the course of events at Paris was leading France and the allies to the complete overthrow of the Empire.

With respect to the Duke de Berry being speedily undeceived as to the pretended insurrection in Normandy, which

was to receive him on the shore, and to conduct him in triumph to the very gates of Paris, he remained in the island of Jersey in sight of France, apprehending a snare of the police of Bonaparte, in every new proposal of a landing which he received from the west. He still, however, maintained some insignificant correspondence with the subaltern agents of royalism in Paris; and he did not leave the island for that city until after the revolution had been completed, and quietly secured on the throne with his uncle Louis XVIII.

XV.

We have left Paris, after the entrance of the allies, fluctuating between the different parties which the irretrievable downfall of Napoleon, now universally hailed, left in France. We have beheld the small number of royalists issuing from the noble families, or the literary and liberal clubs of the capital, meet together, the day of the entry of the sovereigns, on the Boulevards, declare themselves for the return of the Bourbons, and endeavour (without opposition, although without support from the populace who were equally disaffected towards the Empire) to deceive the eyes of the strangers, as to their strength, by the energy of their enthusiasm. Every succeeding hour had given them more stability and more audacity. Paris and all France were in one of those periods of prostration and fluctuation, frequent in the history of nations, when a few active, bold, and well-concerted bands are sufficient to give an unexpected and general current to affairs.

M. de Talleyrand, the Abbé Louis, the Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines, chaplain of the Emperor—first the flatterer and then the insulter of his fortunes, (a man whose nature was intellectual but turbulent, and disrespectful of itself in its versatility); M. de Vitrolles, the Duke d'Alberg, M. de Jaucourt, the proprietors of the *Journal des Débats*, Laborie, who was inveterate in plotting, and furious in intrigues; the two Bertins, friends of M. de Chateaubriand (hackneyed since 1789 in revolutionary matters, and possessing a superiority of tactics and of intellect which constituted them true statesmen

of public opinion); the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. de Chateaubriand himself, a single page of whose writing then bent destiny to his opinions; Matthew de Montmorency, a great name and a great soul; Sosthène de la Rochefoucault, his son-in-law, whose devotedness was a passion; all Madame de Staël's party; a few of the heads of the republican party, who had outlived tyranny in the Senate; the young aristocracy and the young literati, in a hurry to rush, with the impetuosity of youthful blood, into novelty, under antique names; and, lastly, the ever foremost party of those who veer with the wind, and who seize the opportunity of the first hours of a reign to occupy the avenues to favour and power;—such were the prime agents of the agitation which led to the movements of the Restoration.

Nevertheless, two camps were already visibly marked out in the royalist party; those who wished to recall the Bourbons as masters, and those who wanted to admit them on conditions, and oblige them to associate with their reign the men of the Empire, the Senate, and constitutional principles, in order that their return might neither be the ruin of their political fortunes, nor an apostasy from the Revolution.

XVI.

This latter party, which was under the especial direction of M de Talleyrand, and into which he succeeded in drawing the Emperor Alexander, purposely retarded the current of royalist opinion, and negociated, sometimes in secret, sometimes openly, with Louis XVIII., still at Hartwell, to obtain from him pledges and concessions, relying on the shadow of that Senate which was already ruined in the minds of the nation, and vainly endeavoured to regain a little esteem by interposing, as the representatives of the liberties it had sold, between the king and the people; but it was too evident that it represented nothing but its own cupidity and all the shameful servilities of the reign of Napoleon. The hypocrisy of the Senate, at this critical juncture, was another act of baseness, which rather degraded than popularized it in the estimation of the country. The constitution which it demanded, as a condition of its recall

of the Bourbons, was nothing more than a stipulation for its own endowments and honours. It had once sold liberty, and wanted to sell it again; but the people were not to be deceived. Four or five great characters alone out of this body had escaped the general corruption, and sought to discover, among the ruins of the Empire, some of the foundations of ancient liberty.

XVII.

The Senate, in several meetings of the committee, proposed the basis of the declaration of principles which it would require any government to accept as a preliminary. It did not yet name the Bourbons; as it desired, before naming them, that Louis XVIII. should explain himself, and declare by what right, and on what conditions, he re-claimed the throne. The Abbé de Montesquiou, the confidential agent of this prince with the Senate and in the provisional government, insisted that the senators should, in the first instance, recognise the authority of the King. M. de Talleyrand, complaisant to all, wavered between both parties, advising both, prompting resistance on the one hand and concessions on the other. He was in daily conversation with the senators; maintaining secret correspondence with Hartwell, and still more guarded relations with the court of Artois at Nancy, through M. de Vitrolles; intimate with the Emperor Alexander, with Pozzo di Borgo, M. de Nesselrode, and M. de Metternich; guided by circumstances, changing every hour, and faithful to one interest alone—that of his own importance and future prospects.

To give an account of the events which transpired in Paris, between the downfall of Napoleon and the entry of the Bourbons, would be only to describe the fluctuations of this long and tiresome intrigue, to make the Bourbons believe that the Senate had the power of awarding the Empire, and to make the Senate believe that the Bourbons feared and wished to compound with it. The Bourbons, without doubt, had to compromise, for sake of their security, with the spirit of the time, which had sprung youthful and impatient from the ruins of fallen despotism; but from this time forward an irresistible movement

impelled France towards them by a sense of their necessity, and it was not in the power of the Senate to retard this movement, any more than it was in the power of M. de Talleyrand to accelerate it. Napoleon was the antipathy of Europe, the Republic was the terror of the aristocracies and thrones, and the regency of Marie-Louise was but the guardianship of Austria; while the Duke d'Orleans, then unknown, was a description of family usurpation, the most suspicious and dangerous to dynasties; and the division of France was a crime against nationality, and therefore impossible. The necessity of peace, the impatience to free the country from foreign occupation, the disgust of glory, the exhaustion of wealth and of population, the influence of foreign cabinets who could find no solid pledge of reconciliation except in the legitimate princes, the impossibility of leaving a conquered people longer in suspense,—together with recollections, fears and hopes,—all drove the political feelings of France to the Restoration. Even the army did not resist, and its chiefs hastened to welcome the new princes.

Men arrogate to themselves the work of God, when they pretend to have created such movements as these; yet they in reality but follow them; all individual acts being lost in these great instinctive impulses of epochs and of people. Bonaparte called himself the man of Destiny, and the Bourbons, in 1814, might have called themselves the men of Providence; for they returned, in spite of all men, with the reflux of a Revolution that had completed its round of vicissitude and devastation.

XVIII.

The discussions of M. de Montesquiou and the senators, on a compact between the nation and the Bourbons, were but the dogmatic puerilities of a body which did not represent anything, and a minister who represented nothing but shadows, and turned on the preamble of a constitution, whether it should declare that it was the work of the nation, or that it was the gift of royalty. They, however, agreed in the nature of the institutions which should surround the new monarchy. The representative system, divided into two chambers, and all the

liberties of religion, of opinion, and of discussion, to become the common right of the constitutional kingdom, were equally admitted by both parties, each giving way a little, not in principles but in terms, and veiling by vagueness or omissions the articles on which they differed. By the assistance of these mutual compositions of M. de Montesquiou and of the Senate, this body, on the 6th of April, called "to the throne of France Louis-Stanislas-Xavier, of France, brother of the last king, and, after him, the other members of the family of the Bourbons in the ancient order."

But, in the very letter that M. de Montesquiou addressed to Hartwell, to announce to the King this act of the Senate, he prepared that prince against the obligatory character of the constitution obtruded on him.

"This constitution need not embarrass you," said he to his master. "Where is the authority? and where the mandate of the Senate? On entering France, publish a royal edict, and give privileges to the nation yourself. Do not treat with this despised Senate, but with some few of its members, accessible to all promises of personal advantage. The nation wishes for the old regime."

XIX.

Louis XVIII., with the circumspection which characterised his policy, wisely left these impotent intrigues in Paris to wear themselves out,—secure beforehand of reaping the benefit of the general apathy, and of dictating conditions which his premature presence would have obliged him to submit to. He waited, reflected, and debated within himself and with his favourites, dallying with the accomplishment of his ambition. Sure of the throne, he seemed to enjoy it in perspective, without hurrying to approach it, and caused himself to be wished for as the solution of a difficulty, and hoped for as a mystery, knowing that the impatience of each succeeding day increased his strength, and that the enthusiasm of the nation towards him would be proportioned to the perplexity under which it was wasting away.

XX.

The Count d'Artois was entirely opposed to these sentiments. This prince believed it was necessary to surprise the nation, not to make them wait, and, less intelligent than his brother, imagined that the movement of France towards the Bourbons was the result of affection, and not of reason. He flattered himself that his presence would carry this affection to a pitch of frenzy; and that he would conquer France by a single look. His familiars about him, and his correspondents in Paris, encouraged him in this illusion. Beholding in him the representative of aristocracy and of royalty after their own hearts, the prince of their youth, the Charles II. of their dreams, and the firm opposer of all innovation, they looked upon Louis XVIII. merely as a beginning. In their eyes the Count d'Artois was the Restoration in himself, and they intoxicated him with the idea of his future popularity.

This prince, deluded by these adulations of the aristocratic party, which had influenced him from his youth, assumed more authority and importance than was proper in a prince of the second rank. He had taken to himself, as a revival of his old position during the emigration, the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, which Louis XVIII. left him on sufferance, but which he had not given to him. This title, thus half usurped and half conceded, ascribed to the Count d'Artois all the royal functions and powers in the absence of his brother. Louis XVIII. did not see this unlimited power exercised in his name, and without his authority, either without umbrage or inquietude. He was afraid that interested and ambitious counsels might make the Count d'Artois affect an authority over public opinion, which might trouble, at a later period, the authority of his own reign. He apprehended that his brother might, beforehand, render unpopular his own return by some acts, or by some expressions calculated to hurt the new spirit of the people. He confided in his conscience; but he did not confide either in his understanding or his solidity. What he feared most of all was the submission of the Count d'Artois to

ecclesiastical influence, and his infatuation for the emigrant nobility. Louis XVIII. knew France well enough to understand that the freedom of worship and equality of conditions were the two passions of the Revolution, which had survived the Reign of Terror as well as the Despotism; and that to present to France the royalty of the House of Bourbon, between a bishop claiming the rights of his altars, and a nobleman claiming the privileges of his birth, was to throw two fatal shadows upon the first steps of the Restoration.

XXI.

Uncertain of the reception which awaited him in Paris, the Count d'Artois had remained up to this period at Nancy. M. de Talleyrand seeing that the premeditated indecision of the provisional government could not continue much longer, and that public opinion began to reproach him with sacrificing the interests of France to those of the Senate, secretly abandoned the lost cause of this body; and he wrote at length, through M. de Vitrolles to the Count d'Artois, to beg of him to come and take the government in quality of lieutenant governor of his brother. The prince immediately departed, and travelled through Lorraine and Champagne, amidst the enthusiasm of their respective inhabitants (who saw in him a liberator), and with cries of peace, and abolition of conscription and taxes. He received on his journey the plan of a Constitution, voted by the Senate as a condition of the acknowledgment of his power. He disdained to reply to this act, or to discuss it; for he thought, and with reason, that the discredited voice of the Senate would be stifled on his entrance into Paris by the acclamations of a people who would recognise in him the heir of a throne anterior to the date of their authority.

When he had arrived at the château de Livry, at the gates of Paris, the residence of Count Charles de Damas, one of his officers, he received there the visit of M. de Choiseul Gouffier, sent to him by M. de Talleyrand, and charged by the latter with a note from the provisional government, which indicated

to the prince under what title he would be invested with power, on entering the palace of his fathers. "The pretensions of the Senate are inadmissible," said M. de Talleyrand; "the brother and representative of the King cannot share his authority with a commission of the Senate. The exercise, pure and simple, of the authority of lieutenant-general is dangerous. The government therefore proposes that the King's brother be named, by a decree of the Senate, Chief of the Provisional Government."

The prince did not stop at this compromise any more than the other; nor did he reply to it. The impatience of Paris, excited by the royalists, and shared by the people, who never comprehend any but simple ideas, opened the gates in spite of the Senate, and in defiance of the scruples of the provisional government. The multitude flew towards Livry to meet the prince. M. de Talleyrand, the government, the authorities, the constituted bodies, and the marshals, allowed themselves also to be drawn thither, by one of those outbursts which no policy can quell or retard. The president of the provisional government received the prince at the Barrière de Bondy, and some words were exchanged between him and M. de Talleyrand, as vague and insignificant as congratulations usually are They decided nothing as to the conditions proposed, rejected, or consented to between the prince and the people. The Count d'Artois was received in his quality of a Bourbon, and conducted to the Tuileries, as the mansion of his forefathers.

XXII.

All the high nobility, and all the principal citizens of Paris, had proceeded to the Barrière on horseback to form a cortège for the King's brother. The Damas, the Luxembourgs, the Crillons, the Mortements, the Rohans, the Montmorencys (mingled with the great officers and marshals of the Empire, Ney, Marmont, Oudinot, Moncey, Kellerman, and Nansouty), either preceded, or followed the prince:—some, already decorated with the white cockade, like the Count d'Artois himself,

and others still wearing the tri-colour cockade, under which they had, up to that period, fought against the Restoration. The mounted national guard, who had turned out spontaneously, had decorated themselves, the evening before, with the symbol so agreeable to the eyes of Bourbons. They brandished their sabres over the heads of the populace, shouting and spreading everywhere around them the cry of *Vive le roi!* The Count d'Artois was the object of attraction for every eye, and for the universal enthusiasm. This prince rode gracefully, mounted on a magnificent horse; he preserved, under the maturity of years, and under the traces of long exile, that serene beauty of countenance, that mild haughtiness of expression, that elegance of figure, and that appearance of manly youth, which recalled to the memory of all the idol of the court, and the external model of the aristocracy. He had all those natural gifts which attract the eye and touch the heart of a multitude. The Restoration of exiled royalty could not be personified under features more graceful and imposing. The name of Bourbon, the sorrows of exile, the joys of return, and the shade of Louis XVI., his brother, surrounded him with a respect, a prestige, and a feeling for the past which bowed all heads before him. His friends circulated in the crowd a saying which was not his, but which was admirably invented to open all hearts to him, and to prepare for him universal plaudits:—"I see my country again, and I am happy. There is nothing changed in France; there is only one Frenchman the more!"

He directed his course through the multitude towards the cathedral, to offer up his thanks there to the God of his fathers, before he should again cross the threshold of their palace. The whole population of Paris formed his cortège to the Tuileries; and at the moment he dismounted at the entrance, an immense white standard was unrolled to the breeze on the summit of the edifice. The prince saw once more, with a mixture of joy and tears, those apartments and those gardens, full to his eyes of the grandeurs of his race, the graces of the queen, the anguish, the captivity, and the death of Louis XVI., of the tumults of the Convention, and of the trophies of the Empire. On seeing again the paternal dwelling, he found it empty of

all his relatives, and full of the difficulties, the perils, and the catastrophes of the throne. Between such a return, and an eternal exile, we cannot say which the heart of an ordinary man would have preferred; but the heart of a prince was there soon distracted from nature by the teasing of parties, by the cares of government, by the opposing counsels of revolution and counter-revolution face to face, and by the perspective of personal ambition.

XXIII.

The Emperor Alexander, who until then had inhabited the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, and pronounced, without appeal, on the measures of the provisional government, immediately quitted this seat of government, and went to reside, as a simple foreign general, in the palace de l'Elysée. He paid a visit to the Count d'Artois at the Tuileries, and both princes conversed together without witnesses. The Emperor Alexander, already circumvented by M. de Talleyrand, and by the men of the Empire, counselled the prince to constitutional measures, which alone could render a Restoration popular and durable. The Senate, conquered by popular enthusiasm, presented themselves at the palace, and recognised his title of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The Count d'Artois responded by vague promises of Constitution, but without too formally engaging the King, his brother. Nevertheless, the speech which he read to the deputation of the Senate, drawn up by Fouché at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, and obtruded by the Emperor Alexander, comprised the text of all the liberties and of all the national guarantees claimed by the republican party, which had now become the liberal one.

He received, on the same day, the members of the legislative body present in Paris. The president of this assembly, Felix Faulcon, omitted, in his speech to the prince, everything that could resemble a summons, or even a condition of constitutional pledges. The Count d'Artois, though cold towards the Senate, was cordial with the legislative body. He affected to see, in these members of the national representation, the veritable organs of the country.

XXIV.

Three days after this, the Count d'Artois constituted his government. It was a prolongation of the provisional government, and took the form of a great council of state, assembled around the prince, to assist him with its advice, and to administer in his name. This council of government was composed of M. de Talleyrand, Marshal Moncey, Marshal Oudinot, the Duke d'Alberg, the Count de Jaucourt, General de Beurnonville, General Dessoles, and the Abbé de Montesquiou. The Baron de Vitrolles, until then the officious mediator between the prince and the dominant parties at Paris, was appointed secretary of the council, with the title of secretary of state. Lodged at the Tuileries, near the person of the prince—the veritable confidential minister of the Count d'Artois in the midst of his unknown or suspected ministers—M. de Vitrolles (useful to the prince in the council, and to the council when with his master; dwelling sometimes on his services to royalty, as an active agent of the Restoration, sometimes on his previous connections with Talleyrand and Fouché,) played for some days the part of a useful man. Having obtained power by some months' intermeddling in events, M. de Vitrolles at once established himself in the confidence of the prince by his devotion, of the zealots of the constitution by his secret connection with them, and of the royalists by his fervour. A man of action rather than of reflection, without any firm footing among any of the parties, and obliged to flatter them all to induce them to accept his domination, M. de Vitrolles was a good scout for the ambushes into which a new prince might fall on arriving in an unknown region; but he was a bad counsellor to trace for him a political line on a grand scale. A servant rather than a minister, too devoted to be independent, and too much in want of everybody to dominate over any one, he made the mind of his master waver during some weeks between imperialism, liberalism, and absolutism. He then drew him, out of spite, into that underhand opposition, and into those hidden manœuvres which falsified the political life of the

Count d'Artois, embarrassed the reign of his brother, and fatally prejudiced his own.

XXV.

The lieutenant-general of the kingdom hastened to nominate commissioners-general, with a mission to procure the authority of the King to be recognised in all the provinces. The majority of these commissioners were chosen amongst men who were familiar with the prince, some of them amongst the marshals and generals who had been first to court the favour of the new reign. They no where experienced any resistance. The whole of France, with the enthusiasm of hope, hailed the return of the Bourbons. The army alone continued mute and melancholy; but its distraction never broke out into sedition. It passed from the Emperor to the King with the decency of its regret, but with the unanimity and the discipline of its patriotism. It felt that the nation had paid too dearly for its glory, and that it ought to retire from the scene, to make way for the establishment of peace. The orders of the government removed it from the provinces occupied by the foreign troops, and for the time sent it away beyond the Loire.

XXVI.

Ten days after the departure of Napoleon from Fontainebleau, M. de Talleyrand concluded with the allied powers a suspension of hostilities, by which he entirely disarmed France. The fortified places, and all they contained, in arms, munition, and artillery, were ceded to the allies. It was the complete capitulation of a conquered country. Without prejudice to any of the ulterior conditions of the peace which was to be executed, the sovereigns promised, on their side, that their troops should evacuate the frontiers of France, such as they existed in 1792, as soon as the French troops should have vacated the places and the territories which they still occupied on the soil of Europe.

A general murmur greeted this capitulation of France, which

was signed, as the first act of his accession, by the Count d'Artois. His counsellers thus made of him the executioner of the rigours of invasion and the humiliations of conquest.

There is no doubt that a nation whose capital was occupied by 200,000 men, would not argue freely with its conquerors on the conditions of peace; but it could have refused to ratify them, so spoliating and shameful as they were, by the hands of its own government. Had the Count d'Artois been better counselled, he ought not to have entered Paris except to relieve France, and not to ratify, in the name of a Bourbon, those severities, ruin, and disarmaments, which to him would be an eternal reproach. People thought they saw in this act the genius of Coblentz, giving the hand to a stranger, and selling France to re-purchase the throne. It was nothing but thoughtlessness and haste; but the discontented part of the nation affected to see a complicity in it. This act, in a few days, rendered the prince unpopular, as well as his counsellors and his government. All eyes were therefore turned towards Louis XVIII.; and the prudence of this prince was acknowledged, who had allowed his brother to commit this folly, but was coming after him to protest against such weak precipitation. M. de Talleyrand could have given better counsel to the prince; but he had, above all things, on his own part, to give pledges. He was suspected by the emigrants, odious to the bishops who surrounded the Count d'Artois, and, though useful, disliked by the count. It was therefore necessary for him to purchase, by great diplomatic concessions, the support which he so much required in the council of the allied sovereigns. It may be supposed that he did not haggle with Europe for that favour which made him so necessary to the Tuileries.

XXVII.

His correspondence with Hartwell was daily contracting. At Paris he had made use of the pretensions of the Senate, till public opinion turned against this body; and he was not the man to struggle vainly against opinion. He now therefore prepared the way for the King, and was desirous of securing

claims on his gratitude. Constitutional requirements were becoming weaker every day in the general anxiety for a settlement; and he had served with too much suppleness both counter-revolution and despotism under the hand of Napoleon, to be at all diffident in giving pledges of liberty. The best constitution would be that which would best guarantee to him his ascendant over the new princes, his fortune, and his dignity. Louis XVIII. had known him before the Revolution, and having kept his eye upon him during the Directory and during the Empire, he did not apprehend any obstacle in him, but, on the contrary, a willing instrument of his government. He knew that restorations have more occasion for supple men than any other sort of revolutions; because, in preserving the principles, they only change the instruments of government. Versatility and ingratitude are virtues of emergency in ministers who wish to belong to two reigns. M. de Talleyrand had boldly assumed this part, and nobody possessed at once more finesse, more boldness, and more suppleness to play it out. He belonged to the old regime by his birth, to the Revolution by his repudiated priesthood, to the Empire by his dignities, to Europe by his defection from the Empire, to the Restoration by his complicity in the manœuvres which had roused up the Senate against Napoleon, and to all parties by his flexibility to every passing wind. He was the type of change, the model and the instrument of those inconstancies that a restored sovereign must expect from the characters, the laws, and the manners of a subdued revolution. Louis XVIII. therefore caressed M. de Talleyrand at a distance; he neither esteemed nor loved, but he understood him. M. de Talleyrand was in his eyes the precious gambler of circumstances, and a compendium of all those talents which are useful in making a nation pass by graduated tints from one principle to another,—a man destined by his nature to be found quite apropos, on the threshold of the Tuileries, to bow out the fallen dynasty, and to introduce the new one:—an antique for the ancients, a new man for the parvenus;—a pledge for the conquered, and an accomplice for the conquerors,—the man for all!

XXVIII.

Louis XVIII., from the depth of his retreat at Hartwell, listened to all the different voices which thus came to him from France; some invoking the principle of the sovereignty of the people, others demanding the re-establishment of classes and the States-general, some, the old constitution, as if in France there had ever existed any other than custom, modified by chance, and given by the power and the will of the King; and, finally, some others demanded free despotism, sanctified by the right of birth, by tradition, and by religion. All, however, in this diversity of plans, recognised the convenience or the necessity of having the Bourbons.

"What!" exclaimed M——, a publicist, at that time obtruding the right divine on all, who were for making conditions for the King's return—"what! will you come then with your bit of paper in your hand, to inform us that the prince who is coming is not our King?"

"We must secure the future," replied Fouché, in an address to the Count d'Artois, "the heavens and the earth resound with acclamations. The transports of universal joy are really the expression of all hearts. We must have pledges for all opinions, guarantees for all interests. A legislator of antiquity, and one of the most famous for his wisdom, Solon, after long agitations, wished that the city of Minerva should be thoroughly purified, like a temple of which it was necessary to wash the marble. He caused the statues of the gods to be carried through all the streets and all the squares; and he placed reconciliation and public peace under the guarantee of Heaven. The King will not follow the example of Charles II., who, after having promised a general amnesty, pardoned nobody, but mixed the spectacle of the scaffold with that of rejoicing, and thus prepared a new dethronement for the family of the Stuarts. I think I know the spirit of France; France is entirely disposed to rally round the throne of the Bourbons, if a royal and national constitution guarantees all our rights."

The pure royalists replied that the best constitution was the soul of a good king.

XXIX.

The Abbé de Montesquiou was the confidential minister of Louis XVIII. and a member of the provisional government. He was connected with M. de Talleyrand in policy, and with the royalists in feeling. Placed in the centre of this tumult of different opinions, and trying to disentangle the general spirit in the midst of these opposing counsels, he thus wrote to Hartwell:—

"My advice, and that of M. de Talleyrand, is, that the King on entering France should simply publish a royal edict, by which he should declare his own sovereignty, without allowing himself to be clogged beforehand by a constitution null and void. Then let the King afterwards proclaim the rights that he will acknowledge in the nation, and the assembly of the legislative body. The state of the finances," he added, "decides me to this."

The Count d'Artois, evidently embarrassed by the concessions that he had made in his haste to enter Paris, and to enjoy the first fruits of the government, gave neither intelligence nor advice to the King his brother. He seemed afraid of engaging himself by counsels which might have been displeasing at Hartwell, and which might be brought against himself at a later period, when, in the course of nature, he might be called upon to oppose concessions. He contented himself with sending to the King the Count de Bruges, one of his most familiar aides-de-camp, to induce his brother to come at length, and take the crown. The Count de Bruges expressed to the King the real and secret thoughts of the Count d'Artois. They were those of the emigrants and publicists of the old regime, who looked upon all acknowledgment of the rights of a nation and of revolutionary proceedings as a partial abdication, and as an anticipated degradation of the mystery of royalty by right divine. The King himself, was secretly inclined to this dogma, not by the conviction of his mind, but by the habit of birth, and from respect for his race; but through

policy he leant towards an apparent compromise between the rights of the people and the right of his sovereignty. He only wished that this acknowledgment should be conceded, and not forced from him by circumstances; and that the royal origin, and the sovereign terms of this compromise between the throne and the people should be such that the whole should appear a gift of royalty, and that this conditional gift could be suspended, or withdrawn, if the nation should ever pretend to put itself on an equality with or above the throne.

At the same time that the Count de Bruges visited Hartwell, to deliver to the King the rash and absolute opinions of his brother, Pozzo di Borgo, aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, and the friend of M. Talleyrand, arrived there also in the name of the allied powers, to induce the King to adopt the constitutional opinions which prevailed in the council of sovereigns and diplomatists at Paris Louis XVIII. had then to decide in a foreign land between the two great principles which were already contending against each other in France, and which would doubtless be at variance during the whole of his reign. Prudent and reflective, a negociator and temporiser, like a prince grown old in intrigues, and in the vacillations of a long exile, Louis XVIII. listened, and inclined by turns to both parties. He gave hopes, and meditated oracular phrases of deep and double meaning; but he did not decide, with an irrevocable frankness, for either of the two parties. His own good sense carried him to an accommodation with the times and with public opinion; but M. de Blacas and the Duchess d'Angoulême,—the one dilatory and narrow-minded, the other an embittered and energetic princess—retained him still in the prejudices of his sovereignty.

It was in this disposition of mind that he at length quitted his country retreat at Hartwell the 18th of April, and passed through London to return to his kingdom.

XXX.

England generally seemed to look upon the Restoration of the Bourbons as a national triumph long preparing, and long

expected by the people of Great Britain. The English nation, moved at the voice of Burke and other orators, on the tragical deaths of Louis XVI., of the Queen, and of the royal family, and a witness, indignant and compassionate, of the execution of so many victims immolated in the Reign of Terror, was constitutional from instinct, and royalist from pity. The history of the French Revolution, continually recounted and commented on in London by emigrant royalists, was there become an epic poem of misfortune, of crime, of the throne, and of the scaffold. The people of England had been generous, prodigal, and hospitable towards the French nobility, who at that time were emigrants, and grateful for the favours received. The English government had contemplated at a distance the prodigies of intrepidity of the royalist heroes and adventurers of La Vendée; and it had assisted them with its subsidies and its squadrons. It had afterwards fought for ten years against the usurpation of the continent by Napoleon, in Portugal, Spain, Germany and Sicily. It was proud of the deliverance of the world, accomplished by the perseverance of its policy, of its treasures, and its armies. The fall of Napoleon and the succession to the throne of France of a brother of Louis XVI., appeared to the English people one of the greatest works in their history. Their hearts were elated with joy and pride, on seeing this sage, so long their guest, now a King, quitting his obscure residence in the midst of their island, to go and receive from their hands the throne of his fathers, and again to take his place at the head of the old crowned races. The city of London, through its whole extent, was dressed out in flags, and the populace crowded all the roads and all the streets, through which Louis XVIII. and the Duchess d'Angoulême passed, from the garden door of Hartwell to the palace of the Prince Regent. The entry of the King into London was as solemn and as royal as his entry into his own capital. The joy of the people was even more complete, because it was unmixed with mortification for a country in the occupation of foreign troops, or secret presentiments of the division of parties. The Prince Regent went to receive the King of France on his entry into London, and accompanied him the following day as far as Dover,

to bid him a royal farewell on his departure from the shores of England.

"I beg your Royal Highness," replied the King to the congratulations of the Prince Regent, "to accept my most lively and most sincere thanks for the felicitations you have addressed to me. I offer them particularly for the continued attentions I have received, as well from your Royal Highness as from all the members of your illustrious house. It is to the counsels of your Royal Highness, to this glorious country, and to the constancy of its inhabitants, that I shall always attribute, under Divine Providence, the re-establishment of our house upon the throne of our ancestors, and this happy state of affairs, which permits us to heal the wounds, to calm the passions, and to bestow peace, repose, and happiness upon all nations."

These words, inspired by the gratitude of the exile, but which the dignity of the King of France forbade to his lips, were at a later period the remorse of his reign, and the reproach of patriotism against his house. France was not only forgotten in them, but humiliated.

XXXI.

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover on the 24th April, on board the *Royal Sovereign*, escorted by the *Jason* frigate, under salutes of artillery from the shore and from the fleet, which saluted, from the sea and from the harbour, the departure of this exiled dynasty going in search of a family, a people, and a throne. The Straits were crowded with boats and vessels dressed out in flags, forming a cortège for the ship which was bearing the old monarchy to France. The *drapeau blanc* was flying at all the masts, and the applauses and huzzas were renewed every moment. A calm sea, a gentle wind, and a serene sky favoured this manifestation of the joy of two nations, impatient to renew the peace through a king who seemed to be its symbol. The happiness which must have reigned in the bosom of the exile seemed to be spread through every heart in England, which was proud of having preserved and restored this sovereign to his country.

Half way across, the vessel that bore the King passed from the naval escort of the English into the midst of the cortège of French boats and vessels. He found his country advancing towards him on the waves, and he entered in triumph into the harbour of Calais. The guns of the French coast had been answering from daylight the guns of Dover. The downs, the capes, the jetties, the tongues of earth running into the sea, the walls and the towers of Calais, were all covered with a people who awaited the King as a salvation and a hope. No division existed at that moment, either in the mind or the hearts of the French people: and those who had neither souvenir nor affection for the old monarchy had, at least, no repugnance. Manifestations of joy arose from the crowd which flocked forth from their houses. The earth itself, and the walls, by the sound of bells and cannons, seemed to participate in this emotion of the human kind. Louis XVIII. melted to tears, and shrewd in calculating even his sincere impressions, scattered about him, to all the deputations and to all the spectators, which surrounded his vessel, those happy expressions in which the sentiment springs from the circumstance, to fly from mouth to mouth. He possessed himself of his new country by the felicity of his answers, and fixed the enthusiasm of others in expressing his own. Nature seemed to have created him for such moments as this. He was the natural genius of such solemnities.

XXXII.

Standing on the elevated prow of the vessel, supported by the faithful companions of his proscription, surrounded by young France which had come forth to meet him, he extended his arms towards the shore, and closed them upon his breast, while raising his eyes to heaven, as if to embrace his country. He showed at one side Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême, that daughter of Louis XVI. to whom France was indebted in love and in pity for the blood of her father, of her mother, and of her aunt; and on the other, the Prince de Condé and the Duke de Bourbon, upon whose countenances the memory of

the Duke d'Enghien, their son and grandson, threw a deep shade of sorrow, and rendered their return an event of melancholy interest. The people, excited with the liveliest emotion, responded to every gesture by tears and acclamations.

The King, on first touching his native soil, was desirous, according to ancient custom, of giving thanks to the God of his fathers, to impress a more religious character on the embraces of the people and their sovereign. Seated in an open carriage, by the side of the Duchess d'Angoulême, he passed slowly through the bending crowd to repair to the church of Calais, where he offered up his prayers, in a pious attitude, at the altar of his sires. The remainder of the day was consumed in the receptions and ceremonies of his return. The population of the north of France crowded, by deputations, upon all the roads and into all the principal places of Calais. This country, cold, reflective, and sensible, had guarded, better than the lighter portions of France, the memory of the monarchy, and their piety for the royal family. General Maison, commanding the army of the North, an officer who had distinguished himself in the last war by a most determined energy and patriotism, had hastened from Lille with a part of his troops to present to the King the first bayonets and the first homage of the army. The following day he escorted him on his departure from Calais. The King received this representative of the French army and his soldiers, as if they had been serving his own cause in serving that of his country under another chief. He evinced for the officers and the troops that confidence which inspires loyalty, and those expressions which efface all other reminiscences but those of glory. He found, on the whole route to Paris, at Boulogne, at Montreuil, at Abbeville, and at Amiens, the same people, the same sympathising expression of countenance, the same enthusiasm of the populace, and the same unanimity of hope. He felt, in the spontaneous and universal trembling of joy of his country, that he was the master of his people, and that no one would seriously haggle with him about his reign at Paris. It was evident to him and to all, that if the country, confiding and changeable, had been alone in presence of its king, he might have dictated, in an

arbitrary manner, and without obstacles, the conditions of the new compact between the throne and the people. The Emperor Alexander was stipulating more for liberty, than, at this moment, liberty was inclined to stipulate for herself.

XXXIII.

Couriers from Paris joined the King every hour upon his route, bringing him news, with the public impressions and dispositions by confidential messages from the Abbê de Montesquiou and M. de Talleyrand. At every post the requirements of M. de Talleyrand seemed to relax; his counsels, at first rigorously constitutional, became more supple and more accommodating. However, he still begged him not to enter Paris before he had addressed a royal proclamation to the notion, re-assuring it for the past, and of a nature to determine and to fix public opinion and the oath of the army. The King followed this counsel, and decided on making a halt at the chateau of Compiègne before he entered his capital,—either to give himself time for reflection, or to combine his acts and language with those of M. de Talleyrand; or else to give, even by the slowness of his proceeding, more dignity and more solemnity to his return, and to increase the impatience of his capital by the apparent hesitation in his own mind. Perhaps, also, the feelings of the individual prevailed over those of the sovereign, and the prince wished to gratify his eyes and his heart in the ancient residence and the old forests of this domain of his ancestors—so dear to his youth—by resting his eyes, for some days, on the trees, the waters, and the towers where he had passed his early years, before he should plunge into the turmoil of the Tuileries, which was full of the anxieties of government, and reminiscent of tears and blood.

XXXIV.

The marshals of Napoleon, and those most intimate with him, had hastened to meet the King before his arrival at Compiègne, to secure to themselves his earliest regards, and be

the first to gain the confidence of the future reign. There was Marshal Berthier, who for twelve years had not quitted the tent or the cabinet of the Emperor; and Marshal Ney, his most intrepid lieutenant on the field of battle, of whom the Emperor had said,—"I have three hundred millions in gold in the vaults of my palace, and I would give them all to ransom the life of such a man." These showed themselves the most eager in the presence of his successor. Marshal Ney, on horseback with his colleagues round the royal coach, flourished his sword over his head, and cried aloud, as he showed the King to the people, "Vive le Roi! There he is, my friends,—the legitimate King! the real King of France!"

These military men, so brave under fire, too frequently show themselves weak-hearted before the changes incidental to events. The people were astonished at so much versatility in so much heroism; and they began to suspect (what they have since had so many occasions to acknowledge) that the habit of obeying all governments does not create constancy in the hearts of military men, and that the revolutions which have to fight against them one day, have not the most obsequious servants on the next.

The King pretended to esteem this inconstant class, who did not, however, deceive his sagacity To encourage the others, he loaded their adulations with honour, and he judged of the country by the representatives of the army; but in this he was mistaken. The men of the 18th Brumaire and of the Empire had lost the right of bargaining for liberty, which remained with the citizens in the civil and obscure ranks of the population.

Marshal Berthier, in virtue of his title of chief of the general staff, and the oldest of the marshals present, addressed a speech to the King. One might have thought it was a voice of the ancient monarchy yielding the homage of inviolable fidelity to the inheritor, in an uninterrupted line of the ancient race. "Your armies," Sire, said he, "of which your marshals are now the representatives, feel happy in offering you this day their devotion." He then presented all Napoleon's lieutenants, repeating to the King the names which that prince

had long been accustomed to hear mentioned as those of inveterate supporters of the hostile cause.

The King, who was prepared for their reception, and had arranged in his memory the principal warlike actions in which these companions of the Emperor had distinguished themselves, addressed each in words which recalled recollections the best calculated to flatter their vanity, and thus captivated, by feeding their pride, those who were satisfied simply to be the objects of his favour. At the end of the audience, he pretended to faint under the weight of his age and infirmities, and his familiars advancing to support him, he put them aside with a gesture, and leaning on the arms of the marshals with an affectation of unreserved confidence and reliance, full of cunning and condescension: "It is on you, gentlemen," he said, smiling, "that I intend for the future to rely for support! Draw near, and surround me; you have always been good Frenchmen: I hope France may no more require your swords; but if ever we should be forced to draw them, which God forbid we should, infirm as I am I will march with you!"

These words, and the gestures which accompanied them, affected to enthusiasm men who only required to be excited, in order to justify the suddenness of their interested adhesion with the appearance of an impulse of the heart.

XXXV.

A deputation of the legislative body had also met the King at Compiègne. The president and orator of this deputation was M. Bruys de Charly, deputy for Saone-et-Loire. He was a man of commanding appearance, and possessed of a royalist heart, judiciously though traditionally devoted to the blood of the Bourbons and the principles of a temperate monarchy. "Yes," said he to the King, in a voice weakened by emotion; "come, thou descendant of so many kings! ascend the throne on which our fathers, in former times, placed your august ancestors, and which we are happy to see you this day occupying. All that we hoped for, in vain, when far from you, your Majesty now brings us. You come to dry all tears, and to heal all

wounds. We shall owe to you even more; for this return is about to cement the basis of a wisely and carefully balanced government. Your Majesty only wishes to return to the exercise of those rights which suffice for the royal authority; and the execution of the general feeling, confided to your paternal hands, will become the more respected and assured."

The King was aware, from his correspondence and the newspapers, that the nation, which looked upon the Senate as the supporters of the repudiated despotism of the Empire, lavished the greater favour on the members of the legislative body, from which the voices of independence had first issued. He had the presence of mind, therefore, from his first words, to lay great stress on the merits of the legislative body, to the prejudice of the absent Senate. In his reply, he formally recognised the members of the legislative power as the representatives of the nation, and was not afraid of pledging his prerogative, by speaking to them of the necessary union of his power with the deputies of the country to secure the force of the laws and the public happiness.

XXXVI.

The effect produced by this first meeting of the sovereign with representatives of the army and the chosen representatives of the people, the emotion which pervaded all ranks, the adulation which bowed all heads, the counsels and the encouragement of those old and new friends who now surrounded him, appeared sufficient to the King to enable him to set at defiance the exactions of that half submissive and half rebellious Senate, which had neither sent words of greeting or a deputation to the new master. Louis XVIII. decided on taking possession of his throne, without entering into any conditions or stipulations whatever with this feeble, and, at the same time, exacting and hated power. The Emperor Alexander, more than ever influenced by the men of the Imperial court and heads of the Senate, and who wished to preserve for himself this pledge of security and influence in the new reign, yielded to their entreaties, and set out for Compiègne, for the purpose of himself

communicating with Louis XVIII., and advancing, with his all-powerful support, the claims of the Senate.

Louis XVIII. looked on the arrival of Alexander with a feeling of displeasure. He knew that the popularity, with which in Paris he was intoxicated by the Imperialists, had warped his judgment, and that he assumed in that capital the position of an imperious negociator between the nation and the Bourbons. He was not ignorant of the repugnance that the young Emperor had shown during the first days to the restoration of his family, and he remembered that this sovereign had laid claim to and boasted with pride and affectation of the friendship of Napoleon. In short, he expected either imperious solicitations or a humiliating patronage at the hands of Alexander: and his policy and pride were equally alarmed. This was indeed the secret cause of his hesitating to go to Paris, as also of his little progress in so many days, and of his prolonged halt at Compiègne. But a proper sense of his dignity, and the recollection of his royal descent, inspired him with courage to go through the principal task of resisting a crowned negociator, and refusing an act of obsequiousness to one who restored to him a throne. Thus from the first day he proved himself a king.

XXXVII.

Louis XVIII. received the Czar coldly. On the usual courtesies being over, they retired to the interior of the chateau by themselves, and had a long and earnest conversation together. Alexander strongly endeavoured to persuade the King, that the traditional rights of his blood, and the mystery of the divine right of the crown, were now seen through and repudiated by public opinion; that it would be advisable to reign by virtue of a new title, and by a voluntary appeal to the nation, made through the medium of the Senate, in return for a constitution accepted from the hands of that power of the State; that the date of the reign of the Bourbons should be renewed and blended with the date of the fall of the Empire; that necessity and prudence required the King to recognise, at least in fact, the existence of the governments which had ruled in France for the last twenty-

five years; and that if intrigues existed in royal families they were unknown to nations. Finally, he exaggerated beyond measure, to the eyes of the princely exile, the importance of this little group of ambitious men, by whom he was himself surrounded in Paris; and who, according to him, held public opinion and the crown in their hands, offering him the withdrawal of a constitution dictated by them, in exchange for a constitution emanating from the monarch. In a word, he seemed to place the throne and the entrance to Paris at the price of certain compliances (some just, and others timid and impolitic) which he proposed to the King.

XXXVIII.

Louis XVIII. listened to him with impatience, interrupted him freely, and replied to him with imperturbable firmness, "I am astonished that I have to remind an Emperor of Russia," he said, "that the crown does not belong to the subjects. By what title can a Senate, the instrument and accomplice of all the violence and of all the madness of a usurper, filled up with his most servile and most criminal creatures, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? And if it really did belong to them, is it to a Bourbon they would freely offer it? Are there not amongst them men drenched in the Revolution of 1793, and stained with the blood of a murdered Bourbon? I am too enlightened to attach to the right divine the signification which religious or popular superstitions formerly attached to it; but this divine right, which is nothing more for me as well for you than a law of good sense passed in unchangeable policy for the hereditary transmission of the right of sovereignty, has also become the law of the nation, violated for ten years, but followed for ten centuries! The death of my brother and that of my nephew have transmitted this right to me. It is in virtue of this title alone that I am here, and that Europe has called me to re-establish in my person, not a man, not a race, but a principle. I have no other, I want no other, to present to France and to the world. The acceptation of any other title would annihilate this in me. I am a king; but

I should be begging for a throne! And what other right should I have besides the right which blood causes to flow in my veins? What am I? An infirm old man, an unfortunate exile, reduced for a long time to beg for a country and bread in foreign lands. Such was I still a few days back; but this old man, this exile, was King of France, and this is the reason that your Majesty is here; this is the reason that a whole nation, who only know me by name, have recalled me to the throne of my fathers. I return at their voice; but I return as King of France, or I am still nothing more than an exile. "You, yourself," he added, looking at Alexander with a glance that conveyed a silent reproach for his want of consideration,—"by virtue of what title do you command those millions of men, whose armies you have led hither for the deliverance of my throne and my country?"

Alexander acknowledged the force of this interrogatory, and contented himself with alleging the all-powerful nature of accomplished facts, and the imperative counsel of circumstances. But Louis XVIII. did not yield to his reasons, which, in his opinion, broke in advance his sceptre in his hands, and placed it at the disposition and mercy of a body obedient one day and seditious another. "No," said he, "I shall not tarnish by an act of cowardice the name that I bear, for the few days longer I may have to live. I shall not purchase a fleeting favour of public opinion at the price of a sacred right of mine, of my house, and of my principle. I know that I am indebted to your victorious arms for the deliverance of my people; but if these important services are to place at your disposition the honour of my crown, I shall appeal to France against it, and return to my banishment."

XXXIX.

France at that time would have almost unanimously replied to this appeal of the King by a new proclamation of his royalty. The departure of Louis XVIII. would have been the signal for new embarrassments, and serious agitation for the allies. Alexander was intimidated in his turn, and only recalled to

the King the engagements half agreed to by the Count d'Artois, his brother, on his entrance into Paris. Louis XVIII. did not contradict them, but he pretended to satisfy them by the promise of a declaration, or of an edict, which would confirm them by his full and free authority, instead of accepting them as a law of the allies, and as a condition of the people.

Alexander came out of this conference vanquished and astonished. He had expected to find an old man of an affable disposition. eager for the throne, and too happy to recover it at any price. He had, on the contrary, found a man of superior understanding, with an obstinate faith, a majestic eloquence, and an inflexible character; a King whom they might again reject, but who, if once upon the throne, would place himself by his legitimacy on a level with and even above his liberators.

The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia arrived later at Compiegne, and did not renew upon Louis XVIII. the attempts of Alexander. These sovereigns, less influenced by the young courtiers of the Empire, and by the old wrecks of the Revolution, were more disposed by their nature and by their ministers, to support the personal authority of the King, than to weaken it by timid concessions. Alexander was suspected by them, if not of complicity in the Revolution, at least of youthful weakness for the revolutionary portion of the people. The same table that day united the four sovereigns and their principal lieutenants; and Bernadotte, King of Sweden, an old Jacobin parvenu, who fought against his country to merit his crown, also joined the banquet. One of this august party having, in the freedom of the conversation, spoken to Louis XVIII of that French fickleness which, with equal facility threw the people into insurrection or into servitude. "Make yourself dreaded, Sire," said Bernadotte to him, "and they will love you. Only save honour and appearances with them. Wear a velvet glove upon a hand of iron." This sentence has become a dogma for the ambitious.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

Project of a royal declaration proposed by the Senate to Louis XVIII.—His Refusal—He goes to live at St. Ouen—Deputation of the Senate—Speech of M. de Talleyrand—Declaration from St. Ouen—Entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris—His cortége—He goes to the Cathedral—His arrival at the Tuileries—He appoints his Ministry—M. d'Ambray—The Abbé de Montesquiou—The Abbé Louis—M. Beugnot—General Dupont—M. Ferrand—M. de Talleyrand—M. de Blacas—Memoir of Fouché to Louis XVIII.—Creation of the Military Household of the King—Charter of 1814—Opposition of M. de Villele—Treaty of Paris—Departure of the Allies—Formation of the Chamber of Peers—Opening of the Chambers, June 4, 1814—The King's Speech—Speeches of the Chancellor d'Ambray and of M. Ferrand—Address of the Chamber of Peers and the Legislative Body—Ordonnance on the observation of Sunday—Project of Law on the Press—Speech of the Abbé Montesquiou—Report of M. Raynouard—The Law is adopted by the Legislative Body and the Chamber of Peers—Financial measures presented to the King by the Abbé Louis—Law for the restitution of incomes and property not sold—Exposé of M. Ferrand's motives—Report of M. Bédoch—Speeches of M. Lainé and of Marshal Macdonald—Adoption of the Law—General Excelmans and Marshal Soult—The Duke d'Orleans at the Palais Royal—The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême in La Vendée—The Duke de Berry—The Count d'Artois—The Prince of Condé—The Duke de Bourbon—Return of France to the Bourbons—Situation of Louis XVIII.—Departure of M. de Talleyrand for Vienna—Congress of Vienna.

I.

Meanwhile the Emperor Alexander had returned to report in Paris the impression he had received of the firmness of Louis XVIII., and his refusals. The Senate trembled, hesitated, and drew back: M. de Talleyrand maintained his position, though losing ground every day, in the double part of confidential mediator, between the requirements of one side and the obstinacy of the other, deceiving both at the same

time. Plans of a constitution, softened and amended, vainly succeeded one another in the committees of the Luxemburg, and in the saloons of the minister; the diplomatist still preserving a tone of pleasantry with the puritans of the Senate, to prepare them for sacrifices by the doubts skilfully thrown beforehand into their council. "You are going," he said to them, "to have to do with a King who is a superior man. You may expect to see him discuss your constitution. You may prepare yourselves for the honour of entering into controversy with him."

The senators at length submitted to M. de Talleyrand a a project of a royal declaration, in which they made this prince promise to preserve the Senate, to whose intelligence he would acknowledge that he owed his return to his kingdom. M. de Talleyrand went to present it to the King at Compiègne, not doubting that it would be accepted; but the prince, as inflexible to the insinuations of the negociator as he had been to the summons of Alexander, replied haughtily to M. de Talleyrand, "If I accepted a constitution from my people, in the sitting where I should swear to observe it, you would be seated while I was standing!" This attitude alone of him who takes an oath before him who imposes it, appeared to the King the most energetic refutation of the subaltern part which the pretensions of the Senate wished to assign to the crown. But he meditated another part for royalty to play: he wished to mingle the majesty of a descendant of Louis XIV. with the prudence of a politician of the nineteenth century, coming to pacify a revolution without recognising it, with a wisdom emanating from the throne, not by suggestion but by inspiration. But his dread of the Emperor Alexander, and his desire to avail himself of the resistance of this prince by temporising, prevented him as yet from immediately entering his capital. He wished to make his approaches step by step, in order to increase the desires of the people by impatience. The royalists, who went to him from hour to hour, to report the feelings of the people, made the King hope that an irresistible movement of public opinion would burst forth, in spite of the Emperor of Russia, and in spite of the Senate on his approach, and that a general accla-

mation would overturn those factitious barriers that they wished to erect between him and the nation. He therefore went to the isolated chateau of St. Ouen, an old residence of M. Necker, in the plain of St. Denis, near the gates of Paris; as if he had wished, by his choice of this place of conference, to recall to the nation the memory of a popular minister, whom he himself had formerly supported in the convocation of the States-general of the kingdom. The necessity of preparing his royal entry into Paris was the pretext of this inexplicable residence under the walls of his capital. The real motive was, however, a last negociation with Alexander, and with the resistance of opinion which contested with him the supreme power.

II.

But even this approximation was a menace to which the Senate, at once pressed and withheld by M. de Talleyrand, did not resist. The King was hardly established at St. Ouen, when the general enthusiasm carried towards that residence all the royalists, or all those who pretended to be of that category. The people themselves flocked out in multitudes to the fields and the roads which led to Saint Ouen; towards which Paris overflowed with impatience, emotion, and curiosity. The Senate hastened to send thither a deputation, and confided to M. de Talleyrand himself the expression of their sentiments on the occasion. The speech prepared for this purpose, which had no other object than to save appearances, was intended to be as flexible and as agreeable to the King, as it was reserved and dignified for the Senate: but it betrayed a resistance that was becoming weary, and pretensions that capitulated with power by taking refuge in sentiment.

"Sire," said M. de Talleyrand, speaking for the deputation from the Senate, "all hearts feel that this blessing can only be due to yourself; they therefore hasten to present you with their homage. There are joys which cannot be feigned; that of which you now hear the transports is a joy truly national.

"The Senate profoundly moved at this touching spectacle, happy in mingling their sentiments with those of the people,

come like them to offer, at the foot of the throne, their testimonials of respect and affection.

"Sire, innumerable calamities have desolated the kingdom of your fathers. Your glory has taken refuge in our camps; the army has saved the honour of France. In re-ascending the throne you succeed to twenty years of ruin and misfortune.

"This inheritance might alarm the ordinary virtue of men; the reparation of such immense disorder requires the devotion of great courage; prodigies are demanded to heal the wounds of the country; but we are your children, and these prodigies are referred to your paternal care.

"The more difficult the circumstances, the more powerful and revered should be the royal authority. In speaking to the imagination with all the éclat of ancient recollections, it will know how to conciliate all the wishes of modern reason, by borrowing from it the wisest political theories.

"A constitutional charter will unite all interests with that of the throne, and fortify the principal will by the concurrence of all the others.

"You know better than we do, Sire, that such institutions, as is well proved by a neighbouring nation, present supports and not barriers to monarchs who are friends of the laws and fathers of their people.

"Yes, Sire, the nation and the Senate, full of confidence in the great intelligence and maganimous sentiments of your Majesty, desire, equally with you, that France should be free in order that the King may be powerful."

The King, affecting a majestic silence, as if exhibiting a mind that no longer deliberated, contented himself with replying in one of those vague expressions of thanks which leaves every thing to hope, and everything to fear. He made no allusion to the ambiguous and politic terms in which M. de Talleyrand had enveloped the expiring pretensions of the Senate. This silence sufficiently indicated his disdain; and, as if he wished to brave or to defy them still further, he caused to be published, some hours after, the famous declaration of Saint Quen, the ultimatum of royalty to revolution. This declaration fully recalled that of Louis XVI., when that prince wished to defer

the States-general, by forestalling them with concessions to the age. But Louis XVI. spoke alone, and without power, on the eve of a revolution which would wait no longer. Louis XVIII., on the contrary, spoke from amidst one million of European bayonets, masters of the conquered soil of the country, to the heart of a people, fatigued with twenty-five years struggles and on the ruins of an empire, who asked from royalty not liberty but life. The Emperor Alexander, to whom this project of a declaration had been communicated in the morning, had required, in imperative language, the modification of some of the articles.

The declaration was thus expressed :—

"Louis, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all who shall see these presents, greeting.

"Recalled by the love of our people to the throne of our ancestors, enlightened by the misfortunes of the nation that we are called on to govern, our first thought is to invoke that mutual confidence so necessary to our repose and to our happiness.

"After having attentively read the plan of a constitution proposed by the Senate in its sitting of the 6th April last, we have recognised the basis to be good, but that a great many of the articles, bearing the impress of the haste with which they have been drawn up, cannot, in their present form, become fundamental laws of the State.

"Resolved to adopt a liberal Constitution, and wishing that it should be wisely combined, but not being able to accept one which it is indispensable to rectify, we convoke, for the 10th of the month of June of the present year, the Senate and the legislative body, engaging ourselves to submit to their inspection the work that we shall have prepared with a commission chosen from those two bodies, and to give, for a basis to this constitution, the following guarantees :—

"The representative government shall be retained as it exists at present, divided into two bodies, viz. the Senate and the Chamber of deputies of the Departments.

"The impost shall be freely acquiesced in

"Public and private property secured.

"The liberty of the press respected; with the reservation of precautions necessary to public tranquillity.

"Liberty of worship guaranteed.

"Property shall be inviolable and sacred; the sale of national estates remaining irrevocable.

"Ministers, who are removeable, may be impeached by one of the legislative chambers, and judged by the other.

"The judges shall be irremoveable, and the judicial power independent.

"The public debt shall be guaranteed. Pensions, rank, and military honours shall be preserved, as well as the old and new nobility.

"The Legion of Honour, of which we shall determine the decoration, shall be maintained.

All Frenchmen shall be admissible to civil and military employment.

"Finally, no individual shall be disturbed for his votes or opinions."

III.

Loud acclamations of the people hailed this declaration of principles, which was posted with great profusion on all the walls of Paris, as a preamble of the coming reign. It was the legitimate revolution by royalty, the treaty of pacification between the past and the future, the mutual amnesty of the King to the people, and the people to the King. No one contested the source whence emanated this negociation of the Revolution; for it mattered little to the nation at this moment whether such a constitution fell from the throne, or arose from the people, provided it guaranteed its conquests to the age, and its interests to the country. The popularity of Louis XVIII. drew everything into the current of public joy. The royalists alone, who had preserved in their exile the sophistry, the systems, or the superstitions of uncontrolled loyalty, murmured secretly against a wisdom which they designated in an under tone as cowardice. But even these murmurs of some who were behind the progress of the age only served to increase public favour towards the King. The more these courtiers, obstinate in by-gone errors,

repudiated the prince, the more he was taken into favour by his newly-recovered people.

The King availed himself with ability of this impassioned movement of astonishment and enthusiasm, to make his entrance into the city and the palace of his ancestors. The whole population were on foot to meet him, or receive him there.

IV.

On the 3rd of May, 1814, the plain of St. Ouen, the hills of Montmartre, the avenues of Paris, and the banks of the Seine, were covered, like the seats of an amphitheatre, with the population of Paris, its faubourgs and the neighbouring villages, and with the troops, to witness the entrance of the King into his capital. A splendid sky, a brilliant sun, the verdure of spring seemed to associate nature herself with the vast assemblage, to solemnize and restore to serenity one of the most astonishing epochs in the history of a nation—the first interview of a people with their sovereign, the reconciliation of proscribed royalty, and a pacified revolution, the liberation, in fine, of the soil of the country, by the hand of a disarmed sage.

At eleven o'clock the King quitted the gardens of St. Ouen, in which he left a memento of his residence, the traces of his meditations, and of which he made, at a later period, a monumental homage to a favourite of friendship. An immense and sumptuous cortège of cavaliers, formed of the princes of his house and the celebrated men of both epochs,—emigrants, soldiers of the Republic, courtiers of Hartwell and of the Tuileries, foreign generals, marshals of the Empire, men of consular fame, of all dates of the history of our thirty last years, illustrious names of the ancient monarchy, ministers, administrators, diplomatists, writers and celebrated orators, mingled in impartial groups by the confluence of circumstances, and the miracle of events, preceded, followed, and surrounded the open carriage of the King, which was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses from the Emperor's stables. The uniforms and costumes of this suite of all dates, of all reigns, and of all armies,

attested the assemblage of a whole people and of all Europe, in this unanimous reception of a sovereign so long absent, who had returned to represent, to mingle, and to unite two different ages. No prince was better calculated than Louis XVIII. to personify this conciliation, and to represent paternally the past era by making himself acceptable to the present.

His age was imposing by the maturity of years, without yet offering any other sign of decay than his grey hair, the semblance of wisdom on a countenance still young; while the infirmity of his legs was concealed from the crowd by his cloak, which was thrown over his knees. But this King in his sitting posture, whose sufferings and forced sedentary life were well known, was a symbol of reflection and of peace. Even his infirmities, exciting an interest for the old monarch, seemed to offer a pledge of repose,—the unanimous passion at this time in France. His countenance, impressed with a fine intelligence, the spirit and firmness of his glance, beaming from on high upon the crowd, like that of a mind accustomed to regard its subjects without being dazzled; the natural curiosity and astonishment expressed in his eyes, as they endeavoured to recognise, through the changes of twenty-five years, the views, the country, the walls and the monuments of his youth; the inquiries which he addressed, from time to time, to those persons of his suite who had been more happy than himself in never having quitted their country; the mingled joy and sorrow of his return, sharing in his features with the dignity of a triumphal entry; even, his foreign costume recalling the days of exile. That princess also at his side, the Duchess d'Angoulême, to whom her repentant country could only restore a name, but not a family, swept away in the tempest; the involuntary tears which struggled with her happiness in the eyes of this orphan of the scaffold; the old Prince of Condé, the veteran of monarchical wars, worn in body by nearly an age of combats, weakened in understanding and memory by exile, and looking round with childish gaze on the pomp of which he was the object, and which he seemed scarcely to comprehend; the Duke de Bourbon, his son, his face and heart in mourning, as if following the funeral cortège of the Duke d'Enghien, instead of the triumph of

royalty; the Count d'Artois, the delight and chivalric popularity of the dynasty, riding at the carriage door of the King, and appearing to present his brother to the people, and the people to his brother; the Duke d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berry, his two sons, future heirs of the throne; the one modest and reflective, the other affecting the martial rudeness of the officers of the Empire; the splendour of the arms, the motions of the horses, the waving of plumes, the living hedge of people and of soldiers which bordered the fields and the avenues of the plain; the houses crowded to the roof-tops with women and children; the windows dressed out with white flags; the clapping of hands, the prolonged acclamations, now dying away, now swelling out again at every turn of the wheel of the royal carriage; the showers of bouquets descending from the balconies and strewing the pavements; the flourishes of instruments, the rolling of the drums, the discharges of cannon from Montmartre and the Invalides, breaking the short silence of the crowds, and giving a rebound to the emotions of a million of men;—all these aspects, all these considerations, all these noises, all these astonishments, all these feelings of the crowd, gave to the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris a character of pathos and sensibility which effaced even the pomp of a triumphal entry. Nature had a still greater share in it than ceremonial. There was a father in the King, filial piety in the people, and sincere tears between them. They saw one another again, after a long separation. They mutually endeavoured to recognise each other, to ascertain each others sentiments; they hoped in each other; they wished to love each other. The heart of a king and the heart of a people never, perhaps, beat nearer to one another. Monarchical tradition was recovering a throne, exile a country, revolution a consecration, the past forgetfulness, the future a pledge, ideas an arbiter, the country independence, and the world a peace.

At the Porte Saint Denis, the King received the keys of Paris, from the hands of M. de Chabrol, prefect under Napoleon. He returned them to him with an expression of confidence, as if to impress upon his government a signification of amnesty, for all the services rendered to another flag, and to

give a pledge of permanency to all the functionaries of the kingdom. From thence the cortège advanced by the most populous quarters of Paris towards the cathedral. The King was received, as his ancestors had been, at the door of this temple of the old worship and the old dynasty, by the clergy, who presented him with the lustral water and the symbols of sovereignty. "As a descendant of Saint Louis," said he to the priests who received him in the sanctuary, "I shall imitate his virtues." He also attributed the termination of the misfortunes of his race to the protection of the Saviour and his mother, as if to revive from the outset the pious customs of Louis XIII., and the ceremonies dear to the credulity of an ancient people. Politic with politicians, credulous with believers, and a King of two ages and two races, who met and mingled in him under the arches of this sacred edifice.

After the hymns of joy, which the Church consecrates to the victories or the happiness of nations, the King and the princes re-entered their carriages, and proceeded, amidst the moving masses of people, through the streets and the quays which separate the cathedral from the Louvre The countenances of the King and of the Duchess d'Angoulême were overcast on approaching the Tuileries, where their residence had been prepared. The King had never seen the palace since the day that Louis XVI. and the Queen had left it for Varennes,—the eve of their captivity and long suffering; nor the Duchess d'Angoulême, since the morning of the 10th of August, when she fled, holding her father's hand, on the noise of the assault which demolished the doors, and over the bodies of their brave defenders. The acclamations of this crowd, which seemed to make her a reparation for her immolated family, mingled in her memory with the clamours of the great seditions which had formerly besieged her infancy in these same courts. In passing before the ancient palace of Saint Louis, the Conciergerie, she could not see, without shuddering, the air-holes and gratings of her mother's dungeon; and on alighting from her carriage, at the entrance of the Tuileries, she fainted in the arms of her servants. They bore her half dead to her apartments, where she shut herself up, for the remainder of the day, with God and

the memory of her slaughtered family. Solitude and prayer were necessary to inure her to those grandeurs of which she had experienced the reverse, and to those triumphs in which she had a misgiving of a change.

V.

The King passed through the newly embellished halls of the palace, still full of all the luxury and all the military pomp of the Empire. There had not been sufficient time to efface from the walls the crowned representations of Napoleon; nor to remove the statues, the pictures, and the portraits in which, during ten years, he had contemplated his image and his glory. Louis XVIII. felt himself sufficiently strong, and sufficiently glorious in his ancestors, to look without anger and without envy, on these vestiges of a parvenu of victory. He therefore seemed to adopt all that had decorated France, even against himself. This magnanimous consciousness of his right re-assured and touched the warriors of the court of Napoleon, who were introducing him into the palace of their chief. They appeared proud themselves of being adopted by this monarchy of past ages, which seemed to give an air of antiquity to their new titles They humbled themselves, as it were, before time, that time might hasten to mingle their recent names with the old titles of the monarchy. Two courts, rivalling each other in assiduity and flattery—the one natural, the other servile—were thus mixed up together, to receive the King and his family in the palace of royalty. Louis XVIII. seemed on that day to forget his old adherents, and occupy himself solely with his new ones. His heart was with the emigrants; but his smiles were for the Empire and the Revolution. The statue of his ancestor, Henry IV., which had been set up in his route over the Pont-Neuf, and which he had saluted on crossing the river, seemed to have inspired him with his smile and his language. Admirable inconsistency of sovereigns reconciled with their subjects, who sacrifice their friends to conciliate their enemies!

VI.

As soon as the night had scattered the crowd of courtiers, and the multitude intoxicated with hope, the King detained M. de Talleyrand with him, and composed his ministry. Time did not permit him to lose an hour in reigning; for France was conquered, and it was necessary to treat in its name for its ransom and its deliverance. The public mind was wavering and uncertain as to the nature of the new government, and it was necessary to fix it. The work was a difficult one; for a single act, or a single name, might change enthusiasm into disaffection. If stormy Revolution and discontented Imperialism had their requirements, royalist opinion had its fits of passion, emigration its susceptibilities and its ambitions, the Duchess d'Angoulême her repugnances, the Count d'Artois and his court their pretensions, and their anti-revolutionary audacity. The King, in concert with M. de Talleyrand, searched out names which had been buried for many years in obscurity and retreat; whose merit was a mystery, whose opinions were a secret, whose presumed wisdom and impartiality disarmed all envy,—having, at least, the advantage of being unknown. The majority of these names were borrowed from the old parliamentary magistracy; as if the King, in choosing these intermediate men, between the plebeians and the patricians, wished to re-assure both the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, and also to leave his favour undecided between the new and the old nobility. He appointed M. d'Ambray, Chancellor of France and Minister of Justice. This gentleman, formerly Advocate-general of the Parliament of Paris, had distinguished himself there before the Revolution, in the exercise of his functions, by talent which had been enlarged by reflection and long retirement. He had not emigrated. Persecution and the Revolution had spared him, in his retreat in Normandy, as one of those men who bend sufficiently to circumstances, and who hold back so much from political changes as to be respected and tolerated by all parties. His claim to the functions of chancellor, with which the King invested him, arose from his being son-in-law to the ancient

chancellor of Louis XVI., M. de Barentin—a sort of hereditary succession to the high offices of the crown, to which Louis XVIII. was rigidly attached, as to one of the sacred traditions of the kingdom. But M. d'Ambray was behind his age; calculated only to honour justice by personal virtues, and incapable of raising functions to a level with a political system adapted to a transition of genius between two reigns. To follow the forms, and countersign the orders of the court, was all his aptitude, and the acmé of his devotion. He is said to have carried on, as well as his father-in-law, M. de Barentin, a secret correspondence with Hartwell during the reign of Napoleon. This sort of correspondence, which was known to and tolerated by the police of the Emperor, as an evaporation, without danger, of royalist opinions, and which revealed to Napoleon himself the harmless ideas of the most devoted partisans of the Bourbons, was, nevertheless, a title to the gratitude of the King, of which he acquitted himself on his accession to the throne. This devotion appeared to him meritorious, though it produced no results. It gave him, at least, an opportunity of making France and Europe believe, that he did not owe everything to the force of events, but that his able and secret negociations at Hartwell went for something in his restoration. He therefore recompensed more fidelity than he really believed to exist.

VII.

The Abbé de Montesquiou, another of his intimate correspondents, and his real negociator between him and public opinion, was appointed Minister of the Interior. Better calculated for the court than for business, and for negociations than for administration, the Abbé de Montesquiou had too much nonchalance for a statesman. Constantly tacking between two ideas and two epochs, without satisfying or exasperating either, he had the mere quality of wavering minds,—the merit of his weakness.

The Abbé Louis, a man of consummate ability in finance, and impassioned against the Imperial despotism, devoted to M. de Talleyrand by analogy of clerical origin, and of repudia-

tion of the priesthood, was called to the Finance department. Bonaparte had left the treasury in a state of exhaustion, drained in taxes, and plundered by the invasion. Genius, activity, boldness, and a beginning were therefore wanted; and the Abbé Louis, who had studied in the schools of Mirabeau, Necker, and Calonne, the mysteries of credit, and the miracles of confidence, brought to it a firm mind and a bold hand. He was daring enough not to despair of an empty treasury, in the face of insatiable requirements from the foreigners and the emigrants. He invoked, from the midst of these ruins, the true genius of finance—the integrity of government; and he found riches in the prodigality of reimbursement.

M. Beugnot received the Direction-general of the police,—the true ministry of public opinion, the most important of all for a new prince, who ought to be well acquainted with the spirit of parties, in order to treat with them. M. Beugnot, a man whose mind was diffused over all, and of a flexibility full of grace, seemed to be formed by nature and his antecedents for these difficult functions; but he disappointed all hopes. He was too superficial to see thoroughly, too devoted to advise well, and too supple to resist the caprices of the court.

VIII.

M. Ferrand, a man enveloped in one of those mysterious reputations which hide a great deal of nullity under much consideration, was entrusted with the Post-office. This was, at that period, a second ministry of police, formed for the espionnage of opinions by the Emperor. M. Ferrand, an old parliamentarian, like M. de Barentin and M. Ambray, had emigrated; but becoming weary of exile he had returned to France at the commencement of the Empire. Men of this description gave Napoleon no inquietude. As adorers and wrecks of the old regime, he easily pardoned their feelings in favour of their dogmas. These men, such as M. de Fontanes, De Montlosier, Molé, Ferrand, and De Bonald, constituted the theory of his despotism. He raised them in public opinion, when he could not attach them to his throne. They were allies

that he respected and caressed in the camp of the Bourbons. M. Ferrand had written a book entitled, "The Spirit of History;" a long and fastidious paradox against all the novelties and the liberties of the human mind. This book, adopted by the university of the Empire, as a catechism of rational slavery, and exalted by the nobility and clergy as a deification of the past, had produced for its author one of those veiled glories which nobody thinks of uncovering, and before which every one bows on the word of the author. Louis XVIII. affected to share in this worship for the authority of M. Ferrand. He was the Montesquieu of the juncture whom he introduced into his council, and directed to meditate on the constitution.

Finally, M. de Talleyrand, as the essential man of the double tradition, revolutionary and monarchical, received the department of foreign affairs, and the presidency of the council of ministers. His graceful manner, his carelessness, his negligence, which left everything fluctuating except his fortune; his words of double meaning, his smiles of two opinions, his deference for the King, his credit with Alexander, made him the accepted centre, the auxiliary and hope of all the council.

IX.

The King reserved only one place—the most humble in appearance, the most important in reality—for friendship. This was the ministry of the king's household,—a true mayoralty of the palace, succeeding to the grand marshalate of the Empire, instituted by Napoleon in favour of his most intimate adherents,—a ministry of favouritism under a prince who could not exist without a friend. This ministry, overlooked or conceded by M. de Talleyrand, was given to M. de Blacas, successor to Count d'Avaray in the heart of the King. It was the intimacy of Hartwell, transported and transformed into political power at the Tuileries. This minister, who kept shut or open the door of the King's cabinet, who received the other ministers, who alone made a summary of their rank, who examined their communications to the prince, who had the ear of,

and transmitted all conversation to the King, was not long in absorbing everything. Responsibility and constitution drew back before habit and nature. Truth no longer entered without a passport from M. de Blacas. Imbued with a superstitious fidelity for his master, a stranger in the country, new in affairs, disdainful of opinion, all liberty and all severity of language would have appeared to him an attempt at high treason against the sovereign.

The Count d'Artois, humbled at the levities he had committed, in engaging his brother's word towards the Senate, and in giving up the strong places to the allies, withdrew himself into the pavilion of the Tuileries, which had been appropriated to him, with his sons and his little court of agitating emigrants, implacable bishops, and new adventurers of the old regime,—all bad counsellors of his weakness. The King loaded him with almost regal honours, munificence, credit, and guards:—almost a king by the pomp of his household, but respectfully ejected from the government, of which the King knew that he was ambitious, and at the same time incapable. The favourites of this brother of the monarch began, from this day, to circumvent the government with opposition, discontent, and intrigues against the pacific system of the crown; and to agitate, underhand, the palace, the government, and the royal family. Two spirits seemed to have entered with one family into the Tuileries, as if they were already dividing the nation.

X.

Fouché, eager to signalise himself in the eyes of the new royalty, and to wash off the blood of Louis XVI. by services audaciously offered, caused a memoir to be presented to the King, in which he traced, to this prince, from the very commencement, the way in which he would be, he said, followed by the nation. His title of ancient minister of police, the ambiguity of the part he played during the last years of the Empire, his disgrace and banishment to Italy, his treason even, rendered his counsels precious to the King and to M. de Blacas. The confidential minister and the prince read them with atten-

tion, and made them the line of their political principles. The audacity and the rudeness of these counsels gave them the greater authority over the mind of the King. He thought he could confide in a man who disdained in appearance to please, and who was not afraid to flatter, flattery the worst of all, which masks servility under insolence, and seasons ambition with truths.

"We wish in good faith," said Fouché in this memoir, which Louis XVIII. found on the table of his cabinet on awaking,—"we wish in good faith, and with a good heart, for the re-establishment of the Bourbons. We all know that their reign will not be either so hard, nor so expensive, nor so fatiguing as that of Bonaparte. We are persuaded that they will govern with wisdom, justice, and moderation, and that they will heal a part of our wounds. We have some infidelities to expiate with respect to them; but such is the confidence that we have in their hereditary goodness;—such is the repentance that brings us back towards them—that no one, either in his own vicinity or at a distance, has sought for competitors against them; and that they have peacefully re-ascended the throne of their ancestors, without the shedding of a drop of blood, or even of a tear.

"It is because we wish with good faith that the Bourbons should re-establish themselves upon the throne of France, that we wish them not to listen to stupid or perfidious counsellors, who would induce them to be the soul of a party rather than the fathers of the whole nation, to demolish the work they find done, and to attack the ideas they find established; at the risk of re-lighting the passions, of inflaming and embittering self-love, and of spreading through all minds a general distrust, the consequences of which would be incalculable.

"It will certainly be the fault of these men if the nation should once more be led astray, excited, and pushed into trouble: and it will not be their fault, if this misfortune does not speedily happen. The shops are hung with their libels and their constitutions. Bonaparte, who was not more liberal than another in point of concessions, had, however, left us two little bits of consolation—the jury and national representation;

but our present purists will have no such thing. Happily the King will be less a royalist than these people. His mind is too highly cultivated, and his soul too exalted: his studies, his taste for literature and science have brought him in contact with too many men of learning, to allow us to apprehend that his reign will have a tendency to cause the nineteenth century to retrograde. The war that should be made in our time against liberal ideas would certainly cost France dearer than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes· and, at all events, it would be more dangerous for those who should declare it, than for those who would have to sustain it.

"Besides the 600,000 citizens, who have returned to their families, after having gloriously served in the army, we have 500,000 more under arms. Several other millions of men have participated more or less, by their opinions, their writings, or their employments, in the events of the Revolution, and in the reign of Bonaparte; almost all of whom possess energy and elevation of character. None of these men, who feel they have become greater by the events and the ideas of their age, will suffer any one to tamper or trifle with what they have done. They will not censure those who have followed other routes, any more than they will suffer themselves to be censured.

"The family of the Bourbons re-ascend the throne under the most favourable circumstances. The calamity of war had become unsupportable to us, and we had an ardent thirst for peace. The preservation of 400,000 men, who would also have perished this year, is due to the return of these princes, but beware of a rock which the stupidity and levity of our libellists have not permitted them to see. Bonaparte still thinks himself a colossus in his island of Elba. Our rivals keep him in reserve as a bugbear, which wonderfully assists their policy, and which they well know how to apply against us, if we have the imprudence to be disunited amongst ourselves, and to allow them to discover a portion of us which was not ranged in battle order around the throne. We have but one means of effectually preventing this, and of disappointing the calculations of those who treat him with such consideration, and hold him in so much regard. It is to stifle amongst

ourselves all the seeds of civil war; it is to amalgamate all the interests, all the self-loves, all descriptions of service, all the titles of glory and distinction; it is to shun discontents, hatreds, vengeances, and religious and political quarrels; it is to act as if there had been no revolution in France, and never to lose sight of this, that Bonaparte would be the natural refuge and soul of all the parties which should detach themselves from the cause of the King."

XI.

While Louis XVIII. was revolving in his mind these opinions of Fouché, which he held in common with M. de Talleyrand and the Emperor Alexander, the enthusiasm of the old royalist party (which, on finding its natural chief again upon the throne, thought it ought also to find again the whole ancient order of things) became excited to phrenzy, and began to press heavily on the wisdom of the King. This prince himself, so enlightened and practised in the theory of government, was under the influence of his traditions and his ancient habits. He could see no throne without a nobility, and no restoration of the monarchy without those privileged corps of gentlemen from whom the long wars of the Republic and the Empire had removed their exclusive army rank, but to whom he wished to give at least the guard of his person, and the ranks of his military household. Napoleon himself had given these examples, and this pretext to the King, by the formation of his imperial guard, the pretorians of the Empire, the privileged sons of victory by whom he was surrounded. The first thought of Louis XVIII. had been to confide himself to this *élite* of the French army, and to give up his throne, his person, and his family to the loyalty of these brave soldiers; but he was dissuaded from this. The gloomy frigidity of some regiments of the imperial guard, drawn up in the line of his entrance into Paris, appeared a sign of discontent, and a presage of seditions or of treasons. These regiments, without being disbanded, were, accordingly, very soon marched into the northern departments of France, and it was proposed to replace them by a

personal force of the King's. It was further requisite to fulfil the promises made during the emigration to the courtier companions in adversity of the prince. Rank or subsidies were also to be given to the numerous officers and soldiers of the army of Condé, or the army of the princes, who had returned indigent to their country, where they had found their property sold, and their houses occupied by the purchasers of national domains. Finally, it was essential, in reserving the high civil dignities of the courts for the great names of the monarchy, to create for the marshals and generals, the assiduous refugees of the Empire, a certain number of military dignities, which would give them, near the person of the new master, the honours and the salaries of that high service of the palace which they had preferred to their fidelity.

The military household of the King of France was established in conformity with all these exigencies.

XII.

The King re-established his military household, such as it had existed since the days of Louis XIV, and before the reforms which the paternal economy of Louis XVI. had made in this armed luxury of the court, consisting of *gardes du corps*, *chevau-légers*, *mousquetaires*, *hallebardiers*, *cent-suisses*, *gardes-de-la-porte*, and *gardes de Monsieur, comte d'Artois*. The rank of officer in the army, held by each private soldier of these corps, their privileges of garrison, of court and of palace, their led horses; rich uniforms, and residence exclusively in the capital or in the neighbouring towns, the pay of a private guardsman being equal to that of a lieutenant of cavalry, the daily familiarity of the King and the princes, the hunting parties, journeys, and grand military ceremonies,—in short, the hope of seeing, in the course of time, all the officers and chiefs of the new army of the monarchy chosen from this nursery of young noblemen; and, above all, it must be acknowledged, the eagerness for novelty and disinterested enthusiasm of the royalist youth for the royalty of the princes who had reigned over their fathers, by an irresistible impulse, in a few days carried thousands of young

men, of the noble and rich families throughout all France, to Paris, for the purpose of enrolling themselves. There was not one illustrious house of ancient aristocracy, not a hotel of the faubourg Saint Germain, not a chateau of the most remote province, not a fireside of honourable citizenship in the towns of the various departments, that did not furnish a son to this voluntary recruiting of the King's guard. In a few weeks, these corps were completed, mounted, armed, disciplined, and exercised. They astonished Paris by the elegance of their costume, the splendour of their arms, and the insolence of their bearing. The taste for arms and hereditary personal valour (usual in the nobility of the provinces, and transmitted from father to son), and the beauty and vigour of these military and chivalric races, at once transformed this *élite* of the aristocracy into a pretorian guard of royalty. Admired by Paris, envied by the army, often rallied and frequently challenged by the disbanded officers of Napoleon, these young men rivalled in insolence and bravado the veterans who taunted them on account of their privileges, their opinions, their youth. As well practised in small sword combats as the others were in battles and victories, they every day had numerous encounters with the soldiers of the Empire; and killing or wounding a great number of their adversaries, they soon caused their swords to be respected. But this germ of preference and of division between the two classes and the two armies, from the first day, diffused discord between them, and spread disaffection through the old army. The necessity for economy, to maintain the court and new military corps, weighed heavily on the immense list of Napoleon's officers, already disproportioned to the requirements of peace, and the now restricted recruiting of France within its limits. Fifteen or sixteen thousand officers, of every rank, reduced to half-pay, carried into all the towns and villages, their feelings of dissatisfaction at the interruption of their career, and the complaints of their diminished means of existence. Being placed in more direct connection with the people than the nobility, these half-pay officers, who had sprung from the the humblest families, and were now mingled with all the rural populations, first inspired the unpopularity of the Bour-

bons, and became the active germ of a secret military and popular conspiracy, in which democracy and despotism were to unite against the Restoration and against liberty.

The chiefs of the household troops of the King, were chosen, with a politic impartiality, by Louis XVIII., from amongst the marshals of the Empire and the great names of the ancient monarchy. Marshal Berthier and Marshal Marmont were appointed captains of the guards, together with the Dukes de Luxembourg and the Duke d'Havre. The musketeers and light-horse were also commanded by generals of the Imperial epoch. The Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke d'Orleans re-assumed the ancient titles of heads of their houses, and of colonel-general of the Swiss, of the infantry, the dragoons, and of the hussars. The army became remoulded with all the traditions of the antique military state of France, and with all the officers of the emigration, of the army of Condé, or of the navy, which the Revolution, banishment, disgust or old age had driven from the ranks during the last twenty years. Rank, pensions, and military decorations retroverted a quarter of a century, to recompense, in past times, doubtful services, questionable fidelities, ridiculous incapacities, and claims which were in some way justifiable and in others false. Titles, honours, and the public money were all at the mercy of the veterans of the Restoration. and Paris presented the odd spectacle of an exhumed century starting from oblivion, with its names, its opinions, and costumes, to come and snatch away or beg the favours of another century. Ridicule began to get the better of the respect of the people, on beholding this retinue of decay, of fidelity, and of beggary at the doors of the ministers and of the palace of the Bourbons. The King himself laughed at it, but commanded his ministers to lavish on them every compensation and all substantial or honorary favours, so as to put a stop to all complaints of ingratitude from the royalists around him, and thus have it in his power to refuse them his politics, by giving up to them his treasures and his toys.

General Dupont, whom the King had retained as minister of war, to execute the severities of the disbanding, reduced the

army to 200,000 men. This was quite enough for a country, which at that moment supported 800,000 foreign soldiers, and was negociating for peace as eagerly as if seeking terms of capitulation. But the transition from an universal monarchy which kept in pay and recruited a million of men, to a limited and pacific monarchy, which had also to make good the arrears of its conquest and the indemnities of its glory, weighed fatally on the nation; and this burden was unjustly brought to bear on the new Government, which was innocent of the ambition of Napoleon and of the penury of France.

XIII.

Even peace, the first promise of the King, was so retarded, and met with so many difficulties, that the public began to lose all patience. The provinces under military occupation were ground down, levied upon, and exhausted by the foreign troops cantoned on the soil, and Paris was humilitated by the presence of the armies of the North, which were encamped in its gardens and parks. But the Bonapartist and senatorial faction, which had gradually gained on the ear of Alexander, made him impose, as the first condition of peace, the proclamation of a constitutional charter, which was to constitute a guarantee for the past and a pledge for the future.

The King at last decided on appointing commissioners, chosen in almost equal proportions from amongst those in his private confidence, the members of the legislative body, and the ancient senators, to determine the basis of the constitution, and deliberate on the terms of its construction. These were the Abbé de Montesquiou, his private and confidential minister; M. Ferrand, his doctrinal theoretician, and the upholder of his absolute prerogative; M. Beugnot, the negociator of his con cessions; to whom he added MM. Barthélemy, Barbé Marbois, Boissy d'Anglas, Fontanes, Garnier, Pastoret, Semonville, Marshal Serrurier, Blancart de Bailleul, Bois Savary, Chabaud Latour, Clausel de Coussergues, Duchesne, Duhamel, Faget de Baure, Felix Faulcon, Lainé, and d'Ambray, chancellor of France, the greater part being pure royalists, some of

them, men of the Fructidor, proscribed for their premature royalism, or for their heroic opposition to the revolutionary excesses; and also others, such as Lainé and his colleagues, the zealous advocates of liberty and moderation under the ancient forms of royalty; all enemies of the Imperial form of government, and favourably disposed to the reconciliation of the nation with the family of the Bourbons. This was a sort of diplomatic conference, commissioned to prepare the preliminaries of the grand treaty of pacification, between the races and ideas, which had been at war for the last thirty years; or, in other words, the grand council of royalty and modern liberty. But the King reserved to himself the right to allow or to reject, to sign or to expunge, the clauses of this treaty, and wished the charter to remain subject to his will, even after he should have promulgated it.

A few sittings, hurried on by the imperative instigation of the Emperor Alexander, who declared that his troops should not quit Paris until after the promulgation of the charter, sufficed for the discussion and drawing up of this document, and the King signed it, with the formal and repeated reservation, that this right of the people, was a gift and concession of the throne, thus reserving the power, as he had done at Compiègne, to restore to its original extent the absolute authority of which he now abandoned a part.

The following is the treaty of peace between the Bourbons and the nation, of which no one then contested the wisdom, which every one thought irrevocable, which was sufficient for the authority of the throne as well as the liberty of the time, which served as the moral foundation for the firm establishment of traditional and of temporary monarchy, and which would have supported the government much longer, based as it was on two different rights and two epochs, if the impatience of the King with the agitations of the people had not sapped the foundations of his own monarchy.

PUBLIC RIGHT OF THE FRENCH.

"The French are all equals in the presence of the law, whatever may be their rank or titles elsewhere.

"They contribute without distinction, in proportion to their property, to the expenses of the State.

"They are all equally eligible for civil and military employment.

"Their individual liberty is likewise guaranteed; and no person can be prosecuted or arrested, except in the cases provided for by law, and in the form which it prescribes.

"Every one may profess his religion with equal liberty, and have the same protection for his form of worship.

"Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic and apostolic religion is the religion of the State.

"The ministers of the Roman Catholic and apostolic religion, and those of the other Christian forms of worship, shall alone receive salaries from the royal treasury.

"The French have the right to print and publish their opinions, conforming to the laws, which are framed to repress the abuse of this liberty.

"All properties are inviolable, without excepting those which are called national; the law allowing no difference between them.

"The State may require the sacrifice of a property, on account of the public interest, legally proved, but with a previous indemnification.

"All inquiry as to the opinions or votes given, up to the time of the Restoration, is interdicted. The same oblivion is commanded in the courts of justice, and required of the citizens.

"Conscription is abolished. The mode of recruiting the army of the land and of the sea is determined by a law."

FORMS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE KING.

"The person of the King is inviolable and sacred. The ministers are responsible. To the King alone belongs the executive power.

"The King is the supreme head of the State, commands the forces by land and by sea, declares war, makes the treaties of peace, of alliance and of commerce, makes all appointments to the offices of public administration, and makes necessary

regulations and ordinances for the execution of the laws, and the safety of the State.

"The legislative power is exercised collectively, by the King, the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of the Deputies of the departments.

"The King proposes the law.

"The proposition of the law is carried, at the pleasure of the King, to the Chamber of Peers, or to that of the Deputies, except the law of taxes, which must first be addressed to the Chamber of the Deputies.

"Every law must be freely discussed and voted for by the majority of each of the two Chambers.

"The Chambers have power to entreat the King to propose a law on any subject whatsoever, and to indicate to him whatever may appear to them advisable that the law shall contain.

"This demand may be made by each of the two Chambers; but after having been discussed in private committee, it shall not be sent to the other Chamber by the one which shall have proposed it, until after a delay of ten days.

"If the proposition is adopted by the other Chamber, it shall be placed before the eyes of the King. If it is rejected, it cannot be brought forward again during the same session.

"The King alone sanctions and promulgates the laws.

"The civil list is fixed for the whole duration of the reign by the first Assembly of the Legislature since the accession of the King."

OF THE CHAMBER OF PEERS.

"The Chamber of Peers is an essential portion of the legislative power.

"It is convoked by the King at the same time as the Chamber of Deputies of the departments. The session of the one commences and terminates at the same time as that of the other.

"Every assembly of the Chamber of Peers, which shall be held out of the period of the session of the Chamber of Deputies, or which shall not be ordered by the King, is illegal and null in every respect.

"The nomination of the peers of France belongs to the King. Their number is unlimited. He can vary their dignities, appoint them for life, or make them hereditary according to his will.

"The peers take their seats in the Chamber at twenty-five years of age, but cannot take a part in the deliberations till thirty.

"The Chancellor of France is the president of the Chamber of Peers, and in his absence a peer nominated by the King.

"The members of the royal family, and the princes of the blood, are peers by right of birth; they sit immediately after the President, but take no part in the deliberations till the age of twenty-five.

"The princes cannot take their seats in the Chamber but by order of the King, expressed every session by a message, under pain of nullifying everything which has been done in their presence.

"All the deliberations of the Chamber of Peers shall be held in private.

"The Chamber of Peers have cognizance of the crimes of high treason, and attempts against the safety of the state, which shall be defined by law.

"No peer can be arrested but by the authority of the Chamber, nor tried but by it in criminal matters."

OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

"The Chamber of Deputies shall be composed of deputies elected by the Electoral Colleges, the organization of which will be determined by the laws.

"Each department will have the same number of deputies that it has had up to the present time.

"The deputies shall be elected for five years, in such manner that the Chamber shall be renewed every year by one fifth.

"No deputy can be admitted into the Chamber who is not forty years of age, and unless he pays, in direct taxes, the amount of one thousand francs.

"The electors who concur in the nomination of deputies

cannot have the right of suffrage, unless they pay a direct contribution of three hundred francs, and unless they are thirty years of age.

"The presidents of the electoral colleges shall be nominated by the King, and from law members of the college.

"One half at least of the deputies shall be chosen from amongst eligible persons who are politically domiciled in the department.

"The president of the Chamber of Deputies is nominated by the King, from a list of five members presented by the Chamber.

"The sittings of the Chamber are public; but the requisition of five members will suffice to constitute a committee of the whole house.

"No amendment can be made to a law, unless it has been proposed, or agreed to, by the King, and sent back and discussed in committee.

"The Chamber of Deputies receives all propositions of taxation; and it is only after these propositions have been admitted, that they can be laid before the Chamber of Peers.

"No tax can be established, or collected, unless it has been agreed to by both Chambers, and sanctioned by the King.

"The land tax is only agreed to from year to year. The indirect taxes may be agreed to for several years.

"The King convokes both Chambers every year. He prorogues them, and may dissolve that of the deputies of departments; but in this case he must convoke another within the space of three months.

"No arrest of person can be exercised against a member of the Chamber during the session, and for six weeks before and after.

"No member of the Chamber can, during the session, be prosecuted or arrested on a criminal charge, except in case of *flagranti delicto*, until the permission of the Chamber has been first obtained.

"No petition to either of the Chambers can be made and presented except in writing. The law forbids the petitioner to present in person and at the bar."

OF THE MINISTERS.

"The Ministers may be members of the Chamber of Peers, or the Chamber of Deputies. They have, further, admission to both Chambers equally, and must be heard when they demand it.

"The Chamber of Deputies has the right of impeaching the ministers of the crown, and of arraigning them before the Chamber of Peers, which alone is competent to try them.

"They can only be impeached on a charge of high treason, or of peculation."

OF THE ORDER OF JUSTICE.

"All justice emanates from the King: it is administered in his name by judges nominated and instituted by him.

"The judges appointed by the King are irremoveable.

"The ordinary courts and tribunals actually in existence are preserved. Nothing connected with them shall be changed but by virtue of a law.

"The actual institution of the judges of commerce is preserved.

"The justice of peace is also preserved. The justices of peace, although nominated by the King, are not irremoveable.

"No one can be deprived of his natural judges. Consequently there can be no creation of extraordinary commissioners and tribunals. Under this denomination are not comprised the courts of High Commission, should their re-establishment be thought necessary.

"Pleadings in criminal matters shall be public, unless this publicity should be dangerous to good order and public morals: in which case the tribunal will declare it by a judgment.

"The institution of juries is preserved. Such changes as a longer experience may render necessary can only be effected by a law.

"The penalty of confiscation is abolished, and cannot be re established.

"The King has the prerogative of pardon, and also of commuting punishment.

"The civil code, and the laws actually in existence, which are not contrary to the present Charter, shall remain in force, until it shall be legally derogated from."

PRIVATE RIGHTS GUARANTEED BY THE STATE.

"Military men on active service, retired officers and soldiers, widows, officers, and soldiers enjoying pensions, shall preserve their ranks, honours, and pensions.

"The public debt is guaranteed. Every sort of engagement made by the State with its creditors is inviolable.

"The ancient nobility will resume their titles, and the new will preserve theirs. The King creates noblemen at his own will: but he only grants them rank and honors, without any exemption from the burthens and duties of society.

"The Legion of Honour is maintained. The King will determine its interior regulations and decoration.

"The colonies will be governed by special laws and regu lations.

"The King and his successors will swear, at the solemnity of their coronation, faithfully to observe the present Constitutional Charter.

"Given at Paris, 4th June, year of grace 1814, and the 19th of our reign.

"(Signed) LOUIS.

And lower down,

"The Minister Secretary of State,

"(Signed) THE ABBE DE MONTESQUIOU."

XIV.

From this act may be said to date those political truths which then first began to operate between the spirit of the people and the pretensions of kings.. With the exception of the sincere and serious liberty of conscience, irreconcilable with a state religion, which pays one or two forms of worship and proscribes the others, all the constitutional liberties were therein proclaimed and guaranteed. It was the act of birth of the new regime, baptized in blood on the scaffold, and on the

field of battle, for twenty-five years past, in contrast with the old regime which fell to pieces in 1789. It was a second Henri IV. repudiating his old faith upon a throne, and confessing the dogmas of a new one. Royalty triumphant in appearance was subjugated even by its return to power; and adopted the manners, the rights, the language, and the institutions of the vanquished.

This act satisfied France; only two murmurs being heard against it, which were, however, stifled in the general joy. One of these murmurs arose from the old royalists, and was expressed by a man who since then has become celebrated and important,—M. de Villele, a gentleman of Toulouse, imbued with the feudal and absolute spirit of the south. The other was from Carnot, Fouché, some friends of Madame de Staël, and some dismissed courtiers of Imperial despotism; some of them sincere in their shadowy liberalism, and the others affecting to throw themselves into the most ultra-constitutional doctrines, to avenge themselves on their lost despotism.

XV.

Mons. de Villele dared to write:—"The general exhaustion will, perhaps, allow this work of selfishness and short-sightedness to make progress for some time; but on the first shock it will crumble, and we shall return to revolution.

"Let us keep the institutions that are most suitable to us; let us have the wisdom and the noble pride to believe that they are equally good for us as those of our neighbours are for them, and let us not think that we are any more compelled than they are to look to foreign countries for a model of our constitution.

"Intelligence has made great progress in France. Riches and instruction are there spread amongst all classes. The wish to see merit turn to the glory and the profit of our country is engraved in every heart. Let us make in the régime under which we live the changes indicated by time: let us re-establish all that is susceptible of being re-established. Let us be moderate in our innovations. The declaration of the King,

which now occupies us, is almost entirely formed upon the constitution already proposed by the Senate. This work is not then the work of the King; but that of a body which, as all France knows, had not the capacity to do it

"Have they not made experiments enough upon us,—those men by whom we have allowed ourselves to be directed too long? Have we not sacrificed, in maintaining the fatal ideas of these empirics, wealth and generations enough? What has resulted from their science, and from the confidence we have had in their promises? The devastation of the world and the invasion of our country! Political institutions are not thrown into a mould, and cannot be founded upon theories of this we have had sufficiently long experience. Let us return to the constitution of our fathers,—to that which is conformable to our national character, which is in accordance with our opinions, which is engraved in indelible traces in the hearts of all Frenchmen. The parts of our ancient organization which have suffered, will cost us less to repair than the new institutions would cost us to establish. Experience and public opinion command the first of these measures, and combine to cause the rejection of the others."

XVI.

These murmurs were lost in the general impatience to see the soil of the country evacuated by the foreign armies. On the 30th of May the cannon of the Invalides announced to France that the preliminary treaty of Paris, between the allied sovereigns and the government of the King, was signed. The Count d'Artois had prejudged it too hastily by the convention of the 23rd of April. This prince had given all the pledges of a more favourable negociation into the hands of France and Louis XVIII., and M. de Talleyrand had only to ratify this hurried act. He forestalled the approaching treaties of Vienna, where anti-French and monarchical Europe was going to reconstitute itself, with arms in its hands; and where France, in appearance more independent and more respected, would only have the honour of deliberating on its own abasement.

This treaty of Paris declared:—

"That there will be perpetual peace and amity between the King of France, the Emperor of Austria, and his allies.

"That France will return within its limits of January 1st, 1792, with the exception of some changes on its frontiers, in the departments of the North, of Sambre and Meuse, of La Moselle, of La Sarre, and of the Lower Rhine; excepting also the conservation of Mulhouse, Avignon, Montbéliard, and the Sous-prefecture of Chambéry.

"That the free navigation of the Rhine, guaranteed to all by the States bordering on the river, would be regulated by the future congress.

"That Holland, placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange, would receive an increase of territory.

"That all the States of Germany would be independent, and united by a federal alliance.

"That Switzerland would remain independent.

"That Italy, exclusive of the part belonging to Austria, would be composed of sovereign States.

"That the island of Malta and its dependencies would become British possessions.

"That France should recover her ancient colonies, except the islands of Tobago, Saint Lucie, the Isle of France, Rodrigues, and the Lechelles, which she would give up to England, as well as all the forts and establishments depending thereon.

"That France should refrain from every sort of fortification in the territories she would recover in India, and should only keep on foot there a number of soldiers necessary to maintain the police.

"That the right of fishing, on the great bank, and on the coasts of Newfoundland, as well as in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, should be restored to France.

"That France would divide with the allied powers, all the ships and vessels, armed and unarmed, which were in the maritime places ceded by her.

"That this division would take place in the proportion of one third for the powers whose property those places should

become, and two thirds for France, which would further renounce all right to the fleet in the Texel.

"That no individual belonging to the countries ceded or restored could be prosecuted for his acts or his opinions anterior to this treaty."

The treaty of Paris further declared, in additional articles, the annulment of two treaties of 1805 and 1809, in favour of Austria; the concurrence of France with England in the abolition of Negro slavery; the payment of the debts of our prisoners of war; the replevy of sequestrations placed, since 1792, on the real and personal property of the subjects of the two governments, the promise of an approaching convention of commerce, the annulment, in favour of Prussia, of engagements, public or private, entered into by that power, towards France since the peace of Bâle; and as regards Russia, the nomination of a commission charged with the examination and liquidation of the pecuniary claims of the Duchy of Warsaw on the government of France.

The treaty also contained five secret articles, by which France bound herself to recognise in advance the distribution which the allies might make amongst themselves of the territories given up by France; and consented that an increase of territory should be given to the King of Sardinia, and to the free navigation of the Rhine and the Scheldt.

XVII.

A cry arose, which has been prolonged to this day, against those concessions of France, in ceding a trifling portion of her colonies, refraining from an armed competition with the English in India, and, finally, consenting to give up Malta, this bulwark of the Mediterranean, to England. This was forgetting the actual situation of France, disarmed, prostrated, and conquered, before a million of victorious invaders. It was requiring from defeat more than would have been required from victory; it was reproaching Louis XVIII. with the fatal and imperious expiation of the faults of the Emperor. What could he have done, and what could France have done without him? In

what respect did his presence on the throne of his ancestors aggravate the ransom of his country, that an ambition, of which he was innocent, had delivered, bound hand and foot, into the hands of Europe? Had Louis XVIII. not been at Paris, would France have been more free and more powerful to discuss her conditions? Would the sovereigns and their armies have granted to France without a chief, or to France under the guardianship of an Austrian regency, or to France fighting behind the Loire, and on the plateau of her central mountains, with her last remains of an army, conditions more favourable than they granted her to a king deriving his blood and origin from her, and the restorer of a moderate monarchy? Had not Napoleon himself, when his power and glory were in the ascendant, ceded his colonies, sold the immense empire of Louisiana, bartered Venice with Austria, guaranteed the dismemberment of Poland to Austria and Russia, and left this same island of Malta and Sicily to the English? Bonapartism, the only culpable party in all these reverses, iniquitously cast them on the Bourbons. Liberalism repeated these reproaches without comprehending them. The opposition to the Restoration commenced on that day, as all systematic oppositions do, by ingratitude and bad faith.

XVIII.

In virtue of this treaty, the Ionian islands, Hamburg, and Magdeburg, still occupied by 60,000 French troops, were released from blockade, and restored to the allied powers. The troops returned from these useless fortresses, where the short-sighted indecision of Napoleon had left them shut up, while he was vainly demanding new battalions from the exhausted soil to defend the mother country. M. de Talleyrand, who wished to furnish an authority in his own favour, at a later period, for the diplomatic allowances assigned by usage to the negociators of treaties of territory, distributed six or eight millions, in ransom, to the European diplomatists who signed the treaty of Paris. Prince Metternich, the Austrian minister, Lord Castlereagh, plenipotentiary of the British government, M. de Nesselrode, and M. de Hardenberg, the one especially in

the name of Russia, the other in the name of Prussia, received each a million. The ministers of secondary powers received considerable sums, proportioned to the importance of the courts they represented. This ransom, offered and accepted as the price of peace, produced it more promptly, but made it more humiliating. As a precedent, it was shameful; as a bargain, it was advantageous to the country; for every day of continued occupation cost France more than eight millions.

XIX.

The allied sovereigns quitted Paris, and gave orders to their armies to evacuate that city the day after the signature of the treaty. The Emperor Alexander went to enjoy his triumphal popularity in London, before his return to Russia. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria repassed the Rhine. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, who had for some time nourished the absurd hope of succeeding Napoleon, through the favour of Alexander, as the price of his part in the hostilities against his own country, had already retired as a conqueror, but with feelings of compunction, before the reproaches of his own conscience, and the reprobation of his old friends. Moreau and Bernadotte had been differently punished for their crimes against their country,—one by death, the other by victory,—both by the reprobation of patriotism.

XX.

The king prepared himself for the first act of his constitutional reign,—the opening of the Chambers.

The silence of the Charter, with respect to the Senate, had erased that body from the list of public powers; and the senators, feeling uneasy or dismayed individually, entreated the favour of being called to the Chamber of Peers, from which fifty-four of them were excluded by the decision of the King, in remembrance of certain acts or opinions for which he had promised oblivion, but not favour. The principal of these were Cambaceres, Chaptal, Chasset, Fouché, whom private

favour could not shield openly from the responsibility of regicide; the uncle of the emperor, Cardinal Fesch; François de Neufchâteau, a too precocious poet during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI., punished for his enthusiasm for the Republic, and then for the despotism of the empire; Garat, who had delivered Louis XVI. to the executioner, even while affecting to lament and shed tears over him; Gregoire, who denied all participation in the death of Louis, but who avowed his persevering adhesion to the Republic; Rœderer, the intrepid supporter of the constitutional throne on the 10th of August, but whose name was unjustly proscribed in the badly transmitted memorials of that day, and in the complaints against the commune of Paris; and, lastly, Sieyes, the first prophet of the revolution of 1789, the legislator who had yielded the head of a king to the fury of the people, the director who had plotted his own fall with the ambition of Bonaparte, and preferred despotism as an antidote of anarchy. All these men withdrew themselves for a while into the shade, but with such titles, honours, and salaries as left them nothing to complain of but oblivion. Amongst the marshals the King excluded none but those whose standing dated more particularly from the Revolution and the Republic;—Brune, whom an unjust and odious report accused of having assisted in the massacres of September, and the decapitation of the Princess de Lamballe, that favourite of the queen, who had returned to meet death for friendship's sake; Davoust, a gentleman of ancient family, who had repudiated his descent, and taken his rank in the plebeian army of 1792: Jourdan, the conqueror of Fleurus, who remained a republican from conviction, and out of respect for his own exploits; Soult, the most consummate of Napoleon's lieutenants, suspected of a personal ambition, reaching even to the throne, and who had prolonged the struggle at Toulouse, by a battle fought, it was said, more for his own popularity than for the country; and, lastly, Victor, who had risen from the lowest ranks of the army, and who, though now slighted by the Bourbons, was destined soon to avenge this injustice by an act of fidelity,—the true vengeance of the brave.

XXI.

The clergy and high nobility returned a large proportion, through their politics and the privilege of the Church and of birth, to the ranks of the peerage. All the great dignitaries, all the great episcopal sees, and all the great names of the ancient court and of the ancient aristocracy, obtained their hereditary restoration in this body of the estate, and from this indirect and constitutional regeneration of the illustrious names of the nation, by the fresh ennobling of venerable and historical families; among which were recognised, with a certain patriotic pride, the names of the Perigords, the Luzernes, the Clermont-Tonnerres, as bishops of the principal sees of France; and, as distinguished for antiquity or renown, the names of the d'Elbeufs, the Montbazons, the La Tremouilles, the Chevreuses, the Brissacs, the Richelieus, the Rohans, the Luxembourgs, the Gramonts, the Montemarts, the Noailles, the Saint-Aignans, the d'Aramonts, the D'Harcourts, the Fitz-James, the Brancas, the Duras, the La Vauguyons, the Choiseuls, the Coignys, the La Rochefoucaulds, the Croys, the Montmorencys, the Lévis, the Maillés, the La Forces, the Saulx-Tavannes, the De Sèzes; together with the Neys, the Berthiers, the Suchets, the Massénas, the Oudinots, the Seruriers, the Mortiers, the Perignons; and of those men who had revived the civil or military glory of France.

XXII.

Had the legislative body been suddenly convoked, such as it stood, it would have needed no purifying. The only regicide who then formed part of this national representation, subordinate to the suggestions of the prefects of the Empire, retired of his own accord, and from motives of decency, from the presence of the brother of Louis XVI., that no sinister recollection might sadden the ears or the eyes of the new sovereign. The whole of France was then possessed of this same feeling. It did not disclaim the deeds of its Revolution;

but wished to efface from the soil, and from the pages of history, the traces of its dissensions and its vengeances; so that its peace might not be disturbed by any phantom issuing from its graves.

The opening session of the Chambers was fixed for the 4th of June 1814; and Louis XVIII., accompanied by all the princes of his house, repaired thither, in all the pomp of the successors of Louis XIV. The more he condescended to hold converse with this national Parliament, the more he wished the majesty of the crown to shine resplendent in the midst of arms, and at an inordinate height of grandeur above the representation of the people.

The minds of all being dazzled, as well as their hearts touched, they were inclined to hail in him the possession of this prestige, and responded to the feeling which rallied the nation around this aged legislator. The Emperor had feasted all eyes with the pomp of arms, and they were now glad to hail the majesty of the laws. An immense crowd, equal in extent to that which had welcomed royalty on the day of its entry into Paris, thronged both banks of the Seine to see the procession of the royal cortège, and to bless the King for the institutions which he was going to ratify. The tribunes of the legislative body were full of the élite of France and of Europe. The peers and the members of the legislative body were collected together, and crowded into the same place. A throne was prepared for the king. He appeared, and the vaulted roof of the palace resounded with unanimous acclamations; some hailing the re-establishment of royalty, and others anxiously awaiting from his lips the first consecration of liberty. The King, raising his attitude on that day to the haughty standard of the centuries of majesty represented by his name, and illuming the whole group of the royal family, and of the dignitaries who surrounded him, with the real and predominant brilliancy of his intellect, seated himself on his throne, and, evidently affected, bowed with dignity before the acclamations of the legislators, who remained standing. Tears flowed from the aged men and the ladies in the tribunes, the companions of his long exile, whom they had followed when wandering and dethroned, at the sight

of this first coronation of the King, and all political dissent vanished before unanimity of feeling.

XXIII.

Louis XVIII. was desirous of writing by himself, and without the assistance or concurrence of any of his ministers, the speech he had to make to the Chambers; and, as a literary man, he found with equal pride and happiness, on this solemn occasion, an opportunity, rare for a king, of displaying the talent with which nature and study had endowed him. More than this, he knew that the heart is the true source of eloquence: his was moved, affected by the past, and confidant in the future. None of his ministers or official writers could have found in their reflections the pathetic, true, and elevated tone which the brother of Louis XVI. found in his own soul. The king had studied his words; but he allowed his feelings to speak. His white hairs, his looks at once mild and majestic, his gesture temperate and paternal, his enunciation full of inflexions which seemed to spring from the heart, the sound of his voice grave and vibrating, exciting the souls of others because he was himself excited, engraved his language in the ear and in the memory. A constrained silence seemed to anticipate the words as they fell from his lips; and it might be said, that a whole people awaited the revelation of their fate in every sentence he uttered.

XXIV.

"Gentlemen," he said, "when, for the first time, I find myself surrounded in this edifice by the great bodies of the State, the representatives of a nation which ceases not to lavish upon me the most affecting marks of regard, I congratulate myself on having become the dispenser of the benefits which Divine Providence has deigned to accord to my people,

"I have made a peace with Russia, Austria, England, and Prussia, in which are comprised their allies, that is to say, every prince in Christendom. The war was universal, and the reconciliation is equally so.

"The rank which France has always occupied amongst nations, has not been transferred to any other, and remains undividedly its own. All the security acquired by the other states equally increases that of France, and consequently adds to her real power. What she does not retain of her conquered territories ought not to be considered as abstracted from her actual strength.

"The glory of the French armies has met with no disgrace; the monuments of their valour exist; and the chef-d'œuvres of the arts belong to us henceforward by rights more solid and more sacred than those of victory.

"The avenues of commerce, so long closed, will soon be free. The markets of France will no longer be open exclusively to the productions of her own soil and industry. Those of which habit has constituted a want, or which are necessary to the arts we exercise, will be furnished to us by the possessions we shall recover. France will therefore be no longer obliged to deprive herself of them, or to obtain them on ruinous conditions. Our manufactures are about to reflourish; our maritime cities again to resuscitate; and everything promises that long tranquillity abroad, and a durable felicity within, will be the happy results of the peace.

"A melancholy recollection, however, comes to interrupt my joy. I was born, I had flattered myself, to continue all my life the most faithful subject of the best of kings, and to-day I occupy his place! But at least he is not altogether dead; for he survives in this testament, which he destined for the instruction of the august and unfortunate child whom I was destined to succeed! It was with my eyes fixed upon this immortal work, penetrated with the feelings by which it was dictated, guided by the experience and seconded by the councils of several amongst you, that I have drawn up the Constitutional Charter, which you are about to hear read, and which establishes, upon a solid basis, the prosperity of the State."

XXV

The King's voice was broken at this last paragraph of his speech. These allusions to a brother who had perished in the

child-birth of liberty, on which he had smiled, and which had sacrificed him, as if to punish him for his virtue,—to a Queen, and to a child, the heir of so many thrones, and of so many scaffolds of his race,—this resurrection of royalty, coming out of banishment as from a sepulchre, in the persons of relations the nearest to the victims,—this evangelical testament of Louis XVI. elevated by the hand of the King, his brother, and his avenger, like a flag of peace between the two parties,—this pardon descending from Heaven in the last will of a martyr of the people to inspire them with confidence, as well as pardon to his dynasty,—this throne on which it might be supposed they saw two Kings, the one to inspire and the other to reign, —this orphan princess, the Duchess d'Angoulême, witnessing from one of the tribunes these reparations of Providence, bathing with her tears the veil with which she endeavoured to dry her eyes, and with difficulty stifling her sobs,—all these recollections—all these scenes—all these emotions added to the eloquence of speech the eloquence of the eyes, of the memory, of the past, of the feelings, and of the sensations of the auditors. Finally, a pledge of liberty issued forth, sanctioned by royalty, hailed by the people, purchased by kingly blood, and bedewed with the tears of a scene at once tragic, politic, and holy, the actors in which were a people and a King. A long silence, full of reflections, of joys, and of sorrows, succeeded to the applauses which had greeted the last words of the King.

The Chancellor d'Ambray addressed the Assembly in turn, exhorting them to read a discourse introductory to the Charter, containing his own comments on that document. The natural motion which had been so deeply roused then began to subside, and political susceptibilities promptly assumed the place of feeling. This discourse was dull, dogmatic, and paradoxical: full of awkward reserves in the concessions; drawing back to the crown with one hand what was apparently given to liberty with the other; wounding through the Revolution; distrustful and provoking; vainly endeavouring to reconcile the absolute dogmas of the ancient feudal monarchy with the rational doctrines of the monarchy established by national consent; effacing

Speeches of the Chancellor d'Ambray and M. Ferrand.

twenty-five years of our history; assuming that the country had emigrated with the throne; dating the reign of the Bour bons, not from the recall of the King of France, but from the death of Louis XVII. in the dungeons of the Temple; exciting, in short, controversy on an occasion where it ought to have been stifled by the unanimity of the reconciliation; and, under the mingled rights of two epochs and two principles, thus chilling all hearts, drying up the tears, exasperating the minds, and exciting the shudders and the murmurs of the audience. These feelings ran through the Assembly; and when the Chancellor awkwardly designated the Charter as a simple ordinance of reforms, they gave ominous warning to the King, in spite of the respect and good feeling which all wished to evince. They redoubled when he characterised, as culpable errors and theories, the persevering efforts of a nation to create a new order of things, in conformity with the development of ideas, and the rights of a more perfect civilization. They arose and continued still more sensibly, when M. d'Ambray (retroverting in thought even beyond the States-general of 1789) called the peers and representatives of the present day the NOTABLES of the kingdom. The king from this might see the approaching and inevitable struggle of two principles, between which his personal wisdom had wished to interpose, but which the imprudent provocation of the theorists of ancient royalty had recalled into existence. These expressions had been introduced as concessions to his brother the Count d'Artois and the journalists of the emigration, who were ambitious to reconquer, on behalf of the imperishable and infallible right of the throne, a people by whom, on the contrary, Louis XVIII. was himself to be reconquered.

XXVI.

Mons. Ferrand, one of these theorists, the most imperious and the least intelligent, spoke also in his turn before he read the Charter. He descanted on the fatal errors that had interrupted the chain of time; he called the Charter a gift and not a right, a concession and not a conquest of the age; he offended, he disturbed, he grieved those souls which had been ready to

expand with joy. But the reading of the Charter itself, and the announcement of the principles and the institutions which were thenceforward to direct the relations between the throne and the people, effaced all these fugitive irritations, and gave to all a full security for the possession of liberty. Those awkward expressions, which endeavoured to withhold while giving, up were attributed to obstinate and stupid councillors.

To the King alone were ascribed the wisdom and the consecration of the principles of the Charter. Every one found therein one of those truths to which he had devoted either his intelligence or his blood. This symbol of the new age, meditated, written, and adopted by a prince without prejudices and without resentment, attracted towards him all the love which the people bore to those principles themselves. Louis XVIII., on quitting the palace of the Chambers, was really a king from conviction as well as from feeling. The acclamations and benedictions of two ages were concentred on his head. They followed him even to his palace, and resounded until night in the courts and gardens of the Tuileries. He had conquered France, by presenting it with its own image in this code of new institutions.

"My crown is there!" said he, as he contemplated, from the balcony of the Tuileries, the people who manifested their joy on finding the King imbued with their own ideas:—"Henry IV. conquered them with his arms, but I have conquered them by my meditations at Hartwell. I have also gained my battle of Ivry!"

XXVII.

The murmurs which had broken out in the opening of the Chambers at the speeches of Mons. d'Ambray and Mons. Ferrand, who spoke of restricting the royal concessions, slightly agitated the first meetings of the two Assemblies. The two addresses, however, which these bodies deliberated upon, in reply to the speech from the throne, only made slight allusions to them. They seemed afraid of disturbing the harmony which the whole of France desired to witness between the representatives of the country and the hereditary representative of the

royal authority. They mystified the various conflicting opinions on the origin and revocability of the Charter, with ambiguous circumlocutions, which left a vacuity between the pretensions of the people and the rights of the throne.

"Sire," said the Chamber of Peers, "your Majesty's faithful subjects come to depose, at the foot of your throne, the tribute of the most lively gratitude for the double and inestimable benefit of a peace glorious for France, and of a regenerative constitution. The great Charter, which your Majesty has just promulgated, consecrates anew the ancient constitutional principle of the French monarchy, which establishes on the same foundation, and by an admirable accord, the power of the king and the liberty of the people. The form which your Majesty has given to the application of this unalterable principle is a striking proof of your profound wisdom, and of your love for the French. It is thus that the strength of the monarchy will develope itself, and increase more and more, like the personal glory of your Majesty; and after we shall have the happiness of being a long time governed by your Majesty, posterity will hasten to unite the name of Louis XVIII. to those of his most illustrious predecessors."

The deputies maintained the same reserve, and did not exhibit any enthusiasm, or any anticipative adulation of the King.

"Sire," said the legislators, "the Constitutional Charter promises to France the enjoyment of that political liberty which, in elevating the nation gives greater splendour to the throne itself, and the benefits of that civil liberty which, by making the royal authority beloved by all classes, renders obedience at once more agreeable and certain. The duration of these benefits, it would appear, must be unalterable, coming as they do at a moment when Heaven has at length granted peace to France. The army which has fought for our country and for honour, and the people whom it has defended, acknowledge with pleasure that this peace, signed the first month of your Majesty's return to the capital, is due to the august House of Bourbon, round which the great French family rallies to a man, in the hope of repairing our misfortunes.

"Yes, Sire, all interests, all rights, all hopes, mingle together under the protection of the crown. We shall see nothing more in France but true citizens, only looking back to the past to draw from it useful lessons for the future, and disposed to make the sacrifice of their opposing pretensions and resentments. The French, equally filled with love for their country and their king, will never separate these noble sentiments in their hearts; and the King whom Providence has given them, uniting these two great sources of prosperity—the ancient and modern States—will conduct his subjects, free and reconciled, to the true glory and happiness for which they are indebted to Louis the Desired."

XXVIII.

M Lainé, who raised the first voice for liberty, and was the first precursor of a constitutional Restoration, was nominated president of the legislative body. This choice expressed, in a single name, the double thought which animated the Chamber of Deputies, the will of a free government, and the acceptation of the Bourbons. The labours of both Chambers commenced, but they displayed the inexperience and hesitation of a people who had lost the practice of political discussions, and who, not knowing either their rights or their limits, incurred the risk of compromising or outstepping them. The King, attentive and not quite satisfied as to the privileges he had pretended to concede to the two Chambers, surveyed from his cabinet these first debates with anxious solicitude. The courtiers frightened him with the first stammerings of the opposition; while the royalists, full of recollections and of terrors, had never been able to comprehend this division of sovereignty, the oscillation of which between a king and a people, constitutes the mixed and representative government of England. Every independent expression seemed to them an insult; every national right a revolt; and every speech an indication of lèze-majesty. The King, more practised and more firm, re-assured them, and exerted himself to moderate the boldness of the one side, and the fears on the other, of

this new mode of government. But none of his ministers was capable, by his sagacity or his eloquence, to habituate the tribune and the council to the working of the representative system. M. d'Ambray and M. Ferrand were mere superannuated rhetoricians; M. de Talleyrand, a man of the cabinet, the lobby, and the saloon, had not in his nature either the manly courage which struggles under the influence of strong convictions against the tumult of a popular assembly, or that overwhelming brilliancy of intellect which subdues it, or that tone of voice which is the dominating power of the political orator. A silent friend of Mirabeau's, he had always kept himself in the shadow of this great debater in the Constituent Assembly. He had never become great in public opinion until the tribune had been demolished by despotism, and political fame was acquired, not in the open day, but by the artifice and mystery of court intrigue. He affected to despise this noisy vanity of public discussion, and to hold the clues to the conscience and ambition of some members of both Chambers. He forgot, and he made the King forget, that in one day, by the promulgation of the Charter, France had passed from the government of silence to the government of opinion.

Under his orders, M. Beugnot, a man of a similar nature, bestowed on the police the prerogatives of justice and of law. The previous censorship of journals and books, the legacy of the Empire, was exercised by M. Beugnot, under the inspiration of the Abbé de Montesquiou. A young man, who has since become celebrated under several reigns, M. Guizot, directed at the home department this branch of the administration, and commenced, by the arbitrary superintendence of thought, a life of publicity and parliamentary discussion, which contradicted the occupations of his early years. One of the first collisions between the government and public opinion was imprudently caused by M. Beugnot, on the subject of a police regulation on the obligatory and fastidious observation of Sunday. The King thought he owed this first homage to the clergy, whose restoration he maintained to have resulted from the restoration of his own throne. He forgot that the Revolution was still more religious than political in the minds of the people, whose

consciences, more susceptible than their opinions, ardently desired the restoration of the Catholic Church in its freedom, as their opinions wished for the restoration of the throne in its constitutional character; but an act of repression, or compression of consciences, looked like a symptom of the domination of one sole privileged form of worship, and an outrage against the reason and the toleration of the age. A cry of indignation accordingly rose from the multitude, which served as a check to the ministers and a warning to the King; and the regulation, despised and unexecuted, fell into desüetude from the very day of its promulgation. This attempt of M. Beugnot's, though it vanished in a shower of ridicule, was sufficient, however, to irritate the nation against the Church, and to throw into the growing opposition a ferment of discontent and agitation, which rendered royalty a little unpopular.

The Chamber of Deputies threatened to call for laws to guarantee freedom of conscience, of opinion, and of discussion, through the liberty of the press. The government, warned and intimidated by these propositions, hastened to present a law for the regulation of thought, lest the Chamber should decree its absolute freedom. The ministers, specially charged to present and to defend this law, sufficiently indicated by their names what the nature of it would be. These were the members of the council most decidedly opposed to all intellectual liberty,—M. Beugnot, who seized on the printers; M. Ferrand, who anathematized all printing; and M. de Blacas, who saw revolt in every independent expression of judgment. M. de Talleyrand seemed to have played upon his colleagues, in sending them to sustain, with such unequal forces, before jealous and eloquent assemblies, the struggle of court spirit against the spirit of liberty.

The Abbé de Montesquiou, minister of the interior, less unpractised than the others in the discussions of deliberative assemblies, read a discourse which gave an ample presage of the nature of the law. It had been concocted by M. Royer-Collard, a statesman still undecided in his politics with reference to the past and the future, and was drawn up by

M. Guizot, an eager servant of a government where he wished by his services to open a field for his talents.

"Gentlemen," said M. de Montesquiou, "You very well know it is no vain subtlety but the result of sorrowful experience, that the liberty of the press, often proclaimed in France for the last twenty-five years, has itself become her greatest enemy. The cause, we shall be told, was in the effervescence of popular passions, in the facility with which people were led astray, who were as yet incapable of judging of the tendency of writings, and foreseeing their consequences. But have these causes yet disappeared? May we flatter ourselves that they will not operate again hereafter? We dare not hope it. The silent servitude which has succeeded to the turbulence of the first years of the Revolution, has not prepared us any better for liberty. Those passions, which have not manifested themselves during this interval, might break forth to day, strengthened with new energy. What should we have to oppose to their violence? Almost as much inexperience, and more weakness. Such is the nature of liberty, that to know how to make use of it, it must be enjoyed. Give it, therefore, all the expansion necessary to show the nation how to use it properly; but oppose some barriers against its undue excess.

"The law that is about to be proposed to you is based upon these principles; and the articles it comprises are but their development. In asking you to assign some limits to the liberty of the press, you are not required to violate a principle, but to apply it as may be suitable to our manners. The King proposes nothing to you which does not appear to him rigidly necessary for the safety of the national institutions, and for the progress of government. What is particularly necessary to be put a stop to, is the publication of writing in small volumes, which being more easily circulated, and more calculated to be read with avidity, more decidedly threaten to interrupt public tranquillity.

"All writings of more than thirty sheets for each impression may be published freely, and without the previous examination of the censorship.

"Whatever may be the number of sheets, the same will apply to writings in the dead or foreign languages, mandates, pastoral letters, catechisms, books of prayer, or memoirs on trials at law, signed by an advocate of the courts and tribunals.

"If two censors at least judge that the writing is a defamatory libel, or that it may trouble the public tranquillity, or that it is contrary to Article XI. of the Charter, or that it offends against morality, the director-general of publications may order the impression to be prohibited

"A commission of the two Chambers shall be formed at the commencement of each session, to be composed of three peers and three deputies, elected by their respective Chambers, and three royal commissioners.

"No one is to follow the business of printer or bookseller, unless licensed by the King, and sworn. Clandestine printing offices shall be destroyed, and the proprietors and conductors punished by a fine of 10,000 francs, and an imprisonment of six months.

"In default of declaration before impression, and of deposit before publication, each party shall be punished by a fine of 1000 francs for the first offence, and 2000 francs for the second. The indication of a false name, or a false residence, shall be punished by a fine of 6000 francs, without prejudice to the imprisonment pronounced by the penal code.

"Every bookseller, at whose house shall be found a work without the name of the printer, shall be condemned to a fine of 2000 francs, the said fine to be reduced to 1000 francs, if the bookseller makes the printer known. Finally, the law should be revised in three years, to make such modifications in it as experience may judge necessary."

XXIX.

This law, made for the occasion, that belied, on the very first day, one of the promises held out in the Charter which was most dear to the nation, looked like an attempt on the Charter itself, of which the liberty of thinking and writing was the only guarantee. The prerogative of opinion would expire

in the prerogative of the police. The chamber and the country with difficulty restrained their indignation. Journals and pamphlets, setting the police at defiance, circulated everywhere murmurs, irony, anger, and contempt against the ministers. The most moderate writers and the most favourable to the Bourbons, Dussault, Benjamin Constant, and Suard, discussed before the tribune the severities and the madness of the law. The Chamber of Deputies appointed M. Raynouard to report upon it. He was a royalist and liberal writer, the friend and accomplice of M. Lainé in his revolt against Imperial despotism. An immense crowd, which sufficiently evinced the public exasperation, besieged the entrance and the interior of the Chamber of Deputies,—the day on which M. Raynouard was to present his report for discussion to the Chamber. The troops were obliged to interfere to clear the galleries; and the crowd and tumult were so great that the sitting was adjourned to the following day.

XXX.

An imposing force secured, on this occasion, the assembling of the deputies and the calmness of their deliberations. M. Raynouard read his report, which was worthy of that excellent man. He knew how to sacrifice to his opinions even the inclinations of his heart for the Bourbons. He spoke in the midst of a silence, which attested the anxiety and attention of the public. After a wise and powerful dissertation on liberty, as regulated by the first of human faculties—thought, and on the first of political prerogatives—freedom of discussion, M. Raynouard moved the rejection of the law of censure and of suppression; his speech being received with immense applause. The discussion opened with an impatience of opinions which would neither wait for victory or defeat, and it continued for four days. Everything was said on the advantages and the dangers of unshackled liberty, or liberty restrained by thought, at the termination of a revolution which had excited unbounded resentments, and which was still in a state of ebullition. The whole assembly trembled before the power they were going to unchain. That assembly of men, worn out with revolutions,

timid in their ideas, uncertain in their doctrines, moulded by long silence to habits of despotism, and who had never risen against it but on the day it had threatened to crush them, had neither intelligence nor boldness, nor the character of an Assembly which had been long free. An immense majority yielded to the reasons of prudence alleged by M. de Montesquiou. Eighty members only, amongst whom were all the great men of the Revolution and of literature, Dupont (de l'Eure) Dumolard, Durbach, Raynouard, Gallois. and Lainé, protested against this cowardice and this suspension of free opinion. The law, however, was adopted.

Boissy d'Anglas and Lanjuinais, in the Chamber of Peers, combated with energy and with eloquence this servile law. These two veterans of the tribune, who had been the most intrepid against the demagogues, and against the popular tyranny of the people at the Convention, were the most inflexible against this excess of arbitrary power, in the presence of the royalty they loved. M. de Talleyrand kept silence before them,—whether it was that he felt his weakness in the tribune, or whether he wished, in the uncertainty of the result and the unpopularity of the law, to remain undecided himself, and enigmatical and free, to sacrifice his colleagues, if public opinion required it. The men of the court and the emigration maintained the doctrines they had imbibed in their infancy, and cursed the liberty of thought as the cause of their ruin and of their exile. The law was carried by a feeble majority; an instance of independence that gave to the Chamber of Peers a popularity which the Senate had lost.

XXXI.

The attention of the Chambers was next directed to the finances, involved in debt a thousand millions by the wars of Napoleon. The Abbé Louis, a minister of ability and coolness, dared to invoke public credit, which saves all when all is lost. He sounded public opinion as to the creation of a sinking fund for the national debt,—a measure puerile in itself, but deceptive for the imagination of lenders. He prepared, without troubling

himself about the enormity of the sacrifices, not only the means of meeting the expenses of the army, of the administration, and of the court, but also the liquidation, prompt, and in full, of the compensations and indemnities which the Emperor left to be paid, as the ransom of his glory and his reverses, by the nation. This minister had boldly proposed to the King the sale of 300,000 hectares of national forests, the remains of the enormous spoils of a proprietary and dispossessed clergy. The Church had usurped three times, in thirteen centuries, the property of the entire soil of France. Louis XVIII., in the commencement of the Revolution, had applauded the redemption of their land thus invaded by this feudalism of consciences. He thought with Mirabeau, and with the opinions of 1789, that corporations immortal, in a state of celibacy, and always increasing, ought not to possess more than state salaries proportioned to their services, or free and private salaries voluntarily offered by the piety of the faithful; and that the property in the soil ought to be reserved for families, the source and reservoir of the population. But Louis XVIII., influenced during his exile by his brother, and by the bishops composing the court of the Count d'Artois, yielded then to scruples of policy more than of conscience, which he was far from having in 1789 He wished, for the interest of his reign, to re-establish, as much as the Revolution would permit him to do, an ecclesiastical establishment. Above all, he did not wish that his brother, the Duchess of Angoulême, the returned bishops, and the puritan theorists of the old regime, with whom his court was filled, should have to reproach him with his part in the spoliation and profanation of what remained of the property of the Church. It was in vain that M. de Talleyrand and the Abbé Louis pressed him to consent to the sale of the 300,000 hectares of forests. He affected not to hear, and only replied by silence. It was evident that he wished to be compelled, in appearance at least, by the Chambers. At length one of his confidants having one day renewed the entreaties of his cabinet, to obtain from him a formal avowal of this measure:—"Never, Sir," said the King to him with a tone of high displeasure; "never shall they obtain this avowal from me The sale of the goods of the Church is not only a

spoliation,—it is a sacrilege!" A more propitious moment was therefore waited for, to obtain from him a consent which was in his heart, but would not pass his lips

XXXII.

The nation became prodigal of compensations, indemnities, and endowments to the crown and the princes. A spontaneous and unanimous vote of the Chambers appropriated the sum of thirty-three millions, for the maintenance of the King, and the regal splendour of his household, besides paying thirty millions in debts, which he had contracted during his exile, as also the debts of the Count d'Artois and the princes, and restoring to him the crown lands.

The King felt ashamed at being the only one who recovered so splendid an establishment for himself and his family, while the emigrants, proscribed and plundered for their fidelity to his cause, beheld the houses and lands of their families transferred into the hands of the purchasers of national domains. The poverty of these defenders of the throne was a reproach to that throne which had risen on their ruins; and he fervently desired to arrange this dispute between the former possessors and the present. He had yielded to the necessity of the times, even during his emigration, by promising, in his royal proclamation, that he would never interfere with the validity of these contracts between the purchasers of the property of the church and of the emigrants, and by casting the veil of policy over the past; but yet he justly desired to restore to the proscribed families at least so much of their inheritance as remained unappropriated in the hands of the nation. It appeared to him odious that the public treasury should desire benefit, under the reign of a Bourbon, from the revenues and forests of these families, which had been confiscated for the crime of fidelity to the Bourbons; and this sense of what was proper, politic, and just, was shared in by all the world, with the exception of the suspicious body of recent purchasers, who trembled at the very mention of the emigrants, and who saw that the establishment of the principle of the inalienable nature of the property of the

exiles must at once invalidate their right to retain possession of the confiscated lands. These purchasers were rich, numerous, and dispersed over the whole face of the country; the nature of their property had attached them more devotedly than the other classes to the principles, and even to the shocks, of the Revolution, which gave them their only right of tenure. They had afterwards adhered to the Empire with the whole influence of those estates so shamefully acquired by them at ridiculous prices, but for the preservation of which the absence of the Bourbons appeared to them the only guarantee. They agitated the country beforehand with their anxieties; they bribed the newspapers; endeavoured to interest the people in their grievances; spread alarm everywhere; and conjured up the phantom of a counter-revolution. A word was sufficient to throw them into a panic, and from a panic into a phrenzy; and, according to them, to meddle with their cause, was to meddle with the cause of the Revolution. The people, who had beheld their rapid and often discreditable enrichment, had but little regard for them. The stamp of proscription and of blood, which was still evident on their fields and in their houses, marked them out for unpopularity in the country, and the ancient hearths occupied by them recalled to mind their ancient masters, with the voice of recollection, of habit, and of nature, which consecrate property by feeling. But their cause, although unpopular, was so involved in that of the rights of the Revolution and of patriotism, that the opinion of the masses, though highly unfavourable to the purchasers, protected the principle of their possession. Moreover, these properties had almost all changed masters by hereditary transmission within the last twenty-five years, and what had been originally unjust, had now become legalized by time.

XXXIII.

The King took advantage of the enthusiasm for reconciliation which had seized upon France, to obtain from the Chambers the portion of compensation due to the proscribed families that had returned with him, and caused to be presented a law which

was to restore to the former proprietors the revenues and unsold estates then remaining in the hands of the nation. This law, had it been properly worded, would not have given rise to a single murmur: on the contrary, it would have reassured the new purchasers, by confirming, with legal provisions, the amnesty of time on their properties; but the unskilfulness, the ambiguity, and the omissions of M. Ferrand, the framer of the details of the law, spread alarm, controversy, and irritation, through all minds. The workman had spoiled the work which another and more politic and skilful hand, that of M. de Villèle, was destined, at a later period, to take up and complete, to the honour of the nation, and the advantage of the public wealth, as well as the rights of the emigrant families.

When, after having experienced the storms of a Revolution, of which history affords no example," said M. Ferrand, "a great nation at last returns into the harbour of a wise and paternal government, the general happiness which it feels may still, for a length of time, be intermixed with individual misfortunes. This is one of the consequences of the inconveniences which are too often connected with the legislation which succeeds the revolutionary laws. They cannot have the unique and pure stamp of a rigid and positive equity. Contemplated according to principles, and drawn up according to circumstances, they are sometimes influenced by the latter, when they would not desire to deviate from the former. The sovereign who resigns himself to such great sacrifices can alone know what they cost him, and one thought only can alleviate them, which is, that by identifying himself with all the subjects who have been given back to him, he has destroyed all the revolutionary sects which had divided the great family. These are the maxims that the King has constantly followed since his return. It is well known at present that the natives who remained, like those faithful French thrown momentarily into foreign countries, prayed with all their hearts for a happy change, even when they did not dare to hope for it. From the effects of agitations and misfortunes, all, therefore, found themselves at the same point. Some had reached it by following the direct line, without ever deviating from it, and

others, after having passed through the revolutionary phases, in the midst of which they found themselves. The law which we present to you, gentlemen, recognises a right of property which at all times existed, and it authorises the re-instatement; but in this re-instatement the King wishes to use great reserve."

This controversy, so rashly raised between the two parties, the two patriotisms, the two properties, lit up a blaze in public opinion. The Chamber of Deputies replied to the imprudent minister, who had put forth doctrines so extreme, based on considerations extreme in another sense. M. Bedoch, a moderate deputy, was nominated to draw up the report on the ministerial proposition, in which the rashness and insults of M. Ferrand were spurned with disdain and anger.

"Your committee," said M. Bedoch, "will not embark in the imprudent discussion of reciprocal sacrifices and losses, of common faults and errors. What purpose could it answer to recognise the relations that exist between events the most opposite in appearance; and to discover, for instance, that the greatest criminal attempts have been only the necessary consequences of first and imprudent resistance? The King has not, and cannot have, at the bottom of his heart, any other than a firm desire to fulfil his promises. He has declared that all property is inviolable; and that rights acquired of a third person were to be maintained. We cannot, therefore, hope to see a period arrive which will permit a diminution of the exceptions contained in the project of law before us. Of what use is it to give hopes to some which can never be realized, and to inspire others with ill-founded fears? No; the exposé made by M. Ferrand is not the expression of the king's will; let us frankly say at once that the minister has substituted the bitterness of his own private feelings for the real feelings of the monarch.

"But, gentlemen, this is dwelling quite long enough on the speech of M. Ferrand. In laying before you the reflections of your committee, I have done everything in my power to reconcile the respect due to the character of a minister of state with the wishes firmly and formally expressed

by your committees, some of which even demanded the suppression of a speech so menacing to the public safety."

The discussion was provoking on the side of the emigrants, hard and cruel on that of the men of the Revolution: the first disputing the right inherent in the country, and the other the indemnities and consolations due to misfortune. The debate was becoming more envenomed, when a person who always tempered justice with feeling, and whose heart enlarged his understanding, M. Lainé, roused from his president's chair by the emotion of an honest man, appeared at the tribune, and exclaimed, with all the impartiality of history: "Does your committee, in refusing to recognise the right of indemnity and compensation, think that it adds anything to the security of the present holders of property? Secured already by time, by long possession, and still more by the royal promise, are they not also secured by the constitutional charter, which has, so to speak, borrowed terms from religion, in saying that property, formerly national, would hereafter be sacred and inviolable? Would you now beforehand interdict yourselves, and also interdict your successors, from the possibility of being just, from the right of being charitable? Why have the majority amongst you (for I think I can read your hearts) refused, up to this moment, this trifling indemnity, the last resource of the unfortunate, who returns to his country, and who until now has been supported by foreigners? It is owing to the indigence of the country. Well then, if our country should be one day in a more prosperous condition, if the activity of commerce, the reunion of the French people, the progress of industry should augment our resources, how could it be that this numerous class of men, who thought they were at once defending their country and their prince, should find no assistance? From this tribune some one yesterday pronounced a sinister augury of a possible war. If the enemy should ever attack us, the emigrants will unite with us, as their children will with ours, to defend our threatened territory. Nevertheless, the greater part of them, those to whom nothing is given, will have nothing else to defend but the King and the possessors of their domains. After having fought, after having

shed their blood for their King, for their country, and for the new proprietors of their estates, they will doubtless ask nothing from you; but if you think proper, in consideration of their indigence and their misfortunes, to listen to humanity, and then to gratitude, could you suffer a declaration to exist in that law, which interdicts not only yourselves, but your successors, from entertaining these sentiments? No, gentlemen, I do not dread that the Assembly has exhausted, for the present, and still less for the future, the treasury of justice, and I will further say, the treasury of national charity."

These words re-established for a while serenity with justice and pity in the souls of his auditors. Eloquence swept away that load of hatred in a moment of enthusiasm. The Chamber rose in a body, relieved from those controversies without soul, and voted almost unanimously that act to which M. Lainé had restored its only character, magnanimity.

XXXIV

Marshal Macdonald, the most faithful, though the most independent of the republican generals and lieutenants of the Emperor, went still further in the Chamber of Peers; he conceived the first idea, and was the first who had the boldness to bring forward a great measure of compensation, which would for ever extinguish this civil war of property between the French of two periods. His opinion considered and written in concert with the politic and clear-sighted royalists of both Chambers, enlarged the horizon of indemnity, on which M. Lainé had thrown a ray of light.

"The faithful defenders of the monarchy re appear amongst you," said the marshal, "protected by old age and misfortune. They are the modern crusaders, as it were, who have followed the oriflamb in foreign lands, and now recount to us the long vicissitudes, the storms, the tempests which have at length driven them into the port which they had lost all hope of reaching. Who amongst us can refrain from giving them a hand in token of perpetual alliance?

"But what changes have taken place in that France so long

wished for! What destruction consummated! what ancient monuments overturned! what new ones erected with their ruins! what flattering dreams vanished in a day, after having been for so many nights the consolations of the exile! Let us enter into our own hearts, gentlemen, to judge our fellow beings. Let us in thought place ourselves in the position that I describe, and instead of participating in vulgar complaints on the reception of brothers who have been restored to us, let us recognise them as Frenchmen by the calm disinterestedness of the greater part amongst them, and by the nobility of their attitude.

"Does it concern public tranquillity that they should change that attitude? Then it is necessary to change their positions, otherwise our fields will be sown with secret agitations, unlimited for those who will experience them, and involuntary for those who will be their cause. Should the return of a single exiled family become, in any part of the country, an object of curiosity and domestic conversation, the following day it will become the motive of some one's affections; the day after, the cause of alarm to several others. Narratives, insinuations, suppositions, will fly from mouth to mouth. When once the interests of property, or of public esteem, are brought into play, the passions will be appealed to; they will be thrown into a state of effervescence, whether an old man has cast a melancholy look upon his ancient domain, or whether he has affected to turn away his eyes from it. And in this picture, gentlemen, you perceive that I have not introduced imprudent demands and provocations; I do not suppose either resentments or fears to be the origin, but I contend that both the one and the other will spring from a fact that is beyond your authority and that of the King.

"I maintain that this fact will have, if it has not already had, the most disastrous consequences on the public tranquillity. Now, as this fact (the existence of the old proprietors in presence of the purchasers) cannot and ought not to cease, I have drawn from it this necessary consequence, that it is essential to displace the difficulty instead of vainly attempting to conquer it, to change the present state for a new one; in a word, to dare to make known the abyss opened before us; to clear it, and throw ourselves, armed with all the generosity and all the power of the nation, into a vast system of indemnities. If it is possible,

it will be adopted. I have a guarantee for it in the heart of the King, in our own hearts, in those of all France, and in the only glory which remains for us to conquer, that of the union of all our citizens.

"I am not afraid to proclaim it, I have found nothing in the bill before the Chamber which tends to efface the memory of those great calamities that have shaken society, scattered families, displaced property, and altered even the national character of the French. No, gentlemen, the bill before us does not attain this desirable object, and, if I am permitted to express myself with the frankness of a soldier, the discussions provoked in the Chamber of Deputies, and which have resounded throughout all France, have still further removed us from it. What, on the contrary, should be done to accomplish this object? Two operations quite distinct: by the first give to the families, whose property has been sequestered or confiscated, all the unsold property existing in kind in the hands of the government. This measure results from the law. Declamatory discussions were not necessary to obtain it. Justice alone spoke on the subject. The second operation has not even been indicated in the bill; but it is expected from your wisdom. Humanity, justice, the safety of France, the wishes of her King, commanded that all her wounds should be closed. They have been re-opened by imprudent speeches! Yes, certainly, several millions of purchasers of national property are alarmed at the direction which some individuals seek to give to public opinion, and their alarm has given pleasure in some quarters; these enjoy the chimerical hope that fears cleverly instilled into the minds of the purchasers would produce again those dislodgments against which had foundered all the power of the strongest government of which history has yet made mention. Well, then! are the spectators of its rapid fall still so stupefied by the catastrophe as not to have meditated upon its causes? are they ignorant of the fact that neither constitutions, nor laws, nor length of years can defend governments against the mass of social interests? are they ignorant of this,—that when their interests are in imminent peril the governments are the first to feel the calamity?

"Far be it from me to concur in aggravating the public

burthens for the purpose of satisfying some dispositions with a larger proportion. I may be permitted, without fear of being disavowed, to be the interpreter here of my companions in arms. They all with me will call upon your justice for the rights and the necessities of these brave men, but no one will solicit the return of those munificences, the excess or alienation of which has so often menaced their duration. It is not to us that the memories of past fortune should belong. We shall be happy when the King, when the companions of his misfortunes, defended here by their respectable chief; when those of our long and memorable labours shall have no more regrets to entertain, nor privations to suffer; we shall be happy as much as we are faithful and devoted, when our seniors in the art of war shall associate themselves with the glory that we have maintained for their colours; when we shall be able to press them in our arms as fathers whose worthy pupils we have been; when our provinces tranquil, and our cities free from all political dissensions, shall present nothing more to the eyes of the King than Frenchmen satisfied with the present, forgetful of the past, and rich for the future. Such are, gentlemen, our most ardent wishes. You, doubtless, participate in them; and it is because I am assured of it, that I have ventured to apply myself to a work which is foreign to my habits.

"And if, after having given to this sketch the support of your intelligence, you make it worthy of becoming the object of a proposition to the King, you will for ever be surrounded with the national gratitude for having consecrated the inseparable alliance of glory with the noblest misfortunes, justice with generosity, and public peace with the felicity of the monarch."

The proposition of Marshal Macdonald, was received with applause, and unanimously approved by the Chamber; but it gave rise to no motion. It was a trial of public opinion. The marshal only wished to offer it to the meditations of parties, as a germ of peace which ought to ripen. The ministerial measure was carried, as having a tendency to a more complete indemnity.

XXXV.

This discussion had diverted and calmed for a moment the reviving excitement between the men of the emigration and

the men of the Revolution. An accidental circumstance unexpectedly relumed this fire, and confounded, in one and the same cause, the Republic and the Empire,—the revolutionary animus and the Bonapartist opposition,—the susceptibilities of glory, and the irritations of liberty. It was the first symptom of that fusion which a common hatred was going to effect between the liberals and the Bonapartists. A loyal and gallant officer, whose name was dear to the army and the people, distinguished by recent exploits, was the involuntary occasion of it. This was General Excelmans. He had been the companion in arms and grand equerry to Murat, King of Naples. Faithful to friendship and to gratitude, he had written, when at Paris, without any intention hostile to the Bourbons, a letter of congratulation to his old friend, on the preservation of his throne. This letter, which expressed sentiments not of hatred to the new government, but natural regrets for the past, so dear to military men, was seized on the person of a traveller M. de Blacas delivered it to the King, who saw nothing more in it than the impropriety of a secret correspondence between an officer of rank and a foreign King, the enemy of his house. He did not condemn this levity more than it deserved, but simply charged General Dupont, then minister of war, to recommend to General Excelmans more reserve for the future in his connections. The affair seemed hushed by this indulgence, which affected the noble and generous heart of Excelmans.

A few days later, Marshal Soult, who had been appointed minister of war by the King, in reward for his victory of Toulouse, his authority in the army, and his sudden and zealous devotion to the new court, wished, by an example, to show the army the vigour of his hand, and the terror of his discipline. He hoped to carry the spirit of the camp into the military administration, and to teach the generals that there was no constitution in presence of the sceptre, and in opposition to the sword. He exiled General Excelmans, by his ministerial authority, to a country town, and Excelmans at first did not resist by any act of insubordination. He contented himself with representing to the King and to the minister, that he had no other residence than Paris, or the camp; that his wife, who

was near her confinement, could not follow him; and that he requested some days to prepare himself for his banishment. This respectful application (in which Marshal Soult, enriched by the war, had seen offensive allusions to himself, even in the affectation with which Excelmans had exhibited his own poverty) still more irritated the minister. He did not wish that this first attempt of unpunished resistance to an arbitrary order should encourage other similar acts of independence in the army; and he therefore ordered General Maison, governor of Paris, to arrest Excelmans. Maison obeyed; but Excelmans shut his doors, defied the soldiers sent to force his residence, armed himself with the law and with his sword, and declared that he would shoot with his pistols the first officer or soldier who should lay a hand upon him. The detachment of troops and gendarmes sent to seize him hesitated before this rash intrepidity of a soldier beloved and celebrated for his headlong bravery. Excelmans, passing through the ranks, took refuge in the house of a friend, to brave from thence the anger of the court.

The act of this military Sidney had a lively effect on Paris and the country in general. He wrote to the Chamber of Deputies to place his menaced person, his violated domicile, and his wife guarded by soldiers, under the protection of the law, and of the deputies of his country. This was the first appeal to the constitution; and public opinion responded to it with enthusiasm, but the Chamber with weakness. The habit of servility contracted by the deputies under the Empire made them still hesitate to recognise and to exercise their rights, in opposition to the wishes of the court. A body which has been subservient to despotism is never calculated to inaugurate liberty. Its past acts are a reproach to its present independence, and the recollection of its obsequiousness is too strong to admit of its rising into dignity. Such was this imperial legislative body, misplaced in a representative monarchy. The King despised it, the royalists hated it, and the liberals scarcely trusted it. Used up before it was called into active existence, it was prorogued in the course of November 1814, to the month of May 1815. The nation, more attentive to the court than

the parliament, scarcely perceived this interregnum in its representation

XXXVI.

While this session was indulging in harangues, and drawing its labours to a close, amidst public indifference, Louis XVIII. was installing himself more and more in the traditional splendours of the ancient court. With great magnanimity he buried the past in oblivion, and declared an amnesty to every branch of the royal family, by restoring to the Duke d'Orleans, son of Philip-Egalité, the immense domains of his house, which had been united to those of the crown. He was less anxious to increase the pomp and possessions of the reigning branch of the family, than to prevent rivalships of the throne. The genius, at once supple for the court and caressing for popularity, of the Duke d'Orleans, his origin, the complicity of his name in the most reprobated acts of the Revolution, his connections easily renewed with what remained of the friends of his father, the danger of adding to all these the means of candidature to the crown, the unlimited power of corruption and patronage, which an ambitious prince would draw from such unbounded possessions, had not stopped Louis XVIII. He believed in the sincerity and the repentance of the Duke d'Orleans. He recollected the homage which this prince had paid in London to the elder branch, from his retreat at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames. He thought that a man of his name and character would never be dangerous in France during his reign; that his name alone would weigh heavily on him; and that he would bear it into the obscure occupations of a father of a family, between the reproaches of the royalists and the distrust of the republicans. His children after him would share his inheritance, and this fortune, divided into several parts, would cease to be dangerous to the crown. But the Duke d'Orleans had scarcely arrived in France, when he belied these anticipations of the King. Over the other princes of the royal family, and of the house of Condé, he had had the advantage of the double part assigned to him by his name and his position. At the Tuileries, he was a prince enjoying the respect which the

blood royal assured him; at the Palais-Royal, a popular man, availing himself of the preference of public opinion which turned instinctively towards him. He was reserved in his attitude, a courtier of the King, and, above all, of liberal opinion, expressing himself only in half sentences, but in his omissions allowing a glimpse to be obtained of a secret disdain for the court, and favourable reminiscences for all that breathed of the Revolution. He associated himself even, by an adroit flattery, with the regrets and glories of the army,—choosing his military household amongst the young generals of Napoleon. His intimate society was amongst the writers and orators of liberty. He was irreproachable in appearance towards the court, and gracious and attractive towards the rising opposition. This opposition seemed to spring up in the very palace of Orleans, where the Revolution had its birth.

XXXVII.

The other princes were travelling through France, to show themselves to the army and the people, and on their passage were calling forth the enthusiasm of the old emigration and of the young royalist nobility. The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were at Bordeaux. They bore towards that city, which had been the first to raise the standard of their cause before the capitulation of Paris, the gratitude of their family. They made a hasty journey through La Vendée, in the midst of its heroic population, all on foot to salute the daughter of Louis XVI. The respect which this unfortunate princess called forth in that part of France, was more allied to worship than royalism. The martyrdom of the father had beatified his child. But silent and timid, expressing herself only by tears, conquering, as a weakness in her elevated rank, all external outbursts of sensibility in public, the Duchess was striking without being attractive. Her husband, a modest and studious prince, but devoid of those graces which give popularity to the heirs of the throne, promised nothing to the country but wisdom and meditation. These virtues, which were wanting in eclat, won him esteem but never enthusiasm. Nevertheless,

his modesty was pleasing to the army. He spoke to it with that serious respect which encourages troops that are humbled by reverses. He bore himself, in the presence of the officers, like a man who came to receive lessons and not to give them to these masters in the art of war, and as one who desired to be adopted by the brave and unfortunate.

The Duke de Berry, a prince of a more turbulent and lively impetuosity, recalled the youth of Charles II., without exhibiting his graces and attractions. He affected to imitate the manner and the tone of the Emperor in presence of the troops, his familiarity with the soldiers, and his rudeness with the generals. He thought he was flattering the young army in taking its defects for a model and for glory. He surrounded himself with the most frivolous and insolent officers of Napoleon's staff, and mingled with some friends of his childhood who had returned with him from exile. Unbecoming language, violent scenes, rude and often offensive gestures; perpetual reviews, gone-through with all the severity of a pupil of Frederick II., and with the contempt of an old soldier for raw troops; repartees more brutal than soldierlike, levities of conduct, amours which might be pardoned in Henry IV., but censurable in a prince whose glory did not cover his weakness; and a perpetual agitation, and without any other object than to attract public attention, rendered this prince. though good-natured, brave and generous, a subject of raillery, of popular antipathy, and military disaffection between public opinion and the Bourbons. Nevertheless he possessed virtues of the heart, promptness of intellect, the courage of his ancestors, a passion for glory, the frankness of a soldier, magnanimous and spontaneous in his returns for offences he had committed, fidelity in friendship, prodigality in love, and taste and intelligence for the fine arts. He would have satisfied the French, if he had been less eager to please, and have pleased the army, if he had affected less the follies of the soldier. Impatience, roughness, soldierlike bluntness, and superior rank too much paraded amongst the general officers, his masters, spoiled everything. He had to repair every day the faults of the preceding evening. In each of his tours of inspection to the garrisons, and of his

reviews in Paris, he gained fresh unpopularity for his house and his cause.

XXXVIII.

The Count d'Artois, the father of these two princes, was still the same at Paris as he had been at Versailles in 1790, and as he had continued to be in England—the centre and hope of the counter-revolution. Surrounded by all the dignitaries of the church, by all the emigrants, and by all the nobility, his was the court of the past, discontented and unreasonable, compared with the politic and conciliating court of his brother. He seemed to be preparing himself to inherit the faults which Louis XVIII. would leave him to repair. He, nevertheless, did not manifest openly any very formal opposition to the government; being satisfied with having therein an eye and a hand in the person of M. de Vitrolles, whom he had got nominated secretary of state to the council of ministers. But the intimate influence of M. de Blacas, and the external influence of M. de Talleyrand, had promptly annulled M. de Vitrolles' share of public affairs. A cavilling spirit, underhand intrigues, mysterious connections with Fouché and Barras, to learn from the Revolution the secret of muzzling the revolutionary spirit, police espionage, eventual plans of government, leagues of journals, ultra-royalist encouragements and writings, court subsidies devoured by flattering and starving writers, formed the whole policy of the King's brother. The Duchess d'Angoulême, who, like most women, had mere political instinct, inclined to the side of the Count d'Artois. She was too pious to be desirous of vengeance; but she had suffered and wept too much not to have a secret horror of everything that recalled to her memory the blood of her father and her mother. She would gladly pardon the Revolution, but she did not like to behold it. She pitied the King her uncle, who was obliged to employ those men, suspected or branded in her eyes, who had belonged to the Republic and the Empire. She understood its necessity, but she could not compel herself to smile upon them; she therefore took refuge with her father-in-law, the Count d'Artois, or else, when she

appeared at the King's palace, she enveloped herself in her dignity and her icy silence. People took that for pride which was only memory and grief; and she thus alienated hearts, which were not just enough to pardon her aversions.

XXXIX.

The old Prince of Condé vegetated at the Palais-Bourbon, in the midst of an antiquated court of ancient followers and old soldiers of his army, who formed a strong contrast with the new army, and who appropriated to themselves all the military appointments and court favours, and all the prodigalities of the treasury. His son, the Duke of Bourbon, surrounded by a few ladies, and some friends, the companions of his misfortunes, had taken refuge in the chateau of Chantilly, where he shook off the thoughts of his unhappiness by devoting himself unceasingly to the chase, in the bosom of his native forests.

It may thus be seen that, with the exception of the King, not one of these princes who had returned to the house of Bourbon had been formed by nature, or fashioned by education, to regain the heart of France by the ascendancy of popularity; and whatever the Duke d'Orleans regained in the background, was not regained for the Bourbons; for he already separated his cause from that of the dynasty. He was premeditating a brilliant future, but for himself alone.

XL.

France nevertheless showed no aversion to the royal family. The recent reverses had crushed all opinions, and all were content to draw their breath freely for a moment between two storms, to staunch their wounds, and rest from their agitations, all adapting themselves with facility to the times, hoping the best from the future, elated with the idea of a long peace, proud of the liberty restored to the parliaments, and of the right of discussion judiciously allowed to the newspapers. The imperialists shared the court, the great military commands, the magistracies and the prefectures, in common with

the great names of the ancient nobility. The republicans were gratified by the downfall of the long tyranny of the Cromwell of French liberty, and required no more from the Bourbons than it was natural for old republicans to require from a king. The royalists surrounded and busied themselves with memorials, acts of royal piety, legends of the Temple, of the Conciergerie, and the scaffold, of the king and the queen, and in expiatory ceremonies dedicated to the memory of the victims of the royal cause, Louis XVI., the queen, Louis XVII., Madame Elizabeth. Pichegru, and Moreau, purposely included in the same honours paid to their memory, in order that public opinion should regard as partisans of the Bourbons all those who had conspired against the tyranny of Napoleon. They exhumed from the cemetery of La Madeleine, the common burial-place of executed criminals, the remains of the king and of Marie-Antoinette, which were half consumed by the quick-lime, to perform royal obsequies to them at Saint Denis.

The generals and the marshals, the dignitaries of the Empire, the constituted bodies, the universities, writers, and poets, thronged in crowds to these ceremonies,—invoking curses on the crimes of which they were the consequence, and exculpating the army and nation from any share therein; thus flattering, with their imprecations and their tears, a royal line whose cause they had forgotten for twenty-five years, and uniting with the ancient aristocracy and the emigration in these solemnities, that they might also participate in the favours which were to repay them. To all appearance, it might have been supposed that there no longer existed a single individual of the nation, of the assemblies, of the Republic, or of the Empire, who had witnessed the times, the wars, the tribunals, or the immolations of the Revolution. The whole of France seemed to date from the return of the Bourbons; and the regicides themselves attributed to terror, and the misfortunes of the time, their votes of death in the judgment of Louis XVI., and in that of the Duke d'Enghien, which every one of them endeavoured to disclaim or explain away. They were not content with the amnesty, but even solicited the attention and favour of the King, and wished to

force an entrance to the Tuileries, there to seek, from the returned princes, their reward for the doubtful services which they had rendered to Napoleon, or for their participation in the odium attached to the most sinister names of the Republic.

XLI.

Louis XVIII. had only to moderate the zeal of his old friends, and the impatience of his new ones; for he had no opposition to contend with, and his only difficulty at that time consisted in distributing his favours and his smiles in his palace, with sufficient impartiality and propriety between the old and new court; in order that the discontent of a wounded vanity should not give one of these courts an undue advantage over the other, and that both should feel themselves equally flattered by his reception, and believe themselves equally possessed of his confidence, and to this end he displayed consummate art and diplomacy. The new men felt that they were necessary to him, while the old ones were conscious of his preference.

The ladies alone, more jealous and hasty than the men, complained bitterly, on the one hand, of being mixed up with upstarts of the Revolution and the Empire, and, on the other, of being treated with disdain by the frequenters of the ancient courts. The latter could not reconcile themselves to a Restoration which recalled them to a sense of their recent elevation to the ranks of the nobility, and the former despised a policy which humiliated them, and compelled them to treat as equals rivals in title and rank, whom they only condescended to recognise out of regard for the King; while both parties, in their usual intercourse, maintained their respective feelings of ancient pride, and of rage at their humiliations. Thus, although opinion was pacified, vanity renewed the spirit of party.

XLII.

The preliminary treaty of Paris was but a sketch of the general peace, and the circumstantial arrangement of the relations of France with the other European powers. A congress

at Vienna was to settle the definitive relations between all the nations, and, so to say, to re-construct the map of Europe. M. de Talleyrand seemed to be in a hurry to leave to others the embarassments and responsibilities of the government of the interior, which he had been gradually relieved of, ever since the King had been drawing all upon himself, by the imperious hand of M. de Blacas and the indolent disposition of M. de Montesquiou, and took his departure for Vienna. The part which he had just played in the Restoration—his influence with the Emperor Alexander—his intimacy with the principal European diplomatists—his high renown for political ability—and, lastly, the confidence of Louis XVIII. with his mandate to represent, before all the crowned heads of Europe, the independence and dignity of that ancient throne, which the sovereigns could not desire to see disgraced, since they had desired its re-establishment;—all these circumstances gave M. de Talleyrand one of the most exalted positions that the plenipotentiary of a conquered people had ever been able to take before their conquerors. The knowledge of his character, his taste for intrigue, his ambition, his birth, his connections as a revolutionist with the new princes, and as a restorer of legitimacy with the legitimate princes, the supposed corruptibility of his character (which, if it did not positively render him liable to be seduced by the gold of courts, is said to have rendered him subservient to their seductions, and accessible to their recompenses in the form of titles, possessions, and endowments for himself and his family)—all these tended to constitute M. de Talleyrand at Vienna, the prime mover and arbitrator of the re-modelling of Europe. Never, since the days of Charlemagne, had the whole of Europe been placed so completely at the mercy of an assemblage of princes and of statesmen. Its imperious ruler was overthrown, and the fragments which had fallen from his hands lay on the table of the congress, whose resolutions a million of armed men still remained prepared to execute, while the people, who, for the last quarter of a century, had been tossed about from one form of government to another, and whose nationality was thus completely shattered, awaited in silence the decision of their fate. The congress could, at its pleasure, either re-establish ancient

Europe, or create it anew. The former course was evidently more in conformity with the spirit of a league of princes, armed for the purpose of protesting against the convulsions of a revolution, and against the encroachments of an universal monarchy; and it was also more in conformity with the interest of these princes who could not preserve sacred the legitimacy of their crowns without at the same time confirming the legitimacy of nationalities. But the long wars of the Republic and of the Empire, the private treaties between Napoleon and the powers that he had overthrown, the concessions of territory made to some at the expense of others, the necessity of recompensing the services rendered by Sweden or by Naples, and of punishing the infidelities of some of the German states, such as that of Saxony, of gratifying the desire for the aggrandisement of Russia in Poland, and of paying off the subsidies of England, which had gradually acquired importance and influence on the continent, or on the seas,—all these circumstances made the congress lean to the second course. A fresh distribution of territory, calculated as much as possible on the old limits, and consecrated by the old sovereignties restored, but without regard or scruple for the lesser powers already effaced from the map, and for the difference of populations and territories, arbitrarily taken away from, or given to the great and secondary powers, to establish not a justice based upon rights, but an approximative equilibrium, founded upon natural frontiers, and on the numerical balance of subjects,—all these formed the general spirit of the Congress of Vienna.

M. de Talleyrand has been very unjustly reproached for not having obtained there for the Restoration anything more than its liberation, our ancient limits, and the addition of Savoy, a new and important frontier, which completed France on the side of Switzerland and Italy. This reproach was ridiculous in the mouths of Bonapartists, who had themselves capitulated at Paris, and had drawn upon the country the invasion of Europe. Was it in right of their lost conquests, of France invaded, of the Empire fallen to pieces, of a territory exhausted of men and money, that a negociator, in the name of the Bourbons, could claim in favour of France a portion of the spoils of the world? And in virtue of what right, and in the

name of what power, could M. de Talleyrand thus dictate the law to victorious Europe? The Emperor was fettered to the Isle of Elba, the army vanished, France bleeding at every pore, Europe armed and exasperated. It was a great deal for the Restoration to obtain, in the name of the Bourbons, an entrance into the council of the sovereigns, the free and imposing discussion of its interests, the evacuation of the soil, peace without shame, the frontiers of Louis XIV. and a province in addition, taken away by the allied powers from the house of Savoy, to increase and strengthen France. This was the work of the Bourbons, and the merit of M. de Talleyrand. If the treaty of Vienna weighs heavily on France, historical justice should throw the burthen of it, not on the weakness of the Bourbons, but on the ambition of the Emperor.

XLIII.

This congress was prolonged during the whole winter of 1814-15. Its long internal debates have no interest at present, except for their results. Already, amidst the general concord of the allied powers, had arisen secret struggles, repulsions, affinities, and preferences, which grouped Europe in natural alliances, to counterbalance other alliances of situation. M. de Talleyrand, who from his youngest days had, like Mirabeau, foreseen the happy fatality of an alliance between France and England, for the independence of the continent, and for the cause of the increasing principle of liberty in the world, added to this natural alliance that of Austria,—an alliance less required and less permanent for France. He signed, on the 2rd of January, a private treaty, offensive and defensive, between these powers. The secret condition of this treaty was the dethronement of Murat, and the restitution of the throne of Naples to the house of Bourbon, which the English had sustained in Sicily, which the house of Austria would prefer to a warlike and Bonapartist sovereignty in Italy, and which Louis XVIII., as chief of the house of Bourbon, ought naturally to desire at Naples as a portion of his own restoration.

Satisfied with this result, which strengthened by a family

success his credit with Louis XVIII., M. de Talleyrand readily conceded to the congress the abasement of Saxony, the third division of Poland, and the dissolution of the Confederation of the Rhine,—a dream that had vanished with the universal power of the Empire, which alone could give it a shadow of reality. He felt with justice that the most compromising and most illusory alliance for us would be this league of France with five or six little German powers, who would incessantly involve us in their impotent quarrels amongst themselves, and with the great states of Germany, without ever being able to lend us a force real and preponderating for the accomplishment of our own designs. Alliances are not worthy except between equal powers, and they are not useful but with states of importance. All others are not alliances, but burthensome protections. M. de Talleyrand showed, in this contempt for what are called the secondary states of Germany, a coup-d'œil beyond the vulgar and the serious genius of a negociator. His correspondence with Louis XVIII. attests at once, during this period of his life, the instinctive superiority and the freedom of his mind.

All the questions submitted to the treaty of Vienna being settled, the sovereigns prepared to return to their states, and to disband their troops. The last days of winter were consumed in fetes at Vienna, and everything seemed to promise a long period of peace. Murat alone trembled on his throne, and prepared in silence to dispute it with England, with Austria, and with the house of Bourbon.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

Revival of literature, of philosophy, of history, of the press—Madame de Staël—M. de Chateaubriand—M. de Bonald—M. de Fontanes—M. de Maistre—M. de Lamennais—M. Cousin—The saloons of Paris—The King's cabinet—M. de Talleyrand—Madame de Staël—Madame de Duras—Madame de la Trémouille—Madame de Broglie—Madame de Saint-Aulaire—Madame de Montcalm—M. Casimir Périer—M. Laffitte—Béranger—The Journals—Queen Hortense—Carnot's pamphlet—Letter of Fouché—Intercourse of Louis XVIII. with Barras.

I.

FRANCE was so exhausted with twenty years' war, and so overwhelmed with unknown problems to solve by the forced reconciliation of the Revolution and the Restoration, that the peace, although so recent, began already to reanimate thought, genius, and the arts, stifled by the long despotism, and reviving with the same breath that gave life to liberty.

This epoch was an awaking of the human mind. At this period of the Restoration, many men, of whom we are about to speak, had not yet written their works, and gained their famé. We shall not, however, limit ourselves to the literary history of this moment; we shall follow it through the lapse of time to give all possible scope to this revival of thought.

The eighteenth century had been interrupted in its thoughts, in its works, and in its arts, by a catastrophe which had dispersed its philosophers, its poets, its orators, and its writers. The emigration, the Reign of Terror, and the scaffold had decimated the intelligence of the country. Condorcet and Champfort had put themselves to death; André Chénier and Roucher had fallen under the axe. Mirabeau had died of fatigue of the Revolution, and perhaps of anguish at the perspective before him, which could not escape his penetrating genius. Vergniaud had disappeared in the tempest, happy to escape from the

spectacle of crime by the martyrdom of eloquence to which he aspired. Délille flew far away from his country, and had sung for the exiles in Poland and in England. The Abbé Raynal had grown old in repentance, and in the disappointment of his hopes. Parny had travestied his loves into cynicism, and had taken the wages of the extortioners. Philosophy and literature in France, at the end of Napoleon's reign, had been condemned to silence, or disciplined and drilled as paid battalions under the sabre. Nature had exhausted herself of great men at the beginning of the century, to prepare and accomplish the Revolution. The Revolution being accomplished, thought, which had made it, seemed to have been frightened at herself, on seeing that she would be annihilated in the child.

Bonaparte, who was aspiring to the tyranny, and who hated thought, because it is the liberty of the soul, had availed himself of this exhaustion and of this lassitude of the human mind, to muzzle, or to enervate all literature. He had only favoured the mathematical sciences, because figures measure, count, and do not think. Of the human faculties he only honoured those of which he could make docile instruments. Geometricians were the men for him; but writers made him tremble. It was the age of the compass. He only tolerated that light and futile literature which amuses the people and offers incense to tyranny. He would have swept away, by his police, every voice, the manly accent of which might have touched one of the grave chords of the human heart. He permitted those rhymes which stunned the ear, but not the poetry which exalts the soul. Young Charles Nodier having written, on the mountains of the Jura, an ode which breathed too high a tone for the servility of the time, the poet was obliged to proscribe himself, to forestall the proscription that was on the watch for him.

II.

The tyranny of Napoléon must have been bitter indeed, since the return of the old regime was necessary to restore liberty and breath to the soul. Of this there is no doubt, for scarcely was the Empire overturned, when people began to

think, to write, and to sing again in France. The Bourbons, contemporaries of our literature, made it their glory to bring it back with them. The constitutional regime gave liberty of speech to two houses of parliament; and, in spite of some preventive or repressive laws, the liberty of the press gave respiration to letters. All that had hitherto been silent now began to speak. The mind humbled by compression, society famished for ideas, youth impatient for intellectual glory, avenged themselves for their long silence by a sudden and almost a continuous explosion of philosophy, history, poetry, polemics, memoirs, dramas, and works of art and imagination. The age of Francis I. is full of originality, and that of Louis XIV. is full of glory; but neither the one nor the other had more of enthusiasm and animation than the first years of the Restoration. Servitude had been accumulating in the souls of all during twenty years; and they now overflowed in their fulness. History owes its pages to them; and they are not merely the annals of wars and of courts, but of the human mind.

III.

Great minds were ripening during these years of oppression; and they now re-appeared in all their liberty and splendour. Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand had partaken during twenty years of the admiration of Europe and the persecution of Napoleon.

Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, a precocious genius, nurtured in the saloon of her father by reading and by the conversation of the orators, philosophers, and poets of the eighteenth century, had inhaled the Revolution even in her cradle. A daughter of Helvetia, transplanted into courts, her soul and her style participated in this double origin. She was republican in imagination, and an aristocrat in manners, partaking of the nature of Rousseau and Mirabeau, fanciful as the one, and eloquent as the other. Her real party in politics was that of the Girondists. Greater in talent and more generous in soul than Madame Roland, she may be compared to an illustrious man with the passions of a woman. But these passions,

powerful and tender, imparted to her talent the qualities of her soul, the accent, the warmth, and the heroism of sentiment. Napoleon considered her more dangerous to his tyranny than La Fayette, and had banished her far from Paris. This ostracism had made her house, situated on the shores of the lake of Geneva, the last focus of liberty. The writings of Madame de Staël, sometimes poetical, sometimes political, although proscribed or mutilated by the police, had aided in diffusing, through France and Europe, during the reign of the Empire, the hidden fires of the heart, the enthusiasm of the spirit, the aspirations of liberty, and the holy hatred of brutish stupidity and of servitude. This woman would have been the last of the Romans under the modern Cæsar, who dared not strike, and could not abuse her. Faithful and generous friends of both sexes—Matthew de Montmorency, Madame Récamier, the German philosophers, the poets of Italy, and the liberal statesmen of England—continued attached to her. During the last years of Napoleon's reign, in which his accelerated fall had made him more implacable, Madame de Staël had fled to the North, where she roused the insurrection of courts and of people against the oppressor of the human mind. On his fall she re-appeared in Paris, triumphant on the ruins of her enemy. The armed world had avenged her without wishing for it. She herself desired that this victory of nations over conquest should also be the victory of liberty over despotism. Matured by years and by the experience of human affairs, she had lost the ruggedness of those republican ideas which had inflamed her youth in 1791 and 1792. She had benevolent reminiscences for the Bourbons; and she formed the highest expectations from a Restoration, tested, as it had been, by the scaffold and by exile, and which around the throne would reconcile representative liberty with the traditions of national feeling. Her saloon at Paris was one of the geniuses of the Restoration. Her eloquence converted the old republicans, the young liberals, and the souls that were wavering, to a constitutional system, copied from that of England, which would give independence to opinions, a scope to parliamentary eloquence, and consign the government to intellect. Louis

XVIII., by the elevation of his mind, by his literary taste, and by the grace of his admiration for her, consoled her for the disdain and the brutalities of Napoleon. He treated Madame de Staël as an ally of his crown, because she was the representative of European opinion.

IV.

She was then as happy in her heart, as she was glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son who did not display the eclat of his mother, but who promised to have all the solid and modest qualities of a patriot and a good man; and also a daughter, since married to the Duke de Broglie, who resembled the purest and most beautiful thought of her mother, incarnate in an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven, and to represent holiness in beauty. While scarcely yet in the middle age of life, and blooming with that second youth which renews the imagination, that essence of love, Madame de Staël had married the dearest idol of her sensibility. She loved, and she was beloved. She prepared herself to publish her "Considerations on the Revolution," which she had so closely observed; and the personal and impassioned narrative of her "Ten Years of Exile." Finally, a book on the genius of Germany (in which she had poured out, and, as it were, filtered drop by drop all the springs of her soul, of her imagination, and of her religion), appeared at the same time in France and England, and excited the attention of all Europe. Her style, especially in the work on Germany, without lacking the splendour of her youth, seemed to be imbued with lights more lofty and more eternal, in approaching the evening of life and the mysterious shrine of thought. It was no longer painting, nor merely poetry: it was perfect adoration; the incense of a soul was inhaled from its pages; it was "Corinne" become a priestess, and catching a glimpse from the verge of life of the unknown Deity, in the remotest horizon of humanity. About this period she died in Paris, leaving a bright resplendence in the heart of her age. She was the Jean-Jaques Rousseau of women, but more tender, more sensitive, and more capable of

great actions than he was—a genius of two sexes, one for thought, and one for love;—the most impassioned of women and the most masculine of writers in the same being. Her name will live as long as the literature and history of her country.

V.

M. de Chateaubriand was at that time the only man who could compete with the fame of Madame de Staël, and as decided an enemy as she was to Bonaparte, because there is a natural war between the genius of thought and the genius of oppression: The fall of this soldier, who threw all others into shade, permitted the re-appearance of these two great writers. M. de Chateaubriand, a gentleman of Brittany, born on the shores of the ocean, and cradled by the murmurs of the winds and waves of his country, was the Ossian of France. He had been thrown by the accident of birth more than by his uncertain opinions into the wandering camps of the emigrants,—then into the forests of America, and finally into the fogs of London. He had, in his imagination, the vagueness of that northern bard, the colouring, the immensity, the cries, the wailings and the infinity. His name was an Eolian harp, producing sounds which ravish the ear and agitate the heart, but which the mind cannot define; the poet of instincts rather than of ideas, the souvenir and the presentiment of the undefinable, the mysterious murmur of the elements. This writer had resounded in the souls of all, and gained an immense empire, not over the reason but the imagination of the age.

VI.

Like all men of great talents, he made himself. Alone, idle, and miserable in London, during the last years of the Republic, he had written a book sceptical as his own thoughts, and as the ruins with which the crumbling of the church and the throne had strewn the world. But some one said to him, "This is not the thing; the world wishes to doubt no more, for it has occasion to hope; give it back its faith." Young, melan-

choly, inclined to belief, indifferent to the nature of emotions, provided they brought him glory and applause, after they had excited himself, he burnt his book, and wrote another on the subject; but this time it was the "Genius of Christianity." Philosophy had conquered, and in its name the Revolution had undermined and immolated. The philosophers were accused of all the calamities of the time; and had become unpopular, as the demolishers are cursed by the faithful, whose temple they have ruined. M. de Chateaubriand undertook the labour of reconstructing it in imagination. He wished to be the Esdras of the church destroyed, and the worshippers dispersed.

VII.

A pious philosopher would have had a beautiful and holy work to accomplish on such a plan. A religious and luminous philosophy had progressed from age to age, penetrating ray by ray into the shadows of the temples. It had scared superstition, banished idols, and let in more light, more reason, and consequently more divinity, upon the altars. An impious, cynical, and material philosophy had mingled with the work in latter days, and had vitiated and perverted it by the admixture. To remount to the sources of Christianity, to purify hearts, and to show to the men of our time what holiness, what virtue, and what efficacy God had infused into the doctrines of Christianity, and what superstitions, what idolatry, what vices and corruptions had been mingled with them by ignorance, power, fraud, and barbarism; to give unto God that which belonged to God, and to men that which belonged to men, to the past what ought to die with it, and to the future what ought to remain and vivify the human soul, in making it respire a purer idea of the divinity, and through it impregnating the worship, the legislation, the philosophy, and all the social works of humanity with a more perfect holiness,—this would have been a work of sound reason, vivid imagination, and great piety, removing with a respectful but a free hand the ruins of the ancient sanctuary, to construct the new. M. de Chateaubriand was endowed with a sufficiently enlightened reason to

undertake it. Christianity would have had its Montesquieu, with the additional inspiration of poetry.

VIII

But, in place of such a work as this, M de Chateaubriand, like Ovid, had written a book on the *Fasti* of religion. He had exhumed, not the genius but the mythology and ceremonial of Christianity, and had chanted, without selection and without discrimination, its dogmas and its superstitions, its faith and its credulities, its virtues and its vices. He had written the poem of all its popular worn-out vestiges, and all its deposed institutions (from the political domination of consciences by the sword, to the temporal riches of the church, from the aberrations of ascetic monkery, to its beatified ignorance, and to the pious frauds of popular prodigies, invented by the zeal and perpetrated by the routine of the rural clergy), to seduce the imagination, instead of sanctifying the spirit of nations. M. de Chateaubriand had defied everything. His book was the reliquary of human credulity.

IX.

It had, however, immense success; for which there were two reasons, the genius of the writer and the bias of public opinion. The Revolution had shaken and led astray the human understanding. Earthquakes cause giddiness, and the people, seeing the throne, the altar, and society crumbling all at the same time, had thought the world was coming to an end. The temples had been ravaged by fire and sword; impiety had persecuted faith; the axe had struck the priesthood; conscience and prayer had been obliged to hide themselves as crimes; the domestic God had become a secret between the parents and the children; persecution had softened the minds of the people towards the priesthood; blood had sanctified the martyrs; the ruins of churches strewed the ground, and seemed to accuse the earth of atheism. Moreover, the people, as after all great commotions, were melancholy. A gloomy disquiet had seized

upon the imagination, and an oracle was sought for to display the future to the human race. M. de Chateaubriand then exhibited the ancient altar, the religion of the cradle, prayer on bended knees before a mother, old priests made grey by proscription, returning to wander over the tombs of their forefathers, bringing back to the cottages their exiled God, the sound of the bell of infancy, the hymn of incense, mystery, hope, consolation, and pardon. The heart was on his side, and it accepted for a prophet of the future the poet who embroidered, with so many sacred flowers, and so many holy tears, the winding-sheet of the past. Poetry had never before made such a conversion of hearts, by the magic of imagination and by the elegance of feeling. This book, like a voice issuing from the tomb, astonished all the world. People admired it, remembered it, wept, prayed, but reasoned no more. France had been convinced by the heart; and from this day M. de Chateaubriand was become the man necessary for all restorations. He had restored Christianity and God in all hearts,—why should he not therefore restore monarchy and kings in their palace? Dear to the church which he had revived with his tears; dear to the aristocracy whose proscription he had sanctified; dear to the women by the tenderness of his poems, in which religion only struggled against love to deify the passions; dear to youth, who heard for the first time in this poetry notes in which nature and God resounded like new chords added to the lyrical instrument of the heart of man; his name reigned in the sanctuary, on the domestic hearth, over the cradle of infancy, on the tombs of the fathers, on the village parsonage, in the country chateau, over the marriage bed, and over the dream of the young man. Poetry had lost itself in atheism, and he had found it in God. Poetry will be one of the real powers of this world so long as imagination shall constitute the half of human nature.

X.

M. de Chateaubriand had entered freely into France, to publish his book there. Bonaparte, who was also the poet of the past in action, wished for a hand rich enough in colouring to

gild his institutions,—the prejudices upon which he founded his power. His vast but not creative genius was nothing else than the genius itself of restorations. He hoped in himself to revive Charlemagne, the creator of one period at the end of another—the tenth century at the end of the eighteenth. He made a mistake in date, and was carrying back the human mind ten centuries. M. de Chateaubriand suited him, and he ought to have suited M. de Chateaubriand. Their ideas were the same; M. de Chateaubriand was the Napoleon of literature.

XI.

The writer did not resist the advances of the conqueror. He was nominated secretary of embassy at Rome, the capital of restored catholicism, where Bonaparte's uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, was ambassador. This subordinate position did not long satisfy the man of genius, who, by his talent, reigned over his country; and by paltry quarrels he at length broke with the ambassador,—a man of a rude and simple spirit. Napoleon distrusted all natural greatness which was not exclusively dependent upon himself. He affected to treat M. de Chateaubriand as an inferior man, by nominating him minister plenipotentiary at Sion, a small town of the Valais, buried in the midst of the Alps. Favour and irony appeared at once in such a mission, and in such a residence assigned to such a man. It was Ovid amongst the Sarmatians. It may therefore be believed, that M. de Chateaubriand resented it.

The assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, which excited the indignation of Europe at this epoch, furnished him with a noble vengeance. He sent in the resignation of his functions to the all-powerful murderer. This was a declaration of war on the part of honour against crime; but the resignation had nothing insulting in it except the date. Henceforward M. de Chateaubriand stepped aside before the fortune of Bonaparte: nevertheless he did not refuse him some flattering phrases, at the period of his election to the French Academy, as an advance to reconciliation. The Emperor inhaled the incense, but still withheld all favours. Distracted by the war he forgot the

great writer, who on his side appeared to shelter himself exclusively in literature. M. de Fontanes, his friend, and one of the familiars of the Emperor, shielded him against all real persecution. Thanks to this mediator, the two great rivals of fame could always renew their alliance with one another.

The symptoms of Napoleon's decline, made more inevitable by the excess even of his tyranny, attracting the notice of M. de Chateaubriand, he prepared in silence the last weapon with which he wished to strike him effectually. This was the libel entitled, "Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons." He carried it about him for several months, as a poniard, sewed up in the lining of his coat, though, if discovered, it might have been his sentence of death; for it was more than a conspiracy,—it was an insult. This book, powerful but odious, since it calumniated the man in striking the tyrant, had elevated M. de Chateaubriand to the rank of the most trustworthy favourite of the Restoration. He had become the consular man of all the royalist parties. Through the journals, subservient to his interest, he sometimes breathed forth implacable royalism, sometimes wheedling liberalism; at other times the old regime, without counterpoise; and sometimes captious conciliation, having for an echo the *Journal des Debats* and the *Conservateur;* for a school the young aristocracy, and for a motive power a capricious ambition and immense self-love; at one time conquered, at another a conqueror, but always sure to recover public favour by affecting to be persecuted, and by enshrouding himself in his genius.

XII.

M. de Bonald, a man of inferior talent, but of a character much superior to M. de Chateaubriand, possessed at this period an equal reputation; but his mysterious popularity did not exceed the limits of a certain school and sect. He was the religious legislation of the past, enclosed in the sanctuary of time, delivering oracles for the believers, but not going forth among the people.

M. de Bonald was the most noble and most genuine representative that the old regime could hold forth to the new. A

provincial gentleman, Christian in faith, patriot in heart, royalist in principle, and a true Bourbonist in honour and fidelity, he had borne his part in proscription and indigence during the emigration. He had wandered from camp to camp, and from town to town, through foreign lands, with his wife and children, whom he supported by his industry; and he had studied the history, the customs, the religions, and the revolutions of the different people in their very fury and upon the spot,—writing and calculating like Archimedes in the midst of the onslaught of men, and of the conflagration of Europe. His religion was sincere and subdued, as if in obedience to an order received from on high and undisputed. He borrowed all his philosophy from the sacred volume. He believed in political as well as in Christian revelation, and always ascending, step by step, to God, the primary oracle. His theocracy admitted neither doubt nor rebellion; but, being sincere and disinterested in every faith, there was in him neither excess nor violence. He was indulgent and mild, like those men who believe themselves as certainly and infallibly possessed of the truth. He compounded with the times, the manners, opinions, and circumstances, but never with authority; his character was marked by moderation, and by confinement within the bounds of possibility; and he would have been the well-advised minister of a patient, prudent, and cautious Restoration. He was master of the wisdom of his opinions. The habit of meditating and of writing had deprived him of oratorical powers; and he was too lofty and placid in temperament to be a parliamentary or popular orator. He therefore did not speak, but reflected in the tribune. Yet his books and his written opinions were considered as doctrinal truths by the religious and monarchical party. His simple and matured style, flowing along without either foam or roughness, was the reflex of his mind. It displayed the honesty and candour of his disposition, and excited the same interest as a pleasant and confidential conversation; while his hearers, though refusing conviction to his opinions, were carried away, by the charm of its good faith, into error, and, by its simple nature, into truth. His conversation was particularly engaging. It was the confidence of a good man; for M. de Bonald was not only at that

time a great publicist of France, but also a pontiff of religion and monarchy.

XIII.

M. de Fontanes, since the death of the Abbé Delille, was considered as the only surviving poet of the antique school of the 17th century. His name had an immense authority and renown, which he sheltered beneath a great deal of mystery; and everybody talked of his poems, which he never would publish. M. de Chateaubriand, who at the time when he had need of a patron, was his protégé and afterwards his friend, professed to feel that admiration for M. de Fontanes, which he refused to the crowd of poets of the day. A few elegant fragments were all that was known of this poet's works; and these in style were pure and didactic, without originality and without warmth, but also without blemish,—a talent which disarmed criticism, but which did not kindle enthusiasm. M. de Fontanes excelled most in that ostentatious eloquence which Napoleon gave him an opportunity of displaying in the grand ceremonies of his reign and the pomps of the Empire. He had been the court orator and the poet of the crown from the Consulate down to the Restoration, and had embraced the cause of the new reign with more ardour than decency. A poet amongst politicians, and a politician amongst poets, he had been raised by the favour of two reigns to the highest dignities of the government, and enjoyed a large proportion of present consideration and future glory. Enveloped in his prestige, he was impregnable to criticism, agreeable to the court, and caressed by statesmen,—revealing, from time to time, his talent, and showing his verses, as an act of complaisance or a favour, to the academies and chosen men of letters.

XIV.

The philosophy of the 18th century had but a few old adepts remaining, who had survived the Revolution.

The Catholic philosophy was represented by two men of powerful style and genius. Although of different ages and

countries, they appeared together and at the same moment on the horizon of the new century.

One of them, Count Joseph de Maistre, was a Savoyard gentleman, an emigrant like M. de Bonald, who had passed the long years of the Revolution in Russia. He was already advanced in life, when the fall of Napoleon opened his country for his reception. He returned to it with the same ideas that he had carried away twenty years before. The political convulsions of Europe, which he had contemplated from the tranquil depths of his retreat, only appeared to him as the divine vengeance, and merited expiation for the abandonment of the ancient doctrines or the new philosophy. He did not argue like M. de Bonald; he did not poetize like M. de Chateaubriand; he prophesied with his grey hairs, and with all the authority and austerity of a man who grasped in his hand the light and the thunders of heaven. His rich and powerful nature had marvellously fitted him for this task; or rather, it was not a task, it was a faith. He firmly believed all that he said. He was more a man of the old Testament than of Revelation; and displayed all the boldness of imagery, the lightnings, and the thunders of the oracles of Jehovah. He recoiled before no paradox, not even before the executioner and the stake. He wished the authority of God over the human mind to be armed like the authority of thrones over the race of man. His doctrine was to coerce in order to save; to amputate, in order to make wholesome; and to impose the tyranny of faith by lictors and the sword. This was the doctrine he ventured to broach to a world enervated by scepticism, and become tolerant at least, from uncertainty of the truth. The scandal of this defiance to the human mind, from an absolute philosopher, attracted the public attention to his works; and the natural genius of his style caused them to be read even by those who did not approve of them. This style, which had not been formed by any contact with the effeminate literature of the last century, had all the rashness, the grandeur, and the wild beauty of a primitive element: it recalled to memory the "Essays of Montaigne;" but it was a Montaigne intoxicated with faith, instead of wavering in doubt, knowing but little of the affairs of his own times, and finding even

in this ignorance the simplicity of his dogmas and the violence of his conviction. The "Evenings of St. Petersburg," the first book of this Plato of the Alps, astonished the men of letters, and charmed the men of faith. It was never imagined, at that time, that a religious sect would take seriously the boldness of Count Joseph de Maistre (a man as gentle and as tolerant personally as his images were terrible), and make of his book the code of a doctrine of terror.

XV.

The fellow-labourer of the Count de Maistre was M. de Lamennais, a young priest, until then unknown in the world. He was born in Brittany, and brought up in solitude and reverie. Thrown into the sanctuary of the Church, for the mortification of his passions, and from the infinite impetuosity of his desires, he wished to participate in the spirit of his age, by the force of persuasion, at the foot of the same altars where he himself thought he had found faith and peace. But he had found there neither the one nor the other, and his life was destined to become, at a later period, the long pilgrimage of his soul in the worship of a thousand other ideas. But he was, at that time, ardent and implacable, and his zeal devoured him under the form of his genius. This genius recalled, at the same time, Bossuet and Jean-Jacques Rousseau: a logician like the one, and a dreamer like the other, but more polished and more poignant than both. His "Essay on Indifference in matters of Religion," was one of the most eloquent appeals that could issue from the Church, to convoke young people to its shrine by reason and sentiment. His pages were eagerly sought after, as if they had fallen from above, upon an age that was led astray and wandering from the road to Heaven. M. de Lamennais was at that time more than a writer; he was a young apostle who received and restored a wavering faith.

XVI.

Another school of philosophy arose by the side of that of the sacred philosophers: it was the modern Platonic doctrine

of that revelation from nature and reason, which Jean Jacques Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Ballanche, Jouffroy, Kératry, Royer-Collard, and Aimé-Martin (the pious disciple and follower of the author of "Studies from Nature"), had substituted, by little and little, for that materialism allied to atheism, crime, shame, and despair of the human mind. The German and Scotch philosophers had raised it on the wings of northern imagination to the pinnacle of contemplation and mystery. A young man, an orator and a political writer, nurtured in and impassioned by these natural revelations, began to evulgate them to the young people of his time. This was M. Cousin. A grave and mystic eloquence (confidential, and as if whispering the secrets of another world) gathered around him minds that were eager to believe, after having so long doubted. His language was always promising. It was the perpetual twilight of an important truth which fostered incessant hopes that it would blaze forth more visibly in his speeches, or in his pages. Imagination finished what philosophy had sketched. A crowd equal to that which had formerly surrounded Abelard besieged the porticoes of his schools, from which they came out, not enlightened, but intoxicated with his eloquence. The philosopher had not unveiled the mysteries which God alone reveals by turns to the reverential intelligence of humanity; but he had accomplished the only object of philosophy on earth,—he had elevated the soul of the rising generation, and turned its thoughts towards God. The people were already far beyond the cynicism and brutalized ideas of the Empire.

XVII.

History is the spirit which follows in the rear of nations in a state of repose. It was now engaged in important works. M. Augustine Thierry, the Homeric Benedictine, created a restoration in history. In his narrative he caused the revival of the manners and figures of our ancient races; and the origin, the legends, and the manumission of the *tiers état*. M. de Ségur recounted, in an epic style, the "Campaign of Napoleon in Russia," and that sepulture of 700,000 men in the

snow. M. Thiers produced the "Annals of the French Revolution," in which his luminous mind drew from and poured out again the light of events. M. Guizot sent forth the dogmas which bent facts to theories; M. Michaud brought forth the "Crusades,"—the epic poem of Christian fanaticism. M. de Barante produced his "Chronicles," which revived in France the naïveté of the early ages; M. Michelet, the first pages of his "Narratives," full at that time of the candour and credulity of youth (the poetical graces of the historian); M. Daru, the "Greatness and the Fall of Venice;" and Lacretelle, all the period of the 18th century, which he had witnessed, moderated, and purified.

XVIII.

The Empire, which imposed silence or baseness on public writers, had nevertheless left a great number of eminent or notable men in the several ranks of literature. The aged Ducis was still alive, and brought back to the Bourbons the fidelity of his ancient reminiscences, which had outlived his republicanism. Inflexible against the favours of the Empire, he accepted those of Louis XVIII.—his first patron. Raynouard, the friend of M. Lainé, possessing a disinterested soul, a free heart, and an independent voice, added some tragedies in a severe style to his fine production of the "Templars." Chénier, constant amidst the general inconstancy, contended, in energetic verse, for philosophy and liberty. He had been accused of the murder of his brother during the Reign of Terror; but he washed away with tears of indignation this calumny on his affections. Lemercier, a fantastic spirit, joined to a noble and upright heart, preserved also his fidelity to the Republic, which he never prostituted to the Empire. Briffault, after having successfully attempted the French drama by plays cast on the model of Voltaire, renounced the austere labours of tragedy, for the lighter glory of the saloons; and, like Boufflers, sowed his grace and spirit on the winds. Casimir Delavigne sang, in Greek and Latin strophes, the reverses of his country in the "Messéniennes,"—those preludes of his poetic life. Hugo, still a child, already stammered out strophes, which

silenced the old chords of traditional poetry. Soumet, as tender in elegy as André Chénier, and harmonious as Racine in epic poetry, wavered between both these schools. Millevoye died with a divine song on his lips. Vigny meditated, while he listened to his own recitation, those works of contemplation and originality, which have no class, because they only recall a soul solitary as his talent. Saint-Beuve conversed in tender and careless terms with the friends of his youth, whom he was to criticise at a later period, while he bewailed them. Andrieux, Guiraud, Etienne, Duval, Parseval-Grandmaison, Viennet, Esménard, Saint-Victor, Campenon, Baour-Lormian, Michaud, Pongerville, Jules Lefèvre, Emile Deschamps, Berchoux, Charles Nodier, Senancourt, Xavier de Maistre (the Sterne of the Alps, brother of the philosopher Montlosier), Genoude, M. de Frayssinous (the lecturer), Feletz, Madame Dufrénoy, Madame Desbordes-Valmore, Madame Cottin, Madame Tastu, Madame de Genlis, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay (since Madame de Girardin, whose talent illustrated both names), and several others, who were disappearing or beginning to dawn in this century;—thus witnessed the decline of the Empire, and the beginning of the Restoration. Nature, which had appeared sterile, because it was distracted by the Revolution, by the war, and by despotism, showed itself still more productive than ever. It was the vegetation of a new sap, long compressed,—the revival of thought in all forms of modern art. A new era of poetry, of policy, and of religion, was soaring upwards from that furnace, the flames of which had been revived by liberty and peace. France was recognised as at the moment when she was vanquished by the ambitious frenzy of her chief; and she resumed the sceptre of cultivated intelligence and opinion in the world.

XIX.

The return of the Bourbon family and of an aristocracy which had always patronised, honoured, and cultivated literature and the arts, powerfully contributed to this movement of intelligence. French society found all its dispersed centres of attraction in the saloons of Paris. This society is to the

human mind what the approximation of animated bodies is to warmth. Conversation in France is what it was at Athens, a part of the genius of the people; it exists with liberty and leisure. The catastrophes of the Revolution first, the proscriptions, the prisons, the scaffolds; then the endless war, the dispersion of the French aristocracy in foreign countries, and in its own provinces and chateaux, and, finally, the inquisitorial police of the gloomy despotism of Napoleon, had either killed or deadened it for twenty years. Public misfortunes were the only subjects talked about during the last years of the Empire; but conversation once more came back with the Restoration, with the court, with the nobility, with the emigrants, with leisure and with liberty. The constitutional regime, which furnished a continual text for party controversies, the security of opinions, the animation and the liberty of speeches, even the novelty of that political system, which permitted people to think and speak aloud in a country which had been subjected to ten years' silence, accelerated, more than at any other epoch of our history, this current of ideas, and this regular and living murmur of the society of Paris. Its principal focuses were in the rich quarters of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and of the Chaussée d'Antin.

XX.

The first centre of this reviving society was in the cabinet of the King himself. Louis XVIII. had lived, before the emigration, in familiar intercourse with the serious or frivolous writers of his youth. The long leisure of the emigration, the indolent and studious life to which the infirmity of his limbs condemned him, had increased in him the taste for conversation. It is the sedentary pleasure of those who cannot go in search of the movement of ideas abroad, and which compels them to retain it near themselves. He was a fire-side king. Nature had endowed, and reading had enriched him with all the gifts of conversation which were also natural to his race. He had as much understanding as any statesman, or any man of letters of his Empire. M. de Talleyrand himself, so famous for his politeness and finesse, did not surpass him in smart sayings,

any more than the politicians did in eloquence, the poets in quotations, or the men of learning in memory. He felt a pleasure in giving every morning long and friendly audiences to the most eminent men of his councils, of his academies, of his Parliament, of his diplomatic body, and to remarkable strangers who were travelling in France. Illustrious and celebrated women were also admitted and sought for there; and there it was that this prince in reality enjoyed his throne. He descended, to appear still greater, to all the familiarities of social chat; and he displayed a mind equal in conversation to the first men of his time. He took a pleasure in astonishing and charming those with whom he was discoursing; he reigned through attraction, he felt himself, and he made himself felt by others, to be the man of understanding par excellence of his Empire. This was his personal sceptre, and he would not have exchanged it for that of his birth. His handsome countenance, his luminous glance, the grave and well-modulated sound of his voice, his gesture of welcome and candour, his dignity respectful towards himself as towards others; even the interest excited by the precocious infirmity of a prince, young in his features and his bust, an old man only in his feet; the easy chair rolled by pages, the necessity for a borrowed arm for the least movement in his saloon; the happiness of lengthened conversations visible in his features; all impressed upon the souls of those who were admitted to his presence, a sentiment of respect for the prince, and of sincere admiration for the man. Familiarity and understanding had mounted the throne, and descended from it again with him. In the evening, at the official receptions of his court, he was full of gestures, smiles, and words for every one; but all was royal, just, and delicate in these gestures, in these smiles, and in these words. The presence of the heart was equal to the presence of the mind. He represented admirably ancient royalty amongst a new people; he studied to mingle two dates, and he succeeded; he liked to appear the man of the new France, as well as the king of the old; and he won a pardon for the superiority of his rank by the superiority of his grace and of his spirit.

XXI.

M. de Talleyrand united at his residence the diplomatists, the eminent men of the Revolution and the Empire, who had followed his footsteps to the new reign, the young orators, or the young writers whom he desired to win over to his cause, and who came to study from afar, under this reserved and consummate courtier, the finesse which foresees events, the manœuvres which prepare them, and the audacity which seizes upon them to turn them to his ambition. M. de Talleyrand, like all men who are superior to their work, had always abundant time for pleasure, for play, and for conversation. He feared he loved, and he paid attention to literature the midst of the tumult of affairs. No one could foresee sooner than he did the genius of men still unknown. This minister who was thought to be absorbed in the cares of the court, and in the details of the administration, treated everything, even the most important affairs, with negligence, left much to be done by chance, which is always at work, and passed whole nights in reading a poet, in listening to an article, or in amusing himself with the conversation of men and women, unoccupied with everything except wit. He had a quick glance for every man and every thing, and was abstracted and attentive at the same moment. His conversation was concise, but perfect, his ideas filtered by drops from his lips, but every word comprised a great meaning. A taste for epigrams and lively sallies has been attributed to him, which, however, he did not possess. His conversation had neither the malice nor the flight which the vulgar were pleased to cite, and to admire, in the borrowed repartees made in his name. He was, on the contrary, slow, careless, natural, somewhat idle in expression, but always infallible in precision. He had too much understanding to have occasion to make any display of it: his sentences were not flashes of light, but condensed reflections in a few words

XXII.

Madame de Staël attracted round her all those men who had not brought back from the emigration a horror of 1789, and an antipathy against the name of her father. Her society was composed of some few republicans, pure and constant survivors of the Gironde, or of Clichy, of wrecks of the constitutional party of the Constituent Assembly, of new royalists, of philosophers, of orators, of poets, of writers, of journalists, of all dates. She was the focus of all these opinions and all these talents, neutralised in her saloon by the goodness of her soul and by the tolerance of her genius. She loved all, because she comprehended all. She was also universally beloved, because her opinions had never been hatred, but enthusiasm, which was the natural temperature of her heart and of her word. Her conversation was a never-ending ode, and people pressed around her to witness this eternal explosion of lofty ideas and magnanimous sentiments, expressed in the inoffensive eloquence of a woman. On retiring, their hearts were impassioned against tyranny, and in favour of liberty, genius, and unlimited perspectives of imagination. The genial hearth of this saloon warmed up all Europe again. Madame de Staël was the Mirabeau of conversation and of literature. In her extemporising she not only excited the revolution of France, but the revolution of the human imagination. A sublime and enwrapt delirium seized upon her auditors. The modern world had not seen, since the Sybils, the incarnation of masculine genius under the features of a woman. She was the Sybil of two centuries at once, the eighteenth and nineteenth,—of the Revolution in her cradle, and of the Revolution near her tomb.

XXIII.

Another woman, the daughter of an heroic Girondist, the Duchess of Duras, opened her saloon more exclusively to the royalists, to the men of the court, to the women of wit and beauty of the time, and to the writers and politicians of the

monarchical school. This saloon was consecrated, above all, by the enthusiasm of Madame de Duras, and of M. de Chateaubriand, her oracle and her friend. She assembled around him and for him all the adorers of his talent, and all the servants of his political ambition. Literature was there mingled with state intrigues, and verses and rumours with speeches. It was at once a cabal and an academy. This saloon recalled those of the Fronde, where love and poetry, women and ambitious statesmen, entered into the plots and intrigues of the court. Madame de Duras herself wrote with taste and passion. She had intellect enough to recognise and to adore genius in others. Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, a child in all the flower of beauty, and in all the freshness of her poetry, read her first verses there.

XXIV.

In the Faubourg St. Germain, the hotel of the Princess de la Tremouille, formerly Princess of Tarente, was the centre of union of ancient policy and of ancient literature, returned, as it were, from exile with the high aristocracy of the court. No one was tolerated there who had been connected with the times; and even Louis XVIII. was suspected of a mésalliance with the ideas and men of the Revolution. It was there that M. de Feletz, M. de Bonald, M. Ferrand, M. de Maistre, M. Bergasse, and the writers who were implacable against innovations, had their centre of union. It was there also that the orators of ultra royalty and irreconcilable emigration came to concert their opposition, to rail at the Tuileries, and to long for the reign of the Count d'Artois, the anticipated king of the old regime.

Two other saloons, better attended with youthful company, were opened in the same quarter to literary and parliamentary men, who met or sought for one another again to enhance their distinction, and to increase their popularity. But their great attraction lay in the charms of their young and lovely hostesses, the Duchess de Broglie and Madame de Saint-Aulaire, who were united together by similarity of age and taste for intel-

lectual matters, by the same circle of friends, by political opinions, and by friendship.

XXV.

The Duchess de Broglie was the daughter of Madame de Staël, who had been brought up by her mother with enthusiasm for genius. But her enthusiasm, more pious than that of her mother, was eminently virtuous. Piety sanctified the melancholy beauty of her features. She was like the hymn of a pure soul embodied in an angelic figure of thought. Her husband, the Duke de Broglie, an aristocrat by birth, an Imperialist by education, and possessing a liberal spirit, had all the qualities of importance in a reign and an epoch which participated in these three classes of opinion. He could not fail of being sought after by the three parties who aspired to popularity, through his name and his merit. An eloquent opposition, under a parliamentary government, was the part best suited to his position,—the attitude of the Greys, the Hollands, and the Foxes,—those great patrician families, tempered and disciplined in the cause of the people.

This saloon also united the friends of Madame de Staël, strangers of high birth, or great distinction, the orators of the opposition in both Chambers, the writers and publicists of the young generation, and some theoretical republicans, who accommodated themselves to the times, and consented to defer their hopes. M. de la Fayette, a temporiser, and patient as a wreck and a stepping-stone, frequented this saloon. It was an atmosphere of discontent without anger, having more the attitude than the bitterness of opposition. M. Guizot prepared himself there for the tribune by political pamphlets, which dogmatised too much to move the feelings. He had the silence of premeditation on his lips, and the ardour of volition in his eyes: his appearance excited a presentiment of his future career. M de Villemain, the Fontenelle of the age, made dissertations there with careless scepticism, which is the indifference of superiority. M. de Montlosier adapted there his aristocratical paradoxes to the passions of the democracy. A great toleration reigned throughout. A due consideration

for men and opinions, for youth, the long perspective of future events and ideas, literature, eloquence, poetry, and graceful manners, soared over and tempered all. It resembled the dawning illusions of youthful rulers, or a saloon of Girondists before their triumph and their destruction. Many men, destined for ambition, for glory, or for misfortune, elbowed each other there before they separated to pursue their different routes. It might be called the halt before a battle.

XXVI.

The same men and women met again at the residence of Madame de Saint-Aulaire, the friend of the Duchess de Broglie, and like her, in the splendour of life, of beauty, and of wit. But this saloon, less political, admitted all persons of acquired superiority, or great promise in literature and art. Party politics were obliterated on entering it. High birth and royalist opinions mingled there with recent distinction and liberal doctrines; and nothing was courted but personal eminence and elegance of ideas. It was the congress of national wit, neutralised in a Parisian mansion by the charms of a distinguished woman. M. de Talleyrand, the Duchess de Dino, his niece, a favourite stranger, beautiful and depressed, like a star of the sky of Ossian; M. de Barante, M. de Guizot, M. Villemain, M. de Saint-Aulaire, M. de Forbin, M. Beugnot, a man of erudition, anecdotic and diffusive; the Bertins, men of reserved and scrutinising intellect; the Cousins, the Sismondis, with many others, philosphers, historians, poets, publicists—there perpetually exchanged with one another applause and emulation—those preludes of glory which youth inhale in murmurs from the lips of beautiful women. It carried back the imagination to the second birth of a 17th century,—still more enlarged and ennobled by the breath of liberty

XXVII.

Another woman, remarkable for attractive charms and for serious gracefulness of mind, Madame de Montcalm, sister of

the Duke of Richelieu, united in smaller numbers, and more exclusively, the political men and writers of the moderate party of the Restoration. Her saloon was frequented by M. Lainé, a man of antique candour, and by M Pozzo di Borgo, the orator, warrior, and diplomatist,—the true Athenian Alcibiades, long exiled in the domains of Prussia, and returning to his native soil, to combine in himself the double part of ambassador of a foreign sovereign and citizen of his own country; also by Capo d'Istria, destined, by the charm and elevation of his mind, to seduce Europe to the cause of Greece, and to die in the attempt to restore her to liberty. Marshal Marmont mingled with the party, bearing on his handsome features the gloom of a defection from duty and friendship—from what he had thought a duty superior to all friendship and all gratitude—humanity; and who had said to Louis XVIII. when he asked of him the life of Marshal Ney, his companion in arms, "You owe it to me, for I have given you more than life." Then there were M. Hyde de Neuville, a liberal royalist, making efforts to retain, in equal love, liberty, and chivalry—that chivalry of nations which he succeeded in imitating only in his own heart; M. Molé, who might have sat to Van Dycke for the portrait of a statesman, young and pensive, but who bore upon his lips too many smiles for too many fortunes; M. Pasquier, of parliamentary birth, of cultivated mind, universal aptitude, fluent language, full convictions, faithful only to the elegances of wit and to the aristocracy of sentiments; M. Mounier, son of the celebrated constituent of that name, a long time private secretary of Napoleon, always respectful to his memory, who had joined the Bourbons, because they constituted the government required by the country,—just in his understanding, studious, modest, and indefatigable, having the warmth of friendship and gratitude in his heart, the Socratic raillery in his smile, and the serious graces of a statesman in his conversation. This assembly, where literature mingled every evening with politics, was the school for statesmen.

XXVIII.

M. Casimir Périer, M. Laffitte, and some other new men, rich and influential, received, in their mansions on the other

side of the Seine, the remains of the Republic and of the Empire. Disappointed ambition and irreconcilable discontent began to form there the nucleus of that bitter opposition, in which regret for fallen despotism and longing for the Republic, by a contradiction which human nature explains, mingled together under the name of liberalism, in their animosity against the aristocracy and the Bourbons. There first began to unfold itself the fame, veiled in the commencement, but soon become popular, of one of the strangest phenomena of French literature, Beranger, a tuneful tribune. Like all independent minds, Beranger had felt the weight of the tyranny, and he had protested in verse, the soul of the poet, against oppression. His genius, eminently of plebian accent, though of aristocratical elegance, was equally republican as his heart. The Empire ought to have roused his indignation as the great apostacy of the republican army; but Beranger, still a greater patriot than republican, and more affected at the ruin of his country, than the ruin of his opinions, had only seen the blood of the brave, and the burning of the cabins of his country. During the invasion, his pity and his anger had conquered his repugnance to the Empire; he forgot the tyrant of a people, and only saw in him the chief of a warlike nation. And besides, with generous hearts, the fall absolved everything. The deposition of Napoleon had obtained for him the pardon of the poet. Chateaubriand was worth an army to the Bourbons; Beranger was to be worth a whole people to Bonapartism. Rouget to Lisle, in 1789, had impelled battalions to the frontiers by the "Marseillaise;" Beranger was destined to incite thousands of souls to opposition by his poetical ballads.

XXIX.

Casimir Delavigne, Etienne, Jouy, Benjamin Constant, Lemercier, Arnault, all the poets, all the disciplined writers, endowed, patented with glory through the empire, and all those who disliked the Bourbons and the aristocracy, frequented these plebian saloons. Young men of talent were already noticed there, who paid court to their opinions, and who had predestined themselves to become the writers, the orators, and the consular men

of the commonalty under the sceptre of the Duke d'Orleans. In this number M. Thiers and M. Mignet, two young men from the South, united by friendship and by hope, began to signalise themselves by clever historical and political sketches. They went back to the old Revolution, the better to steer their course in the direction of new ones.

Numerous journals were struggling with one another under the banners of the two great parties which began to divide France; but these combats were at that time far from having the bitterness, the anger, and the insult, which they contracted, a few months later, in the *Minerva*, a Menippean satire of the Restoration, and in the *Conservateur*, the focus of all the sorrows, all the resentment, and all the exaggerations of the royalists. Public opinion, as yet mild and conciliating, demanded, equally with the censorship, a certain moderation, and a certain elegance, even in the hostilities of the two parties. The only arms they at this time used were epigrams, which they were speedily to change for weapons of vengeance.

XXX.

It was not the republican, but the Napoleon and military faction which began the war with the precipitation, the imprudence, and the animosity of a party which would not acknowledge its defeat.

The divorced Empress Josephine lived retired and honoured at Malmaison,—a stranger, not to the tears, but to the implacable bitterness of her fallen grandeur. The Queen Hortense, daughter of this Empress and of the Marquis de Beauharnais, could not reconcile herself to the retirement and obscurity to which she was condemned by the repudiation of her mother, the separation from her husband, Louis, brother of Napoleon, and King of Holland, and finally the fall of Napoleon, sole author of all these fortunes, which he was destined to drag down with himself. Accustomed to the adoration of the imperial court, which her title of the Emperor's step-daughter, and the sovereign's paternal favour, assured to her, Queen Hortense was desirous of enjoying it even after his abdication.

She had employed the magic of her name, the prestige of her souvenirs, and the influence of her graces on the Emperor Alexander, to induce this prince to obtain, or require in her favour, from Louis XVIII., the title of Duchess of Saint-Leu, the preservation of her riches, and her residence at Paris, or in her royal retreat of Saint-Leu. She had become, for the military youth of the Empire, the tolerated idol of Napoleonism, still further adored under the features of a woman, beautiful, young, intellectual, and impassioned. All the young officers of the Emperor's military household,—all the poets, all the writers who continued faithful to this glory, or who wished to devote themselves to the worship of a greatness rather eclipsed than altogether banished, assembled at the residence of Queen Hortense. It was from thence that were showered upon the Bourbons, and their superannuated servants, those popular songs and elegies of glory, those railleries, epigrams, caricatures, and sayings, struck off like medals of scorn and hatred, which were circulated amongst the populace and the army to propagate there the conspiracy of contempt. It was from thence also that emanated the last sighs of the filial passion of a young woman for him who had created her grandeur and her power, and the first hints of his return,—to reach Napoleon in the Isle of Elba, and to carry him the symptoms of the military conspiracy which was hatching for him under the semblance of an affection purely filial. In this guest-chamber of the imperial worship, love, literature, poetry, the arts, the intimacy of society, conversational confidence, reminiscences of the past, and wanderings of memory, leant still less to literature than to conspiracy.

XXXI.

But while this opposition of family, of women, of young officers, and of courtiers without masters, was thus forming in the residence of Queen Hortense at Saint-Leu, court against court, an opposition more reserved, more patriotic, and more national, showed itself at Paris in the popular writings of Carnot and of Fouché, which were circulated in profusion amongst the people.

Carnot, a republican of the old times, the more firm because he was more moderate and more patient in his views, had scowled on the reign of Napoleon with an opposition cold and austere. He had not offered to return to the service, till the last moment when the despotism was tottering to its fall, and when the cause of his country might be mixed up through the peril of invasion with the cause of the Emperor. He had defended Antwerp as the bulwark of Belgium and the north of France which was menaced. Having returned to Paris with a modest glory, he had formed an estimate of the reverses and the dangers likely to be incurred by France; and even in these reverses he had seen some hope of the revival of a constitutional liberty. He had forgotten his own party interests to welcome a Restoration with justice if not with favour. No doubt Carnot bore on his name the indelible stain, in the eyes of the brother of Louis XVI., of his vote for death in the sentence of the King; and the still more ineffaceable stain of his nominal responsibility in the sanguinary proscriptions of the Committee of Public Safety. He had sat there by the side of Robespierre and of Saint-Just; but every one knew in France that this apparent complicity of Carnot had concealed a deep enmity against his sanguinary colleagues, and that in this committee of government he had held not the axe of the Convention, but the sword which defended the frontiers of the kingdom. It was still further recollected that Carnot, some months later, had been proscribed as a partisan of revolutionary moderation, and even was suspected of complicity with those who conspired for the re-establishment of a constitutional sovereignty. He had only escaped the hatred of the extreme men of the Convention, by flight and voluntary exile from his country, and he had never consented to bend under Bonaparte. From all these considerations Carnot enjoyed, at that time, an ascendancy over all parties —indulgence from the royalists, the esteem of the moderates, and popularity with the republicans. His voice was an oracle.

XXXII.

He ventured to make it heard, with a manly liberty which charmed some, and with a boldness of defiance that roused the

indignation of others. He dared, in his manifesto, to reproach with the murder of Louis XVI., not the republicans, but the royalists.

"The inviolability of the royal person," he said, "could not stop the judges. Louis XVI. was no longer the King of France when he was sentenced. Besides, should not this inviolability have limits? Should it equally protect the legitimate sovereign and the usurper? Shall we look upon those princes as sacred and inviolable to whom nothing is inviolable or sacred? It is power that decides everything; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the Jacobins should have been in the right at first, the Directory afterwards, then Bonaparte, and, finally, the Bourbons, whose family had been already in the right once before during nine centuries. But since it is acknowledged that there is no real right without power, we must act in such a manner that the Bourbons shall not lose theirs, and still more that one part of this force shall not be turned against the other.

"To pardon all, to leave to every one his employments and his honours, to continue in the Senate men who would not flatter, not to exclude from secondary employments those who may have been led astray by an excessive love for liberty; to honour the military, and not to have the air of pardoning them their impious victories,—this is what ought to be done. And what has been done? Of all that bears the name of patriot they have made an antagonist population, in the midst of another to which they have indiscreetly given a splendid preference. If you would now appear at the court with distinction, take care you do not say that you are one of those twenty-five millions of citizens who have defended their country with some courage against the invasion of the enemy, because you will be told that these twenty-five millions of pretended citizens are twenty-five millions of rebels, and that these pretended enemies have always been friends. Say, on the contrary, that you have had the honour of being a Chouan, or a Vendéen, or a refugee, or a Cossack, or an Englishman; or, finally, that having remained in France, you have only solicited places under the

ephemeral governments which have preceded the Restoration, in order the better to betray them, and the sooner to pull them down. Then, indeed, your fidelity will be lauded to the skies; you will receive the warmest felicitations, decorations, and affectionate answers, from all the royal family."

XXXIII.

Fouché was desirous, in imitation of Carnot, but with other views, to possess himself once more of a species of police ministry over public opinion. He accordingly circulated, some in manuscript, and some printed, a series of letters menacing for the Bourbons. He addressed the King as plenipotentiary of the Revolution, treating, as between equals, with the crown, disdaining, accusing, and insulting the members of the court of Louis XVIII., pouring forth the threats of a second Reign of Terror, fawning upon the king alone, and offering to strike a bargain with the Restoration.

These letters of Fouché had a different, but still an immense effect upon public opinion. Carnot was esteemed, and Fouché was despised; but people were prejudiced in favour of his profound ability. He was thought to be the secret dictator of the revolutionary party, because he boldly assumed the tone and attitude. He was known still to hold the strings by which the old police were moved, and which had never been entirely broken even in his exile. No one thought he would speak so boldly, if he did not feel himself so strong; and this strength was estimated according to his boldness. It was further known that he had private conferences and political intimacies with some men who enjoyed the hidden familiarity of the Count d'Artois, and with M. de Blacas himself. He began also to practise on the Bonapartists. This triple part he was playing, and which could only be explained by the importance which these different parties attached to him, made Fouché's letters a scandal to some, to others an enigma, but an event to all.

XXXIV.

The King did not vex himself about these symptoms: he listened without anger, and looked without prejudice, on the men of the republican party the most compromised. He did not consider them as irreconcilable with the re-establishment of his house in France. He accepted, and he even sought for the opportunity, on all occasions, to enter into confidential relations with them, and appeared to lend, not only attention, but credit to their counsels. These men, on their side, called to mind a certain complicity of ideas between the prince and themselves at the commencement of the Revolution. Seeking to confirm in his heart the political amnesty that he owed them, through a certain private and personal favour, they drew nigh to him in secret, and did not cease to answer to him for the Revolution, if he only consented to let himself be directed, or only enlightened by them.

XXXV.

Barras was one of these; one of the most noted wrecks of the Republic, and of the heroes of the 9th Thermidor, the saviour of the Convention against the Jacobins of Robespierre, a preponderating member of the executive Directory, and the author of Bonaparte's fortune, which was overturned by this soldier whom he had elevated, who had become the enemy of the usurper of the Republic and of the throne; but he was still a regicide, and by this title odious, though necessary to the Bourbons. The instinct of a common hatred against Bonaparte, and of a common defence against the party of the exiled Emperor, ought to unite the court and Barras. This old director was of illustrious birth; and a noble origin always leaves a certain relationship of the heart between a gentleman and the throne even that he has overturned. Blood struggles against opinions, and sometimes triumphs over them; but, at all events, it brings one back to the recollections of early life. Louis XVIII. and the Count d'Artois had, through M. de

Blacas and M. de Bruges, indirect conferences with Barras. These old revolutionists and these old emigrants endeavoured, in good faith, to come to an understanding; but they spoke not the same language; they could not comprehend each other. These conferences between the court, Fouché, and Barras remained without result on the government. The negociators reciprocally offered what no longer belonged to them,—Fouché and Barras, the Revolution, which had long before escaped out of their hands; the King and M. de Blacas, the emigration, and the counter revolution, which it was no longer possible for them to command. A silent, instinctive, and general movement was already sweeping away each of these powerless parties from its place. One party alone deep-rooted, was springing up between the two, and was going to submerge them under the most sudden and the most irresistible military revolution that the annals of the world had ever displayed; for when Cæsar passed the Rubicon to go and destroy the Republic, he conducted 200,000 Romans against Rome; but Napoleon only brought his name and the shadow of his victories to overturn the work of Europe, and to re-conquer his country.

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